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V.







FIRST AMERICAN EDITION
OF THE
BRITISH POETS
IN FIFTY VOLUMES.



Philadelphia.

Published by Mitchell Ames & White.

THE
WORKS
OF THE
BRITISH POETS.

WITH
LIVES OF THE AUTHORS,
BY
EZEKIEL SANFORD.

VOL. I.
CHAUCER, &c.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY MITCHELL, AMES, AND WHITE.
William Brown, Printer.
1819.

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Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit :

BE IT REMEMBERED. That on the sixteenth day of March, in the forty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America. A. D. 1819, Ezekiel Sanford, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit :

"The Works of the British Poets. With Lives of the Authors, by Ezekiel Sanford."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned."—And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. EZEKIEL SANFORD, the gentleman originally engaged to execute the literary part of this edition of the British Poets, being obliged, by severe indisposition, after having prepared the volumes to which his name is prefixed, to desist from the prosecution of the enterprise; the Publishers have resorted to Mr. Robert Walsh, jun., who has undertaken to complete what Mr. Sanford is thus unfortunately compelled to relinquish. The plan chalked out by the first editor, will be pursued by his successor, with but a few slight variations. It is proposed by the Publishers, if they meet with the expected encouragement, to make an addition, under the same direction, of a couple of volumes, containing selections from the versified dramas of the old English dramatists—Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Jonson, Ford, Shirley, Webster, &c.; and also, of one or two volumes of selections from the best American poetry. These shall be printed uniformly with the preceding; and will, it is believed, increase the value and attraction of the collection at large. The Publishers expect to have the remaining twenty-five volumes ready for delivery to subscribers, during the summer of eighteen hundred and twenty.

PREFACE.

THE first collection of British Poetry was made by Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, in 1773. It consisted of forty-two volumes, 12mo.; and contained the works of Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Waller, Garth, Prior, Addison, Parnell, Pope, Swift, Gay, Young, Thomson, Shenstone, Gray, and Lyttelton. Not only were all the earlier writers entirely omitted,—but of some, who found a place in the collection, many valuable poems were overlooked. In 1776, Mr. Bell, a bookseller of London, undertook another collection, which was to occupy one hundred and nine miniature volumes, accompanied by engravings; and to include, besides the authors in Dr. Blair's edition, the works of Chaucer, Spencer, Donne, Denham, Roscommon, Buckingham, Lansdown, King, Pomfret, Congreve, Rowe, Watts, J. Philips, Smith, Hughes, Fenton, Tickell, Somerville, Broome, Savage, Pitt, A. Philips, Dyer, G. West, Hammond, Collins, Moore, Armstrong, R. West, Mallet, Cunningham, and Churchill. As the parts of this edition were published at distant intervals, (some of the last volumes appeared more than

ten years after its commencement,) scarcely a complete set is any where to be found. The type is very diminutive; the errors of the press frequent; and, upon the whole, Mr. Bell is not considered as having made a very valuable present to the English library.

Indirectly, however, he was the means of procuring us an edition of the poets, and, more especially, a work of biography and criticism, for which, perhaps, we cannot be sufficiently grateful. His own collection was to be printed in Edinburgh, and sold in London. The booksellers of the latter place considered it as the invasion of 'what (says Mr. Dilly, in a letter to Mr. Boswell, of Sept. 26, 1777,) they called their literary property;' and, as the statute of Queen Anne would necessarily prohibit Mr. Bell from publishing the more recent poets, it was resolved to supersede his edition altogether, by a 'more elegant and accurate' collection of all the celebrated versifiers 'from Chaucer to the present time.' One committee was appointed to wait on Dr. Johnson, and solicit him to furnish 'a concise account' of each author; another, to engage 'Bartolozzi, Sherwin, Hall, &c.' for the engraving; a third to give directions concerning the paper, printing, and other parts of the typography; and nothing was clearer to the sanguine undertakers, than that they were about to produce a work, which, in splendour of execution, as well as in extent and value of matter, would far exceed every other English publication of the same kind. It consisted of sixty small octavo volumes, and appeared in 1779. 'All the English poets of reputation, from Chaucer to the present time,' were found to begin at Cowley, and

terminate with Lyttelton; comprising only four more than were in the collection, which it was designed to supersede; and being, in fact, little better than a new edition of Bell, on the model of Dr. Blair. This default in the booksellers, however, was more than compensated by the supererogation of Dr. Johnson;* who, though he, at first, intended to furnish merely a series of short *Advertisements*, was afterwards induced to enlarge his plan, 'by the honest desire of giving useful pleasure.'

This collection was reprinted in 1790; when it received an accession of fifteen volumes, by the addition of Moore, Cawthorne, Churchill, Falconer, Lloyd, Cunningham, Green, Goldsmith, P. Whitehead, Armstrong, Langhorne, Johnson, W. Whitehead, and Jenyns. Two years afterwards, some booksellers of Edinburgh conceived the plan of publishing the whole collection in six large octavo volumes; but, as it was still so very incomplete, from the total omission of the earlier writers, and as Dr. Anderson undertook to make a selection of these, and to furnish biographical and critical prefaces to all, it was at length determined to comprise the work in double that number of volumes. He included forty-five authors, that were never printed in any former collection; and the whole number amounts to one hundred and fourteen:—Chaucer, Surrey, Wyatt, Sackville, Spencer, Shakespeare,

* He was ever ready to elude censure for the incompleteness of the edition, by protesting, that he had nothing to do with it, any farther than to write the lives of such authors as the booksellers should select. But he confessed, that Pomfret, Yalden, Blackmore, and Watts were inserted at his instance; and it was idle for him to pretend, that any others would not have been included, had he chosen to take the responsibility of giving his fiat.

Daniel, G. Fletcher, Davies, Carew, Drayton, Donne, Jonson, Suckling, W. Browne, P. Fletcher, Drummond, Creshaw, Hall, Davenant, Cowley, Denham, Milton, Butler, Rochester, Roscommon, Otway, Waller, Pomfret, Dryden, Dorset, Stepney, J. Philips, Walsh, Smith, Duke, Sprat, Halifax, Parnell, Garth, Rowe, Addison, Hughes, Sheffield, Prior, Pattison, Congreve, Blackmore, Fenton, Gay, Granville, Yalden, Green, Tickell, Hammond, Somerville, R. West, Savage, Swift, Pope, Broome, Blair, Pitt, Thomson, Watts, A. Philips, Boyce, Hill, Hamilton, G. West, Collins, Moore, Dyer, Cawthorne, Shenstone, Young, Dodsley, Lloyd, Churchill, Mallet, Brown, Grainger, Bruce, Falconer, Cooper, Akenside, Chatterton, Gray, Smart, Smollet, Thompson, Wilkie, Graeme, Lyttelton, Harte, Cunningham, P. Whitehead, Goldsmith, Lovebond, Langhorne, Armstrong, Penrose, Jago, J. Scott, Johnson, Glover, W. Whitehead, Jenyns, Headly, Logan, Cotton, Russel, Michel, Wharton, Blacklock, Lovell.

This new *foray* of the Edinburgh booksellers appears to have given those of London another alarm; and, in 1810, Mr. Chalmers commenced the publication of the Poets, upon the same plan, though in three more volumes. Dr. Anderson professed to give new biographies to all the poets; but he often copied the language of Johnson, word for word. Mr. Chalmers retains the Lives of Johnson entire; and has only furnished new lives to such authors, as were not included in Johnson's edition. His work extends, also, as low as Cowper; and includes several of the earlier poets, that are not to be found in Anderson.

Since this reprint, another edition has been puh-

lished, in seventy volumes, small 18mo.; extending only from Milton to Cowper; and containing the biographies of Johnson, which are presented together in the first three volumes. This has formed the basis of our own undertaking; though we have made some material alterations in the plan.

It was, at first, determined to print the complete works of all the poets, from Chaucer to the present time, in an hundred miniature volumes, of four hundred pages each: but the publishers were soon convinced, that a more select edition, while it would be less onerous to themselves, might prove more acceptable to the reader; and the design was, therefore, changed, so as to include the same number of authors in half the number of volumes; giving the complete works of the more celebrated, and select poems of the more obscure.

It was originally intended, also, to furnish each author with merely a concise biographical notice. To this plan the editor has, for the most part, adhered; and in some few instances he has adopted implicitly the notices which Mr. Campbell has given in his late work of *Specimens*. But, in composing accounts of the most celebrated authors, a desire of removing error, of supplying information, or of refuting ill-founded criticism, has enticed him to treat the subjects somewhat more in detail. The *Lives of Johnson* will stand as monuments of classical biography, so long as elegance of diction, acuteness of criticism, or depth of moral reflection are esteemed among men: but Johnson has no claim to extent or accuracy of research: his facts and dates are not always numerous, nor always exact; and, though he seldom fails to supply the gaps of information, by

the sagacity of his conjectures, he has often drawn conclusions, that have no foundation, and supposed motives, that had no existence. Whether these considerations were sufficient to warrant the composition of new lives, the reader is to judge.

There is, also, another part of the editor's task, which will demand the liberality of the reader. By the plan adopted, the edition was to be comprised in fifty volumes; each volume to contain four hundred pages, and the order of chronology to be observed, not only in the arrangement of the different poets,—but in that of the works of each particular poet. It may be supposed, that the execution of such a plan was not easy; but let no man pretend to estimate the difficulty, until he has made the experiment. The editor soon discovered, that no principle, but that of Procrustes, would enable him to fulfil it completely. Had the order of time been rigorously pursued, not only the works of many authors would have been awkwardly distributed in different volumes,—but he must have printed many single poems, a part in one volume, and a part in another. To avoid these incongruities, it has, in some instances, been thought expedient to violate chronology; and, in the case of Milton's works, the disarrangement has been such as, perhaps, the reader will be little inclined to excuse. One volume of his poems had been printed as a specimen, before the plan of the edition was reduced from an hundred to fifty volumes, and before the editor had resolved to extend his biographies of the more illustrious authors. It was necessary to adapt the remainder of the edition to that volume; and this it

was impracticable to effect, without the disarrangement here alluded to.

It may not be impertinent to suggest, in conclusion, that, while the reduction of our plan from one hundred to fifty volumes has diminished the cost of subscription one half, the reader will probably experience no real loss of pleasure in the absence of the poetry, which has been necessarily excluded. A century ago, the English paid no regard to their earlier poets; and, when once the revulsion of taste began, they seemed to think it their duty to compensate unusual neglect by overrunning admiration. Poets, who had long slumbered in the oblivion of black-letter, were dragged to light with antiquarian zeal; and whatever author had written any thing in the shape of verse, was deemed worthy of a name and a place in the temple of the British Apollo. An immense mass of vapid poetry is thus foisted into the later collections on the other side of the water. In this country, however, we do not feel the necessity of sustaining the national character by a superstitious reverence of English authors, merely because they are old; and all that is excellent in English poetry, may, we think, be easily included in the compass of fifty volumes.



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SELECT POEMS
OF
GEOFFREY CHAUCER.
WITH
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
BY
EZEKIEL SANFORD.

VOL. I.

A

LIFE OF CHAUCER.

THE English have invented a mode of writing biography, which probably never entered even the dreams of Plutarch, and which is a perfect anomaly to the simple barbarians on this side of the Atlantic. It is well known, that we are never weary of reading any thing connected with such names as Chaucer and Shakespeare ; and that few persons will fail to purchase a book, which professes, in the title-page, to throw new light upon the characters of men, to whom we daily pay the homage of our admiration. Now, a man's character is influenced, directly or remotely, by every thing, which existed, at the time when he flourished. The genius of the government, the state of learning and religion, the systems of education, cotemporary games, sports, and diversions of every sort,—even the condition of a man's birth-place, and the scenery of the neighbourhood,—must have some effect in forming his habits, and modifying his faculties. If, therefore, you should find it convenient or necessary to write two immense quartos, which would command a good price and a ready market, avail yourself of some name, that will communicate a charm to whatever is said concerning it ; and, professing to write the *Life* of such an author, fill your pages with a history of every thing, which, by the most distant association, can be shown to have some reference to your title-page.

The invention of this device is, we believe, unquestionably due to Mr. William Godwin; who, although the authentic particulars of Chaucer's biography may be included in a few sentences, has written two thick volumes, in quarto, under the attractive title of his *Life*.* To some it may be difficult to conceive, how so vast a pile could be erected upon such narrow foundations; but this achievement appears to be nothing to Mr. Godwin; and, had it not been for the merciful interference of the bookseller, we might have had twenty volumes instead of two.

'I had advanced as far as the middle of the second volume, when I saw my materials growing under my hand, and became sensible, that, if they were fully treated, the work would extend beyond the dimensions originally prescribed to it. But, if I, enamoured of my subject, might have thought no number of pages or of volumes too much for its development, it was by no means impossible, that purchasers and readers would think otherwise. My bookseller, who is professionally conversant with matters of this sort, assured me, that two volumes in quarto were as much as the public would allow the title of my book to authorise.†

Perhaps the reader will acquire a better idea of Mr. Godwin's book, and of the mode in which such books are compiled, if we copy the heads of a few initial chapters.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Chaucer.—Description of London in the fourteenth century.

CHAPTER II.

Education of Chaucer.—State of Learning in England under the Norman and Plantagenet Princes.

* London, 1803.

† Pref. p. 23.

CHAPTER III.

School-boy Amusements of Chaucer.—Romance.—
Growth and Intimate Connection of the Feudal
System, of Chivalry, and Romance.

CHAPTER IV.

Practices of the Church of England in the fourteenth
century.

CHAPTER V.

Diversions of the fourteenth century, &c.

CHAPTER VI.

Same subject continued.—Stage.—Pageants, &c.

CHAPTER VII.

Same subject continued, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

Architecture of the fourteenth century, &c.

CHAPTER IX.

Sculpture, Painting, &c. of the fourteenth century.

Upon this plan, Mr. Godwin writes upwards of two hundred pages; and, finding himself to have wandered, he knows not whither, he concludes upon a 'recapitulation,' and informs us, by an adjustment of courses and distances, how much real progress he has made in the narrative. From this summary, the reader may form a conception of the work at large. Having stated a fact, the author observes, that 'it is fraught with various inferences;' and then we are entertained with a series of speculations founded upon the remotest probabilities, and the most idle conjectures.

‘It was the good fortune of Chaucer,’ we are told, ‘that he led the early years of his life in scenes of concourse and variety, that he was condemned to no premature and compulsory solitude, and that his mind was not suffered to vegetate in that indolence and vacuity, which, when they occupy an extensive portion of human life, are so destructive and deadly to the intellectual powers. He was born in London. In the midst of this famous and flourishing metropolis, he was, as he expresses it, ‘forth grown.’ His father was *probably* a merchant; and Chaucer was furnished, from his earliest hours of observation, with an opportunity of remarking upon the insensible growth of that new rank of men, the burgesses, which about this time gave a new face to the political constitutions of Europe. Private and domestic education had scarcely any where been heard of; and Chaucer *in all probability* frequented some of those populous and tumultuary schools so circumstantially described by William Fitzstephen. Here his mind was excited by example, and stimulated by rivalry; he passed much of his time in the society of his equals, observed their passions, and acted and was acted upon in turn by their sentiments and pursuits. When he had finished his classes here, he was removed to Cambridge, where six thousand fellow students waited to receive him. He had no difficulty in finding solitude when his inclination prompted him to seek it, and *we may be certain* that a mind which relished so exquisitely the beauties of nature, sought it often; but he was never palled with it. The effect of both these circumstances is conspicuous in his writings. He is fond of allegories and reveries; for oft the poet,

—‘brush’d with hasty step the dews away.
To meet the sun;’

and he is the poet of manners, because he frequented the haunts of men, and was acquainted with his species in all their varieties of modification.*

The only thing new, which Mr. Godwin can boast of having produced, is the deposition of Chaucer in a case of chivalry, between Sir Richard Grosvenour and Sir Richard Le Scrope. It is dated, Oct. 12, 1386; and, in the beginning, states Chaucer to be of the age of forty years and upwards, and to have borne arms twenty-seven years. Upon the tombstone of the author, he is said to have died in 1400, aged 72; and it has, therefore, been common to date his birth in 1328. But, by subtracting 40, the age mentioned in the deposition, from 1386, the date of that instrument, we have 1346, as the time of his birth. This difference occasions much perplexity and labour to Mr. Godwin; and he devotes a separate treatise, at the commencement of his first volume, to the investigation of the real time, when his author was born. After many surmises and reasonings, objections and replies, he finally satisfies himself, that the common account is correct, and that some error has slid into his deposition. Mr. Godwin is a contemner of all courts; and may, therefore, be excused for a total ignorance of legal proceedings: but, with a little enquiry of proper persons, he might have ascertained, that, in taking depositions, the precise age of the witness is never material, if he be only twenty-one; and that, whatever may be the real number of years, he is stated, at random, to be twenty-five, thirty, or forty, and upwards.

Jeffery, or Geoffrey, Chaucer, it may, therefore, be stated, was born in 1328; and, according to his *Testament of Love*, London was the place of his 'kindly engendure.' The antiquity of his name, and the rank of his family, have been the subject

* Vol. i. p. 203.

of much dispute. All agree, that the name is French; and, while we learn from the Roll-of-Battle Abbey, that it came in with the Conqueror, some antiquarians tell us, that, in the time of John, 'le Chaucer,' or 'the Shoemaker,' was a name of office.* Geoffrey Chaucer the descendant of a shoemaker! This is not to be endured. Either he was no such thing, say his fond admirers; or else the office of shoemaker, in those days, was a post for noblemen to covet. Bale calls him 'Galfridus Chaucer nobili loco natus et summæ spei juvenis;' and, though the heralds have detected, in his arms, the evidences of base original, 'yet,' says one of his early biographers, 'they are not so mean either for colour, charge, or partition, as some would make them.'† Upon this question, we confess ourselves perfectly impotent; but, that the reader may have an opportunity of judging for himself, we subjoin the description of our author's arms: 'De argeno et rubeo colore panteta per longitudinem scuti cum benda ex transverso, eisdem coloribus sed transmutatis depicta.' Some have supposed, too, that Geoffrey was the son of a Thomas Chaucer, vintner, who gave 'his tenement and tavern,' in Royal street, to the church of St. Mary, and died, in 1348. But the mention of a *tavern* is conclusive against such a supposition; and the reader must, after all, be left to his own conjectures, as to the dignity of our poet's birth.

The place of his education is equally a subject of controversy. In his *Court of Love*, written at eighteen, he calls himself Philogent of Cambridge, clerk; but Leland and Wood, having placed his birth in Oxfordshire, seem resolved to give him his education in Oxford University; and the latter, more particularly, says, that, while Wickliff pre-

* Life prefixed to the Edit. of Francis Beaumont, 1602, p. 3.

† Ibid. p. 2.

sided over Canterbury College, Chaucer was his pupil, as he afterwards became his follower. Leland is not so intent upon the proof of his education, as the effects, which it produced; and, having established him at Oxford, he proceeds with his conclusions: '*Hinc acutus dialecticus, hinc dulcis rhetor, hinc lepidus poeta, hinc gravis philosophus, hinc,*' &c.

After leaving the university, he is said to have visited France and the Netherlands; but, when he left the university, or how long he travelled, is not known; and it has been doubted, indeed, whether he travelled at all. The evidence, that he studied law, is a little more decisive; for Leland says, he frequented the colleges of law; and Spight tells us, that Mr. Buckley once saw, in the Inner Temple, a record of a fine of two shillings, imposed upon 'Geffrey Chaucer, for beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleete-street.'

But, whatever may have been his earlier pursuits, it is certain, that the prime of his life was spent in the vocation of a courtier. The first authentic memorial of his rank or circumstances, is a grant, by Edward III.* in 1366, of an annuity of twenty marks, under the title of '*Valettus Noster*;' which, though its plain meaning is, 'our valet,' has been translated by one biographer 'our yeoman,'† and by another, 'gentleman of the king's privy-chamber.'‡ There is, also, another way to rescue him from degradation. This office, we are told, 'by whatever name we translate it, might be held even by persons of the highest rank: because the only science then in request among the nobility was that of etiquette, the knowledge of which was acquired, together with the habits of chivalry, by passing in gradation through the several menial offices about

* Rymer Foed. 41 Edw. III.

† Urry, sig. d.

‡ Chalmers, vol. i. p. v.

the court.* Another instance of the royal bounty was, to appoint our poet comptroller of the customs of wool, with an express injunction to transact his business in his own person; and we might now ask, whether this was also in that gradation of offices, by which persons of the highest rank were accustomed to attain the science of etiquette?

Such a question may have occurred to the English biographers; for we find them much perplexed to smother the consequences of this incident; and, as the *Assemblie of Foules*, the *Complaint of the Black Knight*, and the *Roman de la Rose*, had already appeared, it is generally agreed to preserve the dignity of Chaucer, by charging the king with insensibility to his merit. But Mr. Chalmers is determined, that neither shall suffer; 'for in what manner,' he asks, 'could the king more honourably encourage the genius of a poet, than by a civil employment, which rendered him easy in his circumstances, and free from the suspicious obligations of a pension or a sinecure?'+

Again, Chaucer attached himself to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; whose ambition, according to one account, induced him to seek the assistance of learned men, and to purchase that of Chaucer, among the rest, by many offices of favour and friendship.‡ But it confers little honour either upon Chaucer, or the duke of Lancaster, to have been connected as tool and politician; and it is, therefore, 'more probable,' says another biographer, 'that the latter had a relish for the talents and taste of the former, and became his patron upon the most liberal grounds.'§ It is true, that Chaucer rendered an acceptable service to his patron, by lampooning the conduct of the clergy, to whom the duke was particularly inimical; but may

* Ellis' *Specimens of Early Eng. Poet.* vol. i. p. 202.

† Vol. i. p. v, vi.

‡ Urry's Edit.

§ Chalmers, vol. i. p. vi.

not Chaucer have been equally their foe? Or might he not do this service as a recompense for past favours?

He was destined to form a connexion still more intimate with the duke of Lancaster. The dutchess had, in her train, one Catharine Rouet, daughter of Sir Payne Rouet, a native of Hainault. She was married to Sir Hugh Swinford, a knight of Lincoln, who died soon after the marriage; and, returning to the duke's family, she was appointed governess of his children; became his mistress; and, at last, his spouse. She had a sister, Philippa, who is said to have been a 'great favourite' of the duke, and whom, at his recommendation, Chaucer married, in 1360. Lancaster now omitted no occasion of promoting his interests; and, having procured his appointment to the office of king's shield-bearer, or *Scutifer*, it was doubtless through the same influence, that the king despatched him as one of the three ambassadors to Genoa, in 1372.* Some of our predecessors have amused themselves with imagining an interview between Chaucer and Petrarch, during the residence of the former in Genoa; but, with the exception of the document in Rymer, not a word can be found respecting this embassy in any literary work, which has hitherto been discovered.

Sceptical persons will demand the object of this expedition; and, if a cause cannot be found, it may be fancied. The English were even then fond of great naval armaments; but they borrowed their ships from the Germans and Italians; and may not Chaucer, and his two colleagues, have gone to Genoa for the loan of a fleet? This being granted, it follows, that they were very successful; for, two years after their appointment, Chaucer received the grant of a pitcher of wine daily, besides the

* Rym. 46 Edw. III.

offices of comptroller of the customs of wool, and of the small customs of wine: in the next year, the wardship of one Sir Edmund Staplegate's heir, which yielded 104 pounds; and, the year after, some forfeited wool, to the value of 71*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

Rising in the esteem of his sovereign, he was sent, with two others, on a mission to France, in 1377,—for the sole purpose, according to Froissart, of negotiating a marriage between a daughter of the French king, and Richard, prince of Wales; but, if we are to believe Hollingshed and Barnes, chiefly to remonstrate against some infringement of a truce, that had been recently concluded between the two countries. It is certain, that they obtained no satisfaction, on the latter point; but they succeeded, on the former, so far as to lay the foundation of another treaty; and, perhaps, indeed, they were only instructed to complain of a breach of the truce, that they might be quieted by an accession to the marriage.

It was in this year, that Richard II., at the age of seven, succeeded to the crown of England. Lancaster, being his uncle, was solicitous to fix him firmly upon the throne, and immediately took measures for a magnificent coronation. Chaucer was willing to do his part; and he claimed, in right of his ward, who held, of the king, the manor of Billington, in Kent, to present to his majesty three cups of maple. But his claim was contested; and the English biographers, thinking the incident beneath the dignity of Chaucer, have omitted to enquire, whether he succeeded or not.

It appears, too, that he soon had other claims to dispute; for, though Richard continued him in the office of comptroller, and not only confirmed his old annuity of twenty marks,—but granted him a new one of the same amount, in the place of his pitcher of wine a day,—he had become so involved in debt, that he was driven to seek the protection

of the king against the importunity of his creditors. How this happened, it is vain to enquire; but the *Biographia Brittanica* suggests, that, having intended a marriage between his son Thomas, and Maud, the daughter of Sir John Burghershe, who had great possessions, he was obliged to invest all his money in land, that Thomas might treat of the match on equal terms. It has been doubted, however, whether he ever had a son Thomas; and we may add, that English law, even in the fourteenth century, would scarcely have permitted a man to advance his son at the expense of his creditors.

Mankind have remarked, that one misfortune is ever the parent or forerunner of another. The duke of Lancaster had patronized the exertions of Wickliffe; and, about the year 1380, his power and popularity began to decline. The insurrection of Wat Tyler completed his downfall; for, though he is said to have condemned the plot, it was charged to the followers of Wickliffe, and he was one. Chaucer was, of course, another; and, so little did he wish to disguise or qualify his principles, that when, in 1384, John Comberton, a noted Wickliffite, was proposed a second time to be chosen lord mayor of London, our poet zealously promoted his re-election. A commotion was excited by the clergy, which the king was obliged to suppress by force; and, several lives being lost, Comberton was thrown into prison, and strict search instituted for Chaucer.

But he escaped, first, to Hainault; afterwards, to France; and finally, to Zealand; where he continued to receive and entertain his fellow-refugees, until his party at home made their peace with the government. Concluding, that the storm had now past, he returned to London; but no sooner was he discovered, than the administration seized and sent him to the tower; nor would they listen to any prayer for release, except upon the condition, that

he should disclose all he knew concerning the designs of the Wickliffites, and the disturbance at Comberton's election. Whether Chaucer, at first, stood upon these terms, we know not; but it is certain, that they were ultimately accepted; and that Chaucer came again into the world only to meet the reproach of apostacy and treason. To alleviate his pain, as well as to defend his conduct, he now composed the *Testament of Love*: but the world seldom listens to the appeals of a man, who is once under foot; and, upon the pretence of obtaining the king's license to surrender his places in favour of one John Scalby, our author was bereft of nearly all his revenues in May, 1388; and, retiring to Woodstock, is supposed to have begun the composition of the *Canterbury Tales*. The treatise on the *Astrolabe* was also written during this retirement; and is said to have been designed for the instruction of his son Lewis.

Yet fortune had another revolution in store for him. The duke of Lancaster now began to regain his influence; and Chaucer was made clerk of the works at Westminster, in 1389; and of those at Windsor, and other places, in the following year. In 1394, the king granted him a new annuity of twenty pounds; in 1398, his protection for two years; and, the next year, a pipe of wine annually. In the same year, Henry IV. succeeded to the throne; and not only confirmed our author's two grants of twenty pounds,—but bestowed upon him another annuity of forty marks. Whether these gratuities enabled him to live with comfort, it is scarcely worth while to enquire; for he had but little longer to live at all. His death is generally agreed to have been on the 25th of October, 1400. He was buried in Westminster Abbey; but had no monument until the middle of the sixteenth century; when Nicholas Bingham, a gentleman of Oxford, erected to his memory a plain altar, with three

quatrefoils, and the same number of shields. The inscription is as follows :—

M. S.

Qui fecit Anglorum vates noster maximus olim,
GALFRIDUS CHAUCER conditur hoc tumulo :

Annum si quæras Domini, si tempora vitæ,
Ecce notæ subsunt quæ tibi cuncta notunt.

25 Octobris 1400.

Ærumnarum requies mors.

N. Brigham hos fecit Musarum nomine sumptus,
1556.

Chaucer is called the father of English poetry, not because he was the first Englishman who wrote in verse; but because he was the first who wrote poetically. Extensive learning and minute detail, were, in his time, the qualities, which entitled a writer to fame; and it was the fashion to write very long and very profound treatises in verse. There was no distinction between the rules of poetry and those of history; and writers, instead of attempting flights of the imagination, endeavoured to give a faithful enumeration of particulars. Chaucer was the first to emancipate himself from this servility; but even he did not completely emancipate himself. He appears to soar, only because he rises above his cotemporaries. The shackles of truth still encumber his flight; and he is much more frequently upon the ground than in the air. He looks upon nature, rather with the eye of a natural historian, than a poet; and, instead of a description, he often gives us an inventory. His distinguishing excellence is in the narration of stories; for, in this species of literature, nothing charms the attention like particularity of detail; and, such is the fidelity of Chaucer's representations, that the reader can scarcely believe them to be fictitious. He seems to write, not from imagination,—but from memory. Circumstances are given in their exact series, and

in their true order. Events follow each other in a natural succession of cause and effect; and the result comes upon the reader with the force of reality, though in the garb of fiction.

His works are very voluminous; and we have found it by no means easy to make a selection. His fame must chiefly rest upon the *Canterbury Tales*; but the best of these have been paraphrased by Dryden and Pope; and we have deemed it injudicious to fatigue the reader with a tale twice related. Of those that remain, too many are indecent; and such as are not indecent, will commonly be found flat. In making our selection, we have endeavoured to reject every thing impure; and, though the operation be difficult, we hope we have generally succeeded.

Chaucer's language is, at first, almost incomprehensible to a modern reader; but a little practice renders it familiar; and we have subjoined to the volume, a *Glossary* of such words as have sunk into disuse, or undergone considerable changes of orthography or signification. Urry was the first to afford us a help of this kind; but his enumeration was too comprehensive, and his explanations too prolix. His *Glossary* has been successively abridged by Mr. Thirwhytt and Mr. Chalmers; and, following the latter, we have rejected all words, of which the reader might find the meaning without assistance, and pruned all illustrations, that did not seem to be absolutely necessary.

THE
CANTERBURY TALES.

B 2

THE
CANTERBURY TALES.

THE PROLOGUE.

WHANNE that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veine in swiche licour,
Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
Enspired hath in every holt and hethe
The tendre croppes, and the yonge Sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And smale foules maken melodie,
That slepen alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages;
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken strange strondes,
To serve halwes couth in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Englelond, to Canterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martyr for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

Befelle, that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devoute corage,

At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nine and twenty in a compaignie
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.

And shortly, whan the Sonne was gone to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everich on,
That I was of hir felawship anon,
And made forword erly for to rise,
To take oure way ther as I you devise.

But natheles, while I have time and space,
Or that I forther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it accordant to reson,
To tellen you alle the condition
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre;
And eke in what araie that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I firste beginne.

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the time that he firste began
To riden out, he loved chevalrie,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And thereto hadde he ridden, no man ferre,
As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.

At Alisandre he was whan it was wonne.
Ful often time he hadde the bord begonне
Aboven alle nations in Pruce.
In Lettowe hadde he reysed and in Ruce.

No cristen man so ofte of his degre.
In Gernade at the seige eke hadde he be
Of Algesir, and ridden in Belmarie.
At Leyes was he, and at Satalie,
Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete see
At many a noble armee hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for our faith at Tramissene
In listes thries, and ay slain his fo.

This ilke worthy knight hadde ben also
Somtime with the lord of Palatie,
Agen another hethen in Turkie:
And evermore he hadde a sovaine pris.
And though that he was worthy he was wise,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
In alle his lif, unto no manere wight.
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.

But for to tellen you of his araie,
His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
Of fustian he wered a gipon,
Alle besmotred with his habergeon,
For he was late ycome fro his viage,
And wente for to don his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone a young SQUIER,
A lover, and a lusty bachelor,
With lockes crull as they were laide in presse.
Of twenty yere of age he was I gesse.
Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver, and grete of strengthe.
And he hadde be sometime in chevachie,
In Flaundres, in Artois, and in Picardie,

And borne him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.

Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Alle ful of freshe floures, white and rede.
Singing he was, or floyting alle the day,
He was as freshe, as is the moneth of May.
Short was his goune, with sleeves long and wide.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride.
He coude songes make, and wel endite,
Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.
So hote he loved, that by nightertale
He slep no more than doth the nightingale.

Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf before his fader at the table.

A YEMAN hadde he, and servantes no mo
At that time, for him luste to ride so; :~
And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene.
A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.
Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly:
His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe;
And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.

A not-hed hadde he, with a broune visage.
Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage.
Upon his arme he bare a gaid bracer,
And by his side a swerd and a bokeler,
And on that other side a gaie daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere.
A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene.
A forster was he sothely as I gesse

Ther was also a nonne, a PRIORESSE,
That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy;
Hire gretest othe n'as but by seint Eloy;
And she was cleped madame Eglentine.
Ful wel she sange the service devine
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle;
She lette no morsel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fingres in hire sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
Thatte no drope ne fell upon hire brest.
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest.
Hire over lippe wiped she so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of grese, whan she dronken hadde hire draught.
Ful semely after hire mete she raught.
And sikerly she was of grete disport,
And ful plesant, and amiable of port,
And peined hire to contrefeten chere
Of court, and ben estatelich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.

But for to speken of hire conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
Of smaile houndes hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerde smert:
And all was conscience and tendre herte.

Ful semely hire wimple ypinched was ;
 Hire nose tretis ; hire eyen grey as glas ;
 Hire mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red ;
 But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehed.
 It was almost a spanne brode I trowe ;
 For hardily she was not undergrowe.

Ful fetise was hire cloke, as I was ware.
 Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
 A pair of bedes, gauded all with grene ;
 And theron heng a broche of gold ful shene,
 On whiche was first ywriten a crouned A,
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

Another NONNE also with hire hadde she,
 That was hire chapelleine, and PREESTES thre.

A MONK there was, a fayre for the maistrie,
 An out-rider, that loved venerie ;
 A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
 Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in stable :
 And whan he rode, men mighte his bridel here,
 Gingeling in a whistling wind as clere,
 And eke as loude, as doth the chapell belle,
 Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.

The reule of seint Maure and of seint Beneit,
 Because that it was olde and somdele streit,
 This ilke monk lette olde thinges pace,
 And held after the newe world the trace.
 He yave not of the text a pulled hen,
 That saith, that hunters ben not holy men ;
 Ne that a monk, whan he is rekkeles,
 Is like to a fish that is waterles ;
 This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
 This ilke text held he not worth an oistre.

And I say his opinion was good.
 What, shulde he studie, and make himselven wood,
 Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
 Or swinken with his hondes, and laboure,
 As Austin bit? how shal the world be served?
 Let Austin have his swink to him reserved.
 Therfore he was a prickasoure a right:
 Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight:
 Of prieking and of hunting for the hare
 Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.

I saw his sleeves purfiled at the hond
 With gris, and that the finest of the lond.
 And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
 He hadde of gold ywrought a curious piinne.
 A love-knotte in the greter end ther was.
 His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,
 And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.
 He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
 His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
 That stemed as a forneis of a led.
 His botes souple, his hors in gret estat,
 Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.
 He was not pale as a forpined gost.
 A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
 His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

A FRERE there was, a wanton and a mery,
 A limitour, a ful solempne man.
 In all the ordres foure is non that can
 So moche of daliance and fayre langage.
 He hadde ymade ful many a mariage
 Of yonge wimmen, at his owen cost.
 Until his order he was a noble post.

Ful wel beloved, and familier was he
With frankeleins over all in his contree,
And eke with worthy wimmen of the toun.
For he had power of confession,
As saide himselfe, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licenciat.
Ful swetely herde he confession,
And plesant was his absolution.
He was an esy man to give penance,
Ther as he wiste to han a good pitance.
For unto a poure ordre for to give
Is signe that a man is wel yshrive.
For if he gave, he dorste make avant,
He wiste that a man was repentant.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sore smerte.
Therefore in stede of weping and praieres,
Men mote give silver to the poure freres.

His tippet was ay farsed ful of knives,
And pinnes, for to given fayre wives.
And certainly he had a mery note.
Wel coude he singe and plaien on a rote.
Of yeddinges he bare utterly the pris.
His nekke was white as is the flour de lis
Thereto he strong was as a champioun,
And knew wel the tavernes in every toun.
And every hosteler and gay tapstere,
Better than a lazer or a beggere,
For unto swiche a worthy man as he
Accordeth nought, as by his faculte,
To haven with sike lazers acquaintance.
It is not honest, it may not avance,
As for to delen with no swiche pouraille,
But all with riche, and sellers of vitaille.

And over all, ther as profit shuld arise,
Curteis he was, and lowly of servise.
Ther n'as no man no wher so vertuous.
He was the beste begger in all his hous:
And gave a certaine ferme for the grant,
Non of his bretheren came in his haunt.
For though a widewe hadde but a shoo,
(So plesant was his *In principio*)
Yet wold he have a ferthing or he went.
His pourchas was wel better than his rent.
And rage he coude as it hadde ben a whelp,
In lovedayes, ther coude he mochel help.
For ther was he nat like a cloisterere,
With thredbare cope, as is a poure scolere,
But he was like a maister or a pope.
Of double worsted was his semicope,
That round was as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,
To make his English swete upon his tongue;
And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,
His eyen twinkeled in his hed aright,
As don the sterres in a frosty night.
This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.

A MERCHANT was ther with a forked berd,
In mottelee, and highe on hors he sat,
And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
His botes clapsed fayre and fetisly.
His resons spake he ful solempnely,
Souning alway the encrease of his winning.
He wold the see were kept for any thing
Betwixen Middleburgh and Orewell.
Wel coud he in eschanges sheldes selle.

This worthy man ful wel his wit besette ;
There wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So stedefastly didde he his governance,
With his bargeines, and with his chevisance
Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But soth to sayn, I n'ot how men him calle.

A CLERK ther was of Oxenforde also,
That unto logike hadde long ygo.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake ;
But loked holwe, and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was nought worldly to have an office.
For him was lever han at his beddes hed
A twenty bokcs, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre,
But all that he might of his frendes hente,
On bokcs and on lerning he it spente,
And besily gan for the soules praie
Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolaie.
Of studie toke he moste cure and hede.
Not a word spake he more than was nede ;
And that was said in forme and reverence,
And short and quike, and ful of high sentence.
Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A SERGEANT OF THE LAWE, ware and wise,
That often hadde yben at the paruis,

Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discrete he was, and of gret reverence :
He semed swiche, his wordes were so wise,
Justice he was ful often in assise,
By patent, and by pleine commissioun ;
For his science, and for his high renoun,
Of fees and robes had he many on.
So grete a pourchasour was nowher non.
All was fee simple to him in effect,
His pourchasing might not ben in suspect.
No wher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he semed besier than he was.
In termes hadde he cas and domes alle,
That fro the time of king Will. weren falle.
Therto he coude endite, and make a thing,
Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing.
And every statute coude he plaine by rote.
He rode but homely in a medlee cote,
Girt with a seint of silk, with barres smale.
Of his array tell I no lenger tale.

A FRANKLEIN was in this compaignie ;
White was his berd, as is the dayesie.
Of his complexion he was sanguin.
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in win.
To liven in delit was ever his wone,
For he was Epicures owen sone,
That held opinion, that plein delit
Was veraily felicite parfite.
An housholder, and that a grete was he ;
Seint Julian he was in his contree.
His brede, his ale, was alway after on ;
A better envyned man was no wher non.

Withouten bake mete never was his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle deintees that men coud of thinke,
After the sondry sesons of the yere,
So changed he his mete and his soupere.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mcwe,
And many a breme, and many a luce in stewe.
Wo was his cokc, but if his sauce were
Poinant and sharpe, and ready all his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stode redy covered alle the longe day.

At sessions ther was he lord and sirc.
Ful often time he was knight of the shire
An anelace and a gipciere all of silk,
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe milk.
A shreve hadde he ben, and a countour.
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour.

AN HABERDASHER, and a CARPENTER,
A WEBBE, a DEYER, and a TAPISER,
Were alle yclothed in o livcre,
Of a solempne and grete fraternite.
Ful freshe and newe hir gere ypiked was.
Hir knives were ychaped not with bras,
But all with silver wrought ful clene and wel.
Hir girdeles and hir pouches every del.
Wel semed eche of hem a fayre burgeis,
To sittcn in a gild halle, on the deis.
Everich, for the wisdom that he can,
Was shapelich for to ben an alderman.
For catel hadden they ynough and rent,
And eke hir wives wolde it wel assent:

And elles certainly they were to blame.
It is ful fayre to ben ycleped madame,
And for to gon to vigiles all before,
And have a mantel reallich ybore.

A COKE they hadden with hem for the nones,
To boile the chikenes and the marie bones,
And poudre marchant, tart and galingale.
Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.
He coude roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,
Maken mortrewes, and wel bake a pie.
But gret harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shinne a mormal hadde he.
For blanc manger that made he with the best.

A SHIPMAN was ther, woned fer by west:
For ought I wote, he was of Dertemouth.
He rode upon a rouncie, as he couthe,
All in a goun of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a las hadde hee
About his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote sommer hadde made his hewe al broun.
And certainly he was a good felaw.
Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw
From Burdeux ward, while that the chapman slepe.
Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.
If that he faught, and hadde the higher hand,
By water he sent hem home to every land.
But of his craft to reckon wel his tides,
His stremes and his strandes him besides,
His herberwe, his mone, and his lodemanage,
Ther was non swiche, from Hull unto Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake:
With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake.

He knew wel alle the havens, as they were,
Fro Gotland, to the Cape de finistere,
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine :
His barge ycleped was the Magdelaine.

With us ther was a DOCTOUR OF PHISIKE,
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To speke of phisike, and ofurgerie :
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patient a ful gret del
In houres by his magike naturel.
Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his images for his patient.

He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wher engendred, and of what humour,
He was a veray parfite practisour.
The cause yknowe, and of his arm the rote.
Anon he gave to the sike man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries
To send him dragges, and his lettuaries,
For eche of hem made other for to winne :
Hir frendship n'as not newe to beginne.
Wel knew he the old Esculapius,
And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus ;
Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien ;
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen ;
Averriois, Damascene, and Constantin ;
Bernard, and Gatisden, and Gilbertin.
Of his diete mesurable was he,
For it was of no great superfluitee,
But of gret nourishing, and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.

In sanguin and in perse he clad was alle
Lined with taffata, and with sendalle.
And yet he was but esy of dispenche:
He kepte that he wan in the pestilence.
For gold in phisike is a cordial;
Therefore he loved gold in special.

A good WIF was ther of beside BATHE,
But she was som del defe, and that was scathe.
Of cloth making she hadde swiche an haunt,
She passed hem of Ipres, and of Gaunt.
In all the parish wif ne was there non,
That to the offering before hire shulde gon,
And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground;
I dorste swere, they weyeden a pound;
That on the Sondag were upon hire hede.
Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,
Ful streite yteyed, and shoon ful moist and newe,
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew.
She was a worthy woman all hire live,
Housbondes at the chirche dore had she had five,
Withouten other compaignie in youthe.
But therof nedeth not to speke as nouthe.
And thries hadde she ben at Jerusaleme.
She hadde passed many a strange streme.
At Rome she hadde ben, and at Boloine,
In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine.
She coude moche of wandring by the way.
Gat-tothed was she, sothly for to say.
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede an hat,

As brode as is a bokeler, or a targe.
A fote-mantel about hire hippes large,
And on hire fete a pair of sporres sharpe.
In felawship wel cude she laughe and carpe
Of remedies of love she knew perchance,
For of that arte she coude the olde dance.

A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a poure PERSONE of a toun :
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche.
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient :
And swiche he was ypreved often sithes.
Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,
Unto his poure parishens aboute,
Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In sikenesse and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,
And this figure he added yet therto,
That if gold ruste, what shuld iren do ?
For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewed man to rust :

And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe,
To see a shitten shepherd, and clene shepe :
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
By his clenenesse, how his shepe shulde live.

He sette not his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe acombred in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,
To seken him a chanterie for soules,
Or with a brotherhede to be withhold :
But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie.
He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuouse,
He was to sinful men not dispiteous,
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,
But in his teaching discrete and benigne.
To drawen folk to Heven, with fairenesse,
By good ensample, was his besinesse :
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were of highe, or low estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
A better preest I trowe that no wher non is.
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne maked him no spiced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.

With him ther was a PLOWMAN, was his brother,
That hadde ylaid of dong ful many a fother.
A trewe swinker, and a good was he,
Living in pees, and parfite charitee.
God loved he beste with alle his herte
At alle times, were it gain or smerte.

And than his neighebour right as himselve
He wolde thresh, and therto dike, and delve,
For Cristes sake, for every poure wight,
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.

His tithes paied he ful fayre and wel,
Both of his propre swinke, and his catel.
In a tabard he rode upon a mere.

Ther was also a reve, and a millere,
A sompnour, and a pardoner also,
A manciple, and myself, ther n'ere no mo.

The MILLER was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones;
That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.
He was short shuldered, brode, a thikke gnarre,
Ther n'as no dore, that he n'olde heve of barre,
Or breke it at a reuning with his hede.
His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
And therto brode, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,
Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres.
His nose-thirles blacke were and wide.
A swerd and bokeler bare he by his side.
His mouth as wide was as a forneis.
He was a jangler, and a goliardeis,
And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.
Wel coude he stelen corne, and tollen thries.
And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.
A white cote and a blew hode wered he.
A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and sounen,
A therwithall he brought us out of toune.

A gentil MANCIPLE was there of a temple,
Of which achatours mighten take ensemple
For to ben wise in bying of vitaille.
For whether that he paide, or toke by taille,
Algate he waited so in his achate,
That he was ay before in good estate.
Now is not that of God a ful fayre grace,
That swiche a lewed mannes wit shal pace
The wisdom of an hepe of lered men?

Of maisters had he mo than thries ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious:
Of which ther was a dosein in that hous,
Worthy to ben stewardes of rent and lond
Of any lord that is in Englelond,
To maken him live by his propre good,
In honour detteles, but if he were wood,
Or live as scarsly, as him list desire;
And able for to helpen all a shire
In any cas that mighte fallen or happe;
And yet this manciple sette hir aller cappe.

The REVE was a slendre colerike man,
His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can.
His here was by his eres round yshorne.
His top was docked like a preest beforne.
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
Ylike a staff, ther was no calf ysene.
Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne:
There was non auditour coude on him winne.
Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the rain,
The yelding of his seed, and of his grain.
His lordes shepe, his nete, and his deirie,
His swine, his hors, his store, and his pultrie.

Were holly in this reves gouerning,
And by his covenant yave he rekening,
Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age;
Ther coude no man bring him in arerage;
Ther n'as baillif, ne herde, ne other hine,
That he ne knew his sleight and his covine:
They were adradde of him, as of the deth.
His wonning was ful fayre upon an heth,
With grene trees yshadewed was his place.
He coude better than his lord pourchase.
Ful rich he was ystored privily.
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,
To yeve and lene him of his owen good,
And have a thank, and yet a cote and hood.
In youth he lerned hadde a good mistere:
He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.
This reve sate upon a right good stot,
'That was all pomelee grey, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of perse upon he hade,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade.
Of Norfolk was this reve, of which I tell,
Beside a toun, men clepen Baldeswell.
Tucked he was, as is a frere, aboute.
And ever he rode the hinderest of the route.

A SOMPNOUR was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fire-red cherubinnes face,
For sausefleme he was, with eyen narwe.
As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
With scalled browes blake, and pilled berd:
Of his visage children were sore aferd.
Ther n'as quiksilver, litarge, ne brimston.
Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,

Ne ointment that wolde clense or bite,
That him might helpen of his whelkes white,
Ne of the knobbes sitting on his chekes.
Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,
And for to drinke strong win as rede as blood.
Than wolde he speke, and crie as he were wood.
And whan that he wel dronken had the win,
Than wold he speken no word but Latin.
A fewe termes coude he, two or three,
That he had lerned out of som decree;
No wonder is, he herd it all the day.
And eke ye knowen wel, how that a jay
Can clepen watte, as wel as can the popc.
But who so wolde in other thing him grope,
Than hadde he spent all his philosophie,
Ay, *Questio quid juris*, wolde he crie.

He was a gentil harlot and a kind;
A better felaw shulde a man not find.
He wolde suffre for a quart of wine,
A good felaw to have his concubine
A twelve month, and excuse him at the full.
Ful prively a finch eke coude he pull.
And if he found owhere a good felawe,
He wolde techen him to have non awe
In swiche a cas of the archedekenes cursc;
But if a mannes soule were in his purse;
For in his purse he shulde ypunished be.
Purse is the archedekens helle, said he.
But wel I wote, he lied right in dede:
Of cursing ought eche gilty man him drede.
For curse wol sle right as assoiling saveth,
And also ware him of a *significavit*.

In danger hadde he at his owen gise
The yonge girles of the diocise,

And knew hir conseil, and was of hir rede.
A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,
As gret as it were for an alestake :
A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.

With him ther rode a gentil PARDONERE
Of Rouncevall, his frend and his compere,
That streit was comen from the court of Rome.
Ful loude he sang, Come hither, love, to me.
This sompnour bare to him a stiff burdoun,
Was never trompe of half so gret a soun.
This pardoner had here as yelwe as wax,
But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax :
By unces heng his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his shulders overspradde.
Ful thinne it lay, by culpons on and on,
But hode, for jolite, ne wered he non,
For it was trussed up in his wallet.
Him thought he rode al of the newe get,
Dishevele, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare.
Swiche glaring eyen hadde he, as an hare.
A vernicle hadde he sewed upon his cappe.
His wallet lay beforne him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote.
A vois he hadde, as smale as hath a gote.
No berd hadde he, ne never non shulde have,
As smothe it was as it were newe shave ;
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.

But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware,
Ne was ther swiche an other pardonere.
For in his male he hadde a pilwebere,
Which, as he saide, was oure ladies veil :
He saide, he hadde a gobbet of the seyl

Thatte seint Peter had, whan that he went
Upon the see, till Jesu Crist him hent.
He had a crois of laton ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with these relikes, whanne that he fond
A poure persone dwelling up on lond,
Upon a day he gat him more moneie
Than that the persone gat in monethes tweie.
And thus with fained flattering and japes,
He made the persone, and the peple, his apes.

But trewely to tellen atte last,
He was in church a noble ecclesiast.
Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie,
But alderbest he sang an offertorie :
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He muste preche, and wel afile his tonge,
To winne silver, as he right wel coude :
Therefore he sang the merier and loude.

Now have I told you shortly in a clause,
Th' estat, th' araie, the nombre, and eke the cause
Why that assembled was this compaignie
In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
But now is time to you for to telle,
How that we baren us that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrie alight.
And after wol I telle of our viage,
And all the remenant of our pilgrimage.

But firste I praie you of your curtesie,
That ye ne arette it not my vilanie,
Though that I plainly speke in this matere,
To tellen you hir wordes and hir chere ;

Ne though I speke hir wordes proprely.
For this ye knowen al so wel as I,
Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely and so large;
Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewe,
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe.
He may not spare, although he were his brother.
He moste as wel sayn o word, as an other.
Crist spake himself ful brode in holy writ,
And wel he wote no vilanie is it.
Eke Plato sayeth, who so can him rede,
The wordes moste ben cosin to the dede.

Also I praie you to forgive it me,
All have I not sette folk in hir degree,
Here in this tale, as that they shulden stonde.
My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.

Gret chere made our hoste everich on,
And to the souper sette he us anon:
And served us with vitaille of the beste.
Strong was the win, and wel to drinke us leste.
A semely man our hoste was with alle
For to han ben a marshal in an halle.
A large man he was with eyen stepe,
A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wise and wel ytaught,
And of manhood him lacked righte naught.
Eke therto was he right a mery man,
And after souper plaien he began,
And spake of mirthe amonges other thinges,
Whan that we hadden made our rekeninges:

And saide thus; "Now, lordinges, trewely
Ye ben to me welcome right hertily :
For by my trouthe, if that I shal not lie,
I saw nat this yere swiche a compaignie
At ones in this herberwe, as is now.
Fayne wolde I do you mirthe, and I wiste how.
And of a mirthe I am right now bethought,
To don you ese, and it shall coste you nought.
Ye gon to Canterbury; God you spede,
The blisful martyr quite you your mede;
And wel I wot, as ye gon by the way,
Ye shapen you to talken and to play :
For trewely comfort ne mirthe is non,
To riden by the way dumbe as the ston :
And therfore wold I maken you disport,
As I said erst, and don you some comfort.
And if you liketh alle by on assent
Now for to stonden at my jugement :
And for to werchen as I shal you say
To-morwe, whan ye riden on the way,
Now by my faders soule that is ded,
But ye be mery, smiteth of my hed.
Hold up your hondes withouten more speche."

Our conseil was not longe for to seche :
Us thought it was not worth to make it wise,
And granted him withouten more avise,
And bad him say his verdit, as him leste.

"Lordinges," (quod he) "now herkeneth for the
beste ;

But take it nat, I pray you, in disdain;
This is the point, to speke it plat and plain,
That eche of you to shorten with youre way,
In this viage, shal tellen tales tway,

To Canterbury ward, I mene it so,
And homeward he shall tellen other two,
Of adventures that whilom han befallē.
And which of you that bereth him best of alle,
That is to sayn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence and most solas,
Shal have a souper at youre aller cost
Here in this place sitting by this post,
Whan that ye comen agen from Canterbury.
And for to maken you the more mery,
I wol myselven gladly with you ride,
Right at min owen cost, and be your gide.
And who that wol my jugement withsay,
Shal pay for alle we spenden by the way.
And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,
Telle me anon withouten wordes mo,
And I wol erly shapen me therfore."

This thing was granted, and our othes swore
With ful glad herte, and praiden him also,
That he wolde vouchesauf for to don so,
And that he wolde ben our governour,
And of our tales juge and reportour,
And sette a souper at a certain pris;
And we wol reuled ben at his devise,
In highe and lowe: and thus by on assent,
We ben accorded to his jugement.
And therupon the win was fette anon.
We dronken, and to reste wenten eche on,
Withouten any lenger taryng.

A-morwe whan the day began to spring,
Up rose our hoste, and was our aller cok,
And gaderd us togeder in a flok,
And forth we riden a litel more than pas,
Unto the watering of Seint Thomas:

And ther our hoste began his hors arest,
And saide; "Lordes, herkeneth if you lest.
Ye wete your forword, and I it record.
If even-song and morwe-song accord,
Let se now who shal telle the first tale.
As ever mote I drinken win or ale,
Who so is rebel to my jugement,
Shal pay for alle that by the way is spent.
Now draweth cutte, or that ye forther twinne;
He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.

"Sire knight," (quod he) "my maister and my
lord,

Now draweth cutte, for that is min accord.
Cometh nere," (quod he) "my lady prioresse,
And ye, sirc clerk, let be your shamefastnesse,
Ne studieth nought, lay hand to, every man."

Anon to drawen every wight began,
And shortly for to tellen as it was,
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
The sothe is this, the cutte felle on the knight,
Of which ful blith and glad was every wight;
And tell he must his tale as was reson,
But forword, and by composition,
As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
And whan this good man saw that it was so,
As he that wise was and obedient
To kepe his forword by his free assent,
He saide; "Sithen I shal begin this game,
What? welcome be the cutte a goddes name.
Now let us ride, and herkeneth what I say."

And with that word we riden forth our way;
And he began with right a mery chere
His tale anon, and saide as ye shul here.

THE
MILLERES TALE.

THUS passeth forth all thilke Saturday,
That Nicholas still in his chambre lay,
And ete, and slept, and did what him list
Till Sonday, that the Sonne goth to rest.

This sely carpenter hath gret mervaile
Of Nicholas, or what thing might him aile,
And said; "I am adrad by Seint Thomas
It stondeth not aright with Nicholas:

God shilde that he died sodenly.

This world is now ful tikel sikerly.

I saw to-day a corps yborne to cherche,
That now on Monday last I saw him werche.

"Go up" (quoth he unto his knave) "anon;
Clepe at his dore, or knocke with a ston:
Loke how it is, and tell me boldely."

This knave goth him up ful sturdely,
And at the chambre dore while that he stood,
He cried and knocked as that he were wood:

"What how? what do ye, maister Nicholay?
How may ye slepen all the longe day?"

But all for nought, he herde not a word.

An hole he fond ful low upon the bord,
Ther as the cat was wont in for to crepe,
And at that hole he loked in ful depe,

And at the last he had of him a sight.

This Nicholas sat ever gaping upright,
As he had kyked on the newe Mone.

Adoun he goth, and telleth his maister sone,
In what array he saw this ilke man.

This carpenter to blissen him began,
And said ; " Now helpe us Seinte Frideswide.

A man wote litel what shal him betide.

This man is fallen with his astronomie

In som woodnesse or in som agonie.

I thought ay wel how that it shulde be.

Men shulde not know of Goddes privetee.

Ya blessed be alway a lewed man,

That nought but only his beleve can.

So ferd another clerk with astronomie ;

He walked in the felds for to prie

Upon the sterres, what there shuld befalle,

Till he was in a marlepit yfalle.

He saw not that. But yet by Seint Thomas

Me reweth sore of hendy Nicholas :

He shal be rated of his studying,

If that I may, by Jesus, Heven king.

" Get me a staf, that I may underspore

While that thou, Robin, hevest of the dore :

He shal out of his studying, as I gesse."

And to the chambre dore he gan him dresse.

His knave was a strong carl for the nones,

And by the haspe he haf it of at ones ;

Into the flore the dore fell anon.

This Nicholas sat ay as stille as a ston,

And ever he gaped upward into the eire.

This carpenter wead he were in despire,

And hent him by the sholders mightily,

And shoke him hard, and cried spitously ;

“What, Nicholas? what how man? loke adoun.
 Awake, and thinke on Cristes passioun.
 I crouche thee from elves, and from wightes.”
 Therwith the nightspel said he anon rightes,
 On foure halves of the hous aboute,
 And on the threswold of the dore withoute.
 “Jesu Crist, and Seint Benedight,
 Blisse this hous from every wicked wight,
 Fro the nightes mare, the wite Pater-noster:
 Wher wonest thou Seint Peters suster?”

And at the last this hendy Nicholas
 Gan for to siken sore, and said; “Alas!
 Shal all the world be lost eftsones now?”

This carpenter answered; “What saiest thou?
 What? thinke on God, as we do, men that swinke.”

This Nicholas answered; “Fetch me a drinke;
 And after wol I speke in privetee
 Of certain thing that toucheth thee and me:
 I wol tell it non other man certain.”

This carpenter goth down, and cometh again,
 And brought of mighty ale a large quart;
 And whan that eche of hem had dronken his part,
 This Nicholas his dore faste shette,
 And doun the carpenter by him be sette,
 And saide; “John, min hoste lefe and dere,
 Thou shalt upon thy trouthe swere me here,
 That to no wight thou shalt my conseil wrey.
 For it is Cristes conseil that I say,
 And if thou tell it man, thou art forlore:
 For this vengeance thou shalt have therefore,
 That if thou wreye me, thou shalt be wood.”

“Nay, Crist forbede it for his holy blood,”
 Quod tho this sely man; “I am no labbe,
 Ne though I say it, I n’am not lefe to gabbe.

Say what thou wolt, I shal it never telle
To child ne wif, by him that harwed Helle."

"Now, John," (quod Nicholas) "I wol not lie,
I have yfounde in min astrologie,
As I have loked in the Moone bright,
That now on Monday next, at quarter night,
Shal fall a rain, and that so wild and wood
That half so gret was never Noes flood.

This world" (he said) "in lesse than in an houre
Shal al be dreint, so hidous is the shoure :
Thus shal mankinde drenche, and lese hir lif."

This carpenter answerd ; "Alas my wif!
And shal she drenche ? alas min Alisoun !"
For sorwe of this he fell almost adoun,"
And said ; "Is ther no remedy in this cas ?"

"Why yes, for God," quod hendy Nicholas ;
"If thou wolt werken after lore and rede ;
Thou maist not werken after thin owen hede.
For thus saith Salomon, that was ful trewe ;
Werke all by conseil, and thou shalt not rewe.
And if thou werken wolt by good conseil,
I undertake, withouten mast or seyl,
Yet shal I saven hire, and thee and me.

Hast thou not herd how saved was Noe,
Whan that our Lord had warned him beforne,
That all the world with water shuld be lorne ?"

"Yes," (quod this carpenter) "ful yore ago."

"Hast thou not herd" (quod Nicholas) "also
The sorwe of Noe with his felawship,
Or that he might get his wif to ship ?
Him had he lever, I dare wel undertake,
At thilke time, than all his wetthers blake,
That she had had a ship hireself alone.
And therefore wost thou what is best to done ?

This axeth hast, and of an hastif thing
Men may not preche and maken taryng.
Anon go get us fast into this in
A kneding trough, or elles a kemelyn,
For eche of us; but loke that they ben large,
In which we mowen swimme as in a barge:
And have therin vitaille suffisant
But for a day; fie on the remenant;
The water shall aslake and gon away
Abouten prime upon the nexte day.
But Robin may not wete of this, thy knave.
Ne eke thy mayden Gille I may not save:
Axe not why: for though thou axe me,
I wol not tellen Goddes privetee.
Sufficeth thee, but if thy wittes madde,
To have as gret a grace as Noe hadde.
Thy wif shal I wel saven out of doute.
Go now thy way, and spede thee hereabout.

“But whan thou hast for hire, and thee, and me,
Ygeten us these kneding tubbes thre,
Than shalt thou heng hem in the roofe ful hie,
That no man of our purveyance espie:
And whan thou hast don thus as I have said,
And hast our vitaille faire in hem ylaid,
And eke an axe to smite the cord a-two
Whan that the water cometh, that we may go,
And breke an hole on high upon the gable
Unto the gardin ward, over the stable,
That we may frely passen forth our way,
Whan that the grete shoure is gon away.
Than shal thou swim as mery, I undertake,
As doth the white doke after hire drake:
Than wol I clepe, ‘How Alison, how John,
Be mery: for the flood wol passe anon.’

And thou wolt sain, 'Haile maister Nicholay,
Good morwe, I see thee wel, for it is day.'
And than shall we be lordes all our lif
Of all the world, as Noe and his wif.
But of o thing I warne thee ful right,
Be wel avised on that ilke night,
That we ben entred into shippes bord,
That non of us ne speke not o word,
Ne clepe ne crie, but be in his praier, e,
For it is Goddes owen heste dere.

"Thy wif and thou moste hangen fer a-twinne,
For that betwixen you shal be no sinne,
No more in loking than ther shal in dede.
This ordinance is said; go, God thee spede.
To-morwe at night, whan men ben all aslepe,
Into our kneding tubbes wol we crepe,
And sitten ther, abiding Goddes grace,
Go now thy way, I have no lenger space
To make of this no lenger sermoning:
Men sain thus: 'Send the wise, and say nothing:
Thou art so wise, it nedeth thee nought teche.
Go, save our lives, and that I thee besecche."

This sely carpenter goth forth his way,
Ful oft he said "Alas, and wala wa,"
And to his wif he told his privetee,
And she was ware, and knew it bet than he
What all this queinte cast was for to sey.
But natheles she ferde as she wold dey,
And said; "Alas! go forth thy way anon.
Helpe us to scape, or we be ded eche on.
I am thy trewe veray wedded wif;
Go, dere spouse, and helpe to save our lif."

Lo, what a gret thing is affection,
Men may die of imagination,

So depe may impression be take.
This sely carpenter beginneth quake :
Him thinketh veraily that he may see
Noes flood comen walwing as the see
To drenchen Alison, his hony dere.
He wepeth, waileth, maketh sory chere ,
He siketh, with ful many a sory swough.
He goth and geteth him a kneding trough,
And after a tubbe, and a kemelin,
And prively he sent hem to his in :
And heng hem in the roof in privetee,
His owen hond than made he ladders three,
To climben by the renges and the stalkes
Unto the tubbes honging in the balkes ;
And vitialled bothe kemelin, trough and tubbe,
With bred and chese, and good ale in a jubbe,
Sufficing right ynow as for a day.

But er that he had made all this array,
He sent his knave, and eke his wenche also
Upon his nede to London for to go.
And on the Monday, whan it drew to night,
He shette his dore, withouten candel light,
And dressed all thing as it shulde bee.
And shortly up they clomben alle three.
They sitten stille wel a furlong way.
“Now, *Pater noster*, clum,” said Nicholay,
And “Clum,” quod John, and “Clum,” said Alison .
This carpenter said his devotion,
And still he sit, and biddeth his praier,
Awaiting on the rain, if he it here.

THE
FRERES PROLOGUE.

THIS worthy limitour, this noble Frere,
He made alway a manere louring chere
Upon the Sompnour, but for honestee
No vilains word as yet to him spake he :
But at the last he said unto the wif;
“ Dame,” (quod he) “ God yeve you right good lif,
Ye have here touched, all so mote I the,
In scole matere a ful gret difficultee.
Ye han said mochel thing right wel, I say :
But, dame, here as we riden by the way,
Us nedeth not to speken but of game,
And let auctoritees in Goddes name
To preching, and to scole eke of clergie.

“ But if it like unto this compaignie,
I wol you of a sompnour tell a game ;
Parde ye may wel knowen by the name,
That of sompnour may no good be said ;
I pray that non of you be evil apaid ;
A sompnour is a renner up and doun
With mandements for fornicatioun,
And is ybete at every tounes ende.”

Tho spake our Hoste ; “ A, sire, ye shuld ben
hende

And curteis, as a man of your estat,
In compaignie we wiln have no debat :
Telleth your tale, and let the sompnour be.”
“Nay,” quod the Sompnour, “let him say by me
What so him list ; whan it cometh to my lot,
By God I shal him quiten every grot.
I shal him tellen which a gret honour
It is to be a flattering limitour,
And eke of many another maner crime,
Which nedeth not rehersen at this time,
And his office I shal him tell ywis.”
Our Hoste answered ; “Pees, no more of this.”
And afterward he said unto the Frere,
Tell forth your tale, min owen maister dere.

THE FRERES TALE.

WHILOM ther was dwelling in my contree
An archedeken, a man of high degree,
That boldely did execution
In punishing of fornication,
Of witchecraft, and eke of bauderie,
Of defamation, and avouterie,
Of chirche-reves, and of testaments,
Of contracts, and of lack of sacraments,
Of usure, and of simonie also ;
But certes lechoures did he gretest wo ;
They shulden singen, if that they were hent,
And smale titheres weren foule yshent,
If any persone wold upon hem plaine,
Ther might astert hem no pecunial peine.
For smale tithes, and smale offering,
He made the peple pitously to sing ;

For er the bishop hent hem with his crook
They weren in the archedekens book ;
Than had he thurgh his jurisdiction
Power to don on hem correction.

He had a sompnour redy to his hond,
A slier boy was non in Englelond ;
For subtilly he had his espiaille,
That taught him wel wher it might ought availle.
He coude spare of lechours on or two,
To techen him to foure and twenty mo.
For though this sompnour wood be as an hare,
To tell his harlotrie I wol not spare,
For we ben out of hir correction,
They han of us no jurisdiction,
Ne never shul have, terme of all hir lives.

“Peter, so ben the women of the stives,”
Quod this Sompnour, “yput out of our cure.”

“Pees, with mischance and with misaventure,”
Our Hoste said, “and let him tell his tale.
Now telleth forth, and let the Sompnour gale,
Ne spareth not, min owen maister dere.”

This false theef, this sompnour, quod the Frere,
Had alway baudes redy to his hond,
As any hauke to lure in Englelond,
That told him all the secree that they knewe,
For hir acquaintance was not come of newe ;
They weren his approvers prively.
He tooke himself a gret profit therby :
His maister knew not alway what he wan.
Withouten mandement, a lewed man
He coude sompne, up peine of Cristes curse,
And they were inly glad to fille his purse,
And maken him gret festes at the nale.
And right as Judas hadde purses smale

And was a theef, right swiche a theef was he.
His master hadde but half his duetee.
He was (if I shal yeven him his laud)
A theef, and eke a sompnour, and a baud.

He had eke wenches at his retenue,
That whether that sire Robert or sire Hue,
Or Jakke, or Rauf, or who so that it were
That lay by hem, they told it in his ere.
Thus was the wenche and he of on assent.
And he wold fecche a feined mandement,
And sompne hem to the chapitre bothe two,
And pill the man, and let the wenche go.
Than wold he say; "Frend, I shal for thy sake
Do strike thee out of oure lettres blake;
Thee thar no more as in this cas travaille;
I am thy frend ther I may thee availle."
Certain he knew of briboures many mo,
Than possible is to tell in yeres two:
For in this world n'is dogge for the bowe,
That can an hurt dere from an hole yknowe,
Bet than this sompnour knew a slie lechour,
Or an avouter, or a paramour:
And for that was the fruit of all his rent,
Therefore on it he set all his entent.

And so befell, that ones on a day
This sompnour, waiting ever on his pray,
Rode forth to sompne a widewe an olde ribibe,
Feining a cause, for he wold han a bribe.
And happed that he saw befor him ride
A gay yeman under a forest side:
A bow he bare, and arwes bright and kene,
He had upon a courtepy of grene,
An hat upon his hed with frenges blake.

"Sire," quod this sompnour, "haile and wel
atake."

"Welcome," quod he, "and every good felaw;
Whider ridest thou under this grene shaw?"
(Saide this yeman) "wolt thou fer to-day?"

This sompnour him answerd, and saide, "Nay.
Here fast by" (quod he) "is min entent
To riden, for to reisen up a rent,
That longeth to my lordes duetee."

"A, art thou than a baillif?" "Ye," quod he.
(He dorste not for veray filth and shame
Say that he was a sompnour, for the name.)

"*De par dieux*," quod this yeman, "leve brother,
Thou art a baillif, and I am another.
I am unknowen, as in this contree.
Of thin acquaintance I wol prayen thee,
And eke of brotherhed, if that thee list.
I have gold and silver lying in my chist;
If that thee hap to come into our shire,
Al shal be thin, right as thou wolt desire."

"*Grand mercy*," quod this sompnour, "by my
Everich in others hond his trouthe laith, [faith."
For to be sworne brethren til they dey.
In daliaunce they riden forth and pley.

This sompnour, which that was as ful of jangles,
As ful of venime ben thise wariangles,
And ever enquering upon every thing,
"Brother," quod he, "wher is now your dwelling,
Another day if that I shuld you seche?"

This yeman him answerd in softe speche;
"Brother," quod he, "fer in the north contree,
Wheras I hope sometime I shal thee see.
Or we depart I shal thee so wel wisse,
That of min hous ne shalt thou never misse."

"Now brother," quod this sompnour, "I you pray,
Teche me, while that we riden by the way,

(Sith that ye ben a baillif as am I)
Som subtiltee, and tell me faithfully
In min office how I may moste winne.
And spareth not for conscience or for sinne,
But, as my brother, tell me how do ye."

"Now by my trouthe, brother min," said he,
"As I shal tellen thee a faithful tale.
My wages ben ful streit and eke ful smale;
My lord is hard to me and dangerous,
And min office is ful laborious;
And therefore by extortion I leve,
Forsoth I take all that men wol me yeve.
Algates by sleighte or by violence
Fro yere to yere I win all my dispençe;
I can no better tellen faithfully."

"Now certes," (quod this sompnour) "so fare I;
I spare not to taken, God it wote,
But if it be to hevy or to hote.
What I may gete in conseil prively,
No maner conscience of that have I.
N'ere min extortion, I might not liven,
Ne of swiche japes wol I not be shriven.
Stomak ne conscience know I non;
I shrew thise shrifte-faders everich on.
Wel be we met by God and by Seint Jame.
But leve brother, tell me than thy name,"
Quod this sompnour. Right in this mene while
This yeman gan a litel for to smile.

"Brother," quod he, "wolt thou that I thee telle?
I am a fend, my dwelling is in Helle,
And here I ride about my pourchasing,
To wote wher men wol give me any thing.
My pourchas is th' effect of all my rente.
Loke how thou ridest for the same entente,

To winnen good, thou rekkest never how,
Right so fare I, for riden wol I now
Unto the worldes ende for a praye." [ye?

"A," quod this sompnour, "*benedicite*, what say
I wend ye were a yeman trewely.

Ye have a mannes shape as wel as I,
Have ye than a figure determinat
In Helle, ther ye ben in your estat?"

"Nay certainly," quod he, "ther have we non,
But whan us liketh we can take us on,
Or elles make you wene that we ben shape
Somtime like a man, or like an ape;
Or like an angel can I ride or go;
It is no wonder thing though it be so,
A lousy jogelour can deceiven thee,
And parde yet can I more craft than he." [gon

"Why," quod the sompnour, "ride ye than or
In sondry shape, and not alway in on?"

"For we," quod he, "wol us swiche forme make,
As most is able our preye for to take."

"What maketh you to han all this labour?"

"Ful many a cause, leve sire sompnour,"
Saide this fend. "But alle thing hath time;
The day is short, and it is passed prime,
And yet ne wan I nothing in this day;
I wol entend to winning, if I may,
And not entend our thinges to declare:
For, brother min, thy wit is al to bare
To understand, although I told hem thee.
But for thou axest, why labouren we:
For sometime we be Goddes instruments,
And menes to don his commandements,
Whan that him list, upon his creatures,
In divers actes and in divers figures,

Withouten him we have no might certain,
If that him list to stonden theragain.
And somtime at our praierē han we leve,
Only the body, and not the soule to greve :
Witnesse on Job, whom that we diden wo.
And somtime han we might on bothe two.
This is to sain, on soule and body eke.
And somtime be we suffered for to seke
Upon a man, and don his soule unreste
And not his body, and all is for the beste.
Whan he withstandeth our temptation,
It is a cause of his salvation,
Al be it that it was not our entente
He shuld be sauf, but that we wold him hente
And somtime be we servant unto man,
As to the archebishop Seint Dunstan.
And to the apostle servant eke was I."

"Yet tell me," quod this sompnour, "faithfully.
Make ye you newe bodies thus alway
Of elements?" The fend answered, "Nay :
Somtime we feine, and somtime we arise
With dede bodies, in ful sondry wise,
And speke as renably, and faire, and wel.
As to the phitonesse did Samuel :
And yet wol som men say it was not he.
I do no force of your divinitee.
But o thing warne I thee, I wol not jape,
Thou wolt algates wete how we be shape :
Thou shalt hereafterward, my brother dere,
Come, wher thee nedeth not of me to lere,
For thou shalt by thin owen experience
Conne in a chaiere rede of this sentence.
Bet than Virgile, while he was on live,
Or Dant also. Now let us riden blive.

For I wol holden compaignie with thee,
Til it be so that thou forsake me." [betide.

"Nay," quod this sompnour, "that shal never
I am a yeman knowen is ful wide;
My trouthe wol I hold, as in this case.
For though thou were the devil Sathanas,
My trouthe wol I hold to thee, my brother,
As I have sworne, and eche of us to other,
For to be trewe brethren in this cas,
And bothe we gon abouten our pourchas.
Take thou thy part, what that men wol thee yeve,
And I shal min, thus may we bothe leve.
And if that any of us have more than other,
Let him be trewe, and part it with his brother."

"I graunte," quod the devil, "by my fay."
And with that word they riden forth hir way,
And right at entring of the tounes ende,
To which this sompnour shope him for to wende,
They saw a cart, that charged was with hay,
Which that a carter drove forth on his way.
Depe was the way, for which the carte stood:
The carter smote, and cried as he were wood,
"Heit scot, heit hrok, what, spare ye for the stones?
The fend," quod he; "you fecche body and bones,
As ferforthly as ever ye were foled,
So mochel wo as I have with you tholed.
The devil have al, bothe hors, and cart, and hay."

The sompnour sayde, "Here shal we have a pray;"
And nere the fend he drow, as nought ne were,
Ful prively, and rouned in his ere:
"Herken my brother, herken, by thy faith,
Herest thou not, how that the carter saith?"

Hent it anon, for he hath yeve it thee,
Both hay and cart, and eke his caples three."

"Nay," quod the devil, "God wot, never a del,
It is not his entente, trust thou me wel,
Axe him thyself, if thou not trowest me,
Or elles stint a while and thou shalt see."

This carter thakketh his hors upon the croupe,
And they begonne to drawen and to stoupe.
"Heit now," quod he, "ther Jesu Crist you blesse,
And all his hondes werk, both more and lesse:
That was wel twight, min owen liard boy,
I pray God save thy body and Seint Eloy.
Now is my cart out of the slough parde."

"Lo, brother," quod the fend, "what told I thee?
Here may ye seen, min owen dere brother,
The cherl spake o thing, but he thought another.
Let us go forth abouten our viage;
Here win I nothing upon this cariage."

Whan that they comen somewhat out of toun,
This sompnour to his brother gan to roun;
"Brother," quod he, "here woneth an old rebekke,
That had almost as lefe to lese hire nekke,
As for to yeve a peny of hire good.
I wol have twelf pens though that she be wood,
Or I wol somoue hire to our office;
And yet, God wot, of hire know I no vice.
But for thou canst not, as in this contree,
Winnen thy cost, take here ensample of me."

This sompnour clappeth at the widewes gate;
"Come out," he sayd, "thou olde very trate;
I trow thou hast som frere or preest with thee."

"Who clappeth?" said this wife, "*Benedicite*,
"God save you, sire, what is your swete will?"

"I have," quod he, "of somons here a bill.

Up peine of cursing, loke that thou be
To-morwe before the archedekenes knee,
To answer to the court, of certain thinges."

"Now, Lord," quod she, "Crist Jesu, king of
So wisly helpe me, as I ne may. [kinges,

I have ben sike, and that ful many a day.

I may not go so fer," quod she, "ne ride,

But I be ded, so priketh it in my side.

May I not axe a libel, sire sompnour,

And answer ther by my procuratour

To swiche thing as men wold apposen me?"

"Yes," quod this sompnour, "pay anon, let see,
Twelf pens to me, and I wol thee acquite.

I shal no profit han therby but lite :

My maister hath the profit and not I.

Come of, and let me riden hastily ;

Yeve me twelf pens, I may no lenger tarie."

"Twelf pens," quod she, "now lady Seinte Marie

So wisly helpe me out of care and sinne,

This wide world though that I shuld it winne,

Ne have I not twelf pens within my hold.

Ye knowen wel that I am poure and old ;

Kithe your almesse upon me poure wretche."

"Nay than," quod he, "the foule fend me fetche,
If I thee excuse, though thou shuldest be spilt."

"Alas!" quod she, "God wot, I have no gilt."

"Payme," quod he, "or by the swete Seinte Anne

As I wol bere away thy newe panne

For dette, which thou owest me of old,

Whan that thou madest thyn husbond cokewold,

I paid at home for thy correction."

"Thou liest," quod she, "by my salvation,

Ne was I never or now, widew ne wif,

Sompned unto your court in all my lif;

Ne never I n'as but of my body trewe.
Unto the devil rough and blake of hewe
Yeve I thy body and my panne also."

And whan the devil herd hire cursen so
Upon hire knees, he sayd in this manere ;

"Now, Mabily, min owen moder dere,
Is this your will in earnest that ye sey?"

"The devil," quod she, "so fetche him or he dey,
And panne and all, but he wol him repent."

"Nay, olde stot, that is not min entent,"
Quod this sompnour, "for to repenten me
For any thing that I have had of thee ;
I wold I had thy smok and every cloth."

"Now brother," quod the devil, "be not wroth ;
Thy body and this panne ben min by right.
Thou shalt with me to Helle yet to-night,
Wher thou shalt knowen of our privetee
More than a maister of divinitee."

And with that word the foule fend him hent.
Body and soule, he with the devil went,
Wher as thise sompnours han hir heritage ;
And God that maked after his image
Mankinde, save and gide us all and some,
And lene this sompnour good man to become.

"Lordings, I coude have told you," quod this
Frere,

"Had I had leiser for this Sompnour here,
After the text of Crist, and Poule, and John,
And of oure other doctours many on,
Swiche peines, that your hertes might agrise,
Al be it so, that no tonge may devise,
Though that I might a thousand winter telle,
The peines of thilke cursed hous of Helle

But for to kepe us fro that cursed place,
Waketh, and prayeth Jesu of his grace,
So kepe us fro the temptour Sathanas.
Herkneth this word, beware as in this cas.
The leon sit in his awaite alway
To sle the innocent, if that he may.
Disposeth ay your hertes to withstond
The fend, that you wold maken thral and bond;
He may not tempten you over your might,
For Crist wol be your champion and your knight;
And prayeth, that this Sompnour him repent
Of his misdedes, or that the fend him hent."

THE
CLERKES PROLOGUE.

"SIRE Clerk of Oxenforde," our Hoste said,
"Ye ride as stille and coy, as doth a maid,
Were newe spoused, sitting at the bord :
This day ne herd I of your tonge a word.
I trow ye studie abouten som sophime :
But Salomon saith, that every thing hath time.
For Goddes sake as beth of better chere,
It is no time for to studien here.
Tell us som mery tale by your fay ;
For what man that is entred in a play,
He nedes most unto the play assent.
But preeth not, as freres don in Lent,
To make us for our olde sinnes wepe,
Ne that thy tale make us not to slepe.

"Tell us som mery thing of adventures,
Your termes, your coloures, and your figures,
Kepe hem in store, til so be ye endite
Hie stile, as whan that men to kinges write.
Speketh so plain at this time, I you pray,
That we may understonden what ye say."

This worthy Clerk benignely answerde ;
"Hoste," quod he, "I am under your yerde,
Ye have of us as now the governanee,
And therefore wolde I do you obeysance,

As fer as reson asketh hardely :
I wol you tell a tale, which that I
Lerned at Padowe of a worthy clerk,
As preved by his wordes and his werk.
He is now ded, and nailed in his cheste,
I pray to God so yeve his soule reste.

“Fraunceis Petrark, the laureat poete,
Highte this clerk, whos rethorike swete
Enlumined all Itaille of poetrie,
As Lynyan did of philosophie,
Or law, or other art particulere :
But Deth, that wol not suffre us dwellen here,
But as it were a twinkling of an eye,
Hem both hath slaine, and alle we shul dye.

“But forth to tellen of this worthy man,
That taughte me this tale, as I began,
I say that first he with hie stile enditeth
(Or he the body of his tale writeth)
A proheme, in the which descriveth he
Piemont, and of Saluces the contree,
And speketh of Apennin the hilles hie,
That ben the boundes of west Lumbardie :
And of mount Vesulus in special,
Wher as the Poo out of a welle smal
Taketh his firste springing and his sours,
That estward ay encircseth in his cours
To Emelie ward, to Ferarc, and Venise,
The which a longe thing were to devise.
And trewely, as to my jugement,
Me thinketh it a thing impertinent,
Save that he wol conveyen his matere :
But this is the tale which that ye mow here.”

THE CLERKES TALE.

THEER is right at the west side of Itaille
Doun at the rote of Vesulus the cold,
A lusty plain, habundant of vitaille,
Ther many a toun and tour thou maist behold.
That founded were in time of fathers old,
And many another delitable sighte,
And Saluces this noble contree highte.

A markis whilom lord was of that lond,
As were his worthy elders him before,
And obeysant, ay redy to his hond,
Were all his lieges, bothe less and more :
Thus in delit he liveth, and hath don yore,
Beloved and 'drad, thurgh favour of fortune,
Both of his lordes, and of his commune.

Therwith he was, to speken of linage,
The gentilest yborne of Lumbardie,
A faire person, and strong, and yong of age,
And ful of honour and of curtesie :
Discret ynough, his contree for to gie,
Sauf in som thinges that he was to blame,
And Walter was this yonge lordes name.

I blame him thus, that he considered nought
In time coming what might him betide,
But on his lust present was all his thought,
And for to hauke and hunt on every side :
Wel neigh all other cures let he slide,
And eke he n'old (and that was worst of all)
Wedden no wif for ought that might befall.

Only that point his peple bare so sore,
That flockmel on a day to him they went,
And on of hem, that wisest was of lore,
(Or elles that the lord wold best assent
That he shuld tell him what the peple ment,
Or elles coud he wel shew swiche matere)
He to the markis said as ye shull here.

“ O noble markis, your humanitee
Assureth us and yeveth us hardinesse,
As oft as time is of necessitee,
That we to you mow tell our hevinesse :
Accepteth, lord, than of your gentillesse,
That we with pitous herte unto you plaine,
And let your eres nat my vois disdaine.

“ Al have I not to don in this matere
More than another man hath in this place,
Yet for as moch as ye, my lord so dere,
Han always shewed me favour and grace,
I dare the better aske of you a space
Of audience, to shewen our request,
And ye, my lord, to don right as you lest.

“ For certes, lord, so wel us liketh you
And all your werke, and ever have don, that ye
Ne couden not ourself devisen how
We mighten live in more felicitee :
Save o thing, lord, if it your wille be,
That for to be a wedded man you lest,
Than were your peple in soverain hertes rest.

“ Boweth your nekke under the blisful yok
Of soveraintee, and not of servise,

Which that men clepen spousaile or wedlok :
And thinketh, lord, among your thoughtes wise,
How that our dayes passe in sondry wise ;
For though we slepe, or wake, or rome, or ride,
Ay fleth the time, it wol no man abide.

And though your grene youthe floure as yet,
In crepeth age alway as still as ston,
And deth manaseth every age, and smit
In eche estat, for ther escapeth non :
And al so certain, as we knowe eche on
That we shul die, as uncertain we all
Ben of that day whan deth shal on us fall.

“Accepteth than of us the trewe entent,
That never yet refuseden your hest,
And we wol, lord, if that ye wol assent,
Chese you a wife in short time at the mest,
Borne of the gentillest and of the best
Of all this lond, so that it oughte seme
Honour to God and you, as we can deme.

“Deliver us out of all this besy drede
And take a wif, for highe Goddes sake :
For if it so befell, as God forbede,
That thurgh your deth your lineage shulde slake,
And that a strange successour shuld take
Your heritage, o ! wo were us on live :
Wherfore we pray you hastily to wive.”

Hir meke praiere and hir pitous chere
Made the markis for to han pitee.

“Ye wol,” quod he, “min owen peple derè,

To that I never er thought constrainen me.
I me rejoyced of my libertee,
That selden time is found in mariage ;
Ther I was free, I moste ben in servage.

“ But natheles I see your trewe entent,
And trust upon your wit, and have don ay :
Wherefore of my free will I wol assent
To wedden me, as sone as ever I may.
But ther as ye han profred me to-day
To chesen me a wif, I you relese
That chois, and pray you of that profer cese.

“ For God it wot, that children often ben
Unlike hir worthy eldres hem before,
Bountee cometh al of God, not of the stren
Of which they ben ygendred and ybore :
I trust in Goddes bountee, and therfore
My mariage, and min estat, and rest,
I him betake, he may don as him lest.

“ Let me alone in chesing of my wif,
That charge upon my bak I wol endure :
But I you pray, and charge upon your lif,
That what wif that I take, ye me assure
To worship hire while that hire lif may dure,
In word and werk, both here and elles where,
As she an emperoures doughter were.

“ And forthermore this shuln ye swere, that ye
Again my chois shul never grutch ne strive.
For sith I shul forgo my libertee
At your request, as ever mote I thrive,
Ther as min herte is set, ther wol I wive :

And but ye wol assent in swiche manere,
I pray you speke no more of this matere."

With hertly will they sworn and assenten
To all this thing, ther saide not o wight nay :
Beseching him of grace, or that they wenten,
That he wold granten hem a certain day
Of his spousaile, as sone as ever he may,
For yet alway the peple somewhat dred,
Lest that his markis wolde no wif wed.

He granted hem a day, swiche as him lest,
On which he wold be wedded sikerly,
And said he did all this at hir request ;
And they with humble herte ful buxumly
Kneling upon hir knees ful reverently
Him thonken all, and thus they han an end
Of hir entente, and home agen they wend.

And hereupon he to his officeres
Commandeth for the feste to purvay.
And to his privee knightes and squieres
Swiche charge he yave, as him list on hem lay :
And they to his commandement obey,
And eche of hem doth al his diligence
To do unto the feste al reverence.

PARS SECUNDA.

Nought fer fro thilke paleis honourable,
Wher as this markis shope his marriage,
'Ther stood a thorpe, of sighte delitable,

In which that poure folk of that village
Hadden hir bestes and hir herbergage,
And of hir labour toke hir sustenance,
After that the erthe yave hem habundance.

Among this poure folk ther dwelt a man,
Which that was holden pourest of hem all :
But highe God sometime senden can
His grace unto a litel oxes stall :
Janicola men of that thorpe him call.
A doughter had he, faire ynough to sight,
And Grisildis this yonge maiden hight.

But for to speke of vertuous beaūtee,
Than was she on the fairest under Sonne :
Ful pourely yfostred up was she :
No likerous lust was in hire herte yronne ;
Wel ofter of the well than of the tonne
She dranke, and for she wolde vertue plese,
She knew wel labour, but non idel ese.

But though this mayden tendre were of age,
Yet in the brest of hire virginitee
Ther was enclosed sad and ripe corage :
And in gret reverence and charitee
Hire olde poure fader fostred she :
A few sheep spinning on the feld she kept,
She wolde not ben idel til she slept.

And whan she homward came she wolde bring
Wortes and other herbes times oft,
The which she shred and sethe for hire living,
And made hire bed ful hard, and nothing soft :
And ay she kept hire fadres lif on loft

With every obeisance and diligence,
That child may don to fadres reverence.

Upon Grisilde, this poure creature,
Ful often sithe this markis sette his eye,
As he on hunting rode paraventure :
And whan it fell that he might hire espie,
He not with wanton loking of folie
His eyen cast on hire, but in sad wise
Upon hire chere he wold him oft avise.

Commending in his herte hire womanhede,
And eke hire vertue, passing any wight
Of so yong age, as wel in chere as dede.
For though the people have no gret insight
In vertue, he considered ful right
Hire bountee, and disposed that he wold
Wedde hire only, if ever he wedden shold.

The day of wedding came, but no wight can
Tellen what woman that it shulde be,
For which mervaille wondred many a man,
And saiden, whan they were in privetee,
“ Wol not our lord yet leve his vanitee ?
Wol he not wedde ? alas, alas the while !
Why wol he thus himself and us beguile ! ”

But natheles this markis hath do make
Of gemmes, sette in gold and in asure,
Broches and ringes, for Grisildes sake,
And of hire clothing toke he the mesure
Of a maiden like unto hire stature,
And eke of other ornamentes all,
That unto swiche a wedding shulde fall

The time of underne of the same day
Approacheth, that this wedding shulde be,
And all the paleis put was in array,
Both halle and chambres, eche in his degree,
Houses of office stuffed with plentee
Ther mayst thou see of deinteous vitaille.
That may be found, as fer as lasteth Itaille.

This real markis richely arraide,
Lordes and ladies in his compaignie,
The which unto the feste weren praide,
And of his retenue the bachelerie,
With many a soun of sondry melodie,
Unto the village, of the which I told,
In this array the righte way they hold.

Grisilde of this (God wot) ful innocent,
That for hire shapen was all this array,
To fetchen water at a welle is went,
And cometh home as sone as ever she may.
For wel she had herd say, that thilke day
The markis shulde wedde, and, if she might,
She wolde fayn han seen som of that sight.

She thought, "I wol with other maidens stond,
That ben my felawes, in our dore, and see
The markisesse, and therto wol I fond
To don at home, as sone as it may be,
The labour which that longeth unto me,
And than I may at leiser hire behold,
If she this way unto the castel hold."

And as she wolde over the threswold gon,
The markis came and gan hire for to call,
And she set down hire water-pot anon

Beside the threswold in an oxes stall,
And doun upon hire knees she gan to fall.
And with sad countenance kneleth still,
Till she had herd what was the lordes will.

This thoughtful markis spake unto this maid
Ful soberly, and said in this manere :
“Wher is your fader, Grisildis ?” he said.
And she with reverence in humble chere
Answered, “Lord, he is al redy here.”
And in she goth withouten lenger lette,
And to the markis she hire fader fette.

He by the hond than toke this poure man,
And saide thus, whan he him had aside :
“Janicola, I neither may ne can
Lenger the plesance of min herte hide,
If that thou vouchesauf, what so betide,
Thy doughter wol I take or that I wend
As for my wife, unto hire lives end.

“Thou lovest me, that wot I wel certain,
And art my faithful liegeman ybore,
And all that liketh me, I dare wel sain
It liketh thee, and specially therfore
Tell me that point, that I have said before,
If that thou wolt unto this purpos drawe,
To taken me as for thy son in lawe.”

This soden cas this man astoned so,
That red he wex, abaist, and al quaking
He stood, unnethes said he wordes mo,
But only thus ; “Lord,” quod he, “my willing
Is as ye wol, ne ageins your liking

I wol no thing, min owen lord so dere,
Right as you list, governeth this matere."

"Than wol I," quod this markis softly,
"That in thy chambre, I, and thou, and she,
Have a collation, and wost thou why?
For I wol ask hire, if it hire wille be
To be my wif, and reule hire after me :
And all this shal be don in thy presence,
I wol not speke out of thin audience."

And in the chambre, while they were aboute
The tretee, which as ye shul after here,
The peple came into the hous withoute,
And wondred hem, in how honest manere
Ententifly she kept hire fader dere :
But utterly Grisildis wonder might,
For never erst ne saw she swiche a sight.

No wonder is though that she be astoned,
To see so gret a gest come in that place,
She never was to non swiche gestes woned,
For which she loked with ful pale face.
But shortly forth this matere for to chace,
Thise arn the wordes that the markis said
To this benigne, veray, faithful maid.

"Grisilde," he said, "ye shuln wel understand,
It liketh to your fader and to me,
That I you wedde, and eke it may so stond
As I suppose, ye wol that it so be :
But thise demaundes aske I first," (quod he)
"That sin it shal be don in hasty wise,
Wol ye assent, or elles you avise ?

“I say this, be ye redy with good herte
To all my lust, and that I freely may
As me best thinketh do you laugh or smerte,
And never ye to grutchen, night ne day,
And eke whan I say ya, ye say not nay,
Neither by word, ne frowning countenance?
Swere this, and here I swere our alliance.”

Wondring upon this thing, quaking for drede,
She saide; “Lord, indigne and unworthy
Am I, to thilke honour, that ye me bede,
But as ye wol yourself, right so wol I:
And here I swere, that never willingly
In werk, ne thought, I ni’ll you disobeie
For to be ded, though me were loth to deie.”

“This is ynough, Grisilde min,” quod he.
And forth he goth with a ful sobre chere,
Out at the dore, and after than came she,
And to the peple he said in this manere:
“This is my wif,” quod he, “that stondeth here.
Honoureth her, and loveth hire, I pray,
Who so me loveth, ther n’is no more to say.”

And for that nothing of hire olde gere
She shulde bring into his hous, he bad
That women shuld despoilen hire right there,
Of which thise ladies weren nothing glad
To handle hire clothes wherin she was clad:
But natheles this maiden bright of hew
Fro foot to hed they clothed han all new.

Hire heres han they kempt, that lay untressed
Ful rudely, and with hir fingres smal

A coroune on hire hed they han ydressed,
And sette hire ful of nouches gret and smal:
Of hire array what shuld I make a tale?
Unneth the peple hire knew for hire fairnesse,
Whan she transmewed was in swiche richesse.

This markis hath hire spoused with a ring
Brought for the same cause, and than hire sette
Upon an hors snow-white, and wel ambling,
And to his paleis, or he lenger lette,
(With joyful peple, that hire lad and mette)
Conveyed hire, and thus the day they spende
In revel, till the Sonne gan descende.

And shortly forth this tale for to chace,
I say, that to this newe markisesse
God hath swiche favour sent hire of his grace,
That it ne semeth not by likelinessse
That she was borne and fed in rudenesse,
As in a cote, or in an oxes stall,
But nourished in an emperoures hall.

To every wight she waxen is so dere,
And worshipful, that folk ther she was bore,
And fro hire birthe knew hire yere by yere,
Unnethes trowed they, but dorst han swore,
That to Janicle, of which I spake before,
She doughter n'as, for as by conjecture
Hem thoughte she was another creature.

For though that ever vertuous was she,
She was encresed in swiche excellence
Of thewes good, yset in high bountee,

And so discrete, and faire of eloquence,
So benigne, and so digne of reverence,
And coude so the peples herte embrace,
That eche hire loveth that loketh on hire face

Not only of Saluces in the toun
Published was the bountee of hire name,
But eke beside in many a regioun,
If on saith wel, another saith the same :
So spredeth of hire hie bountee the fame,
That men and women, yong as wel as old,
Gon to Saluces upon hire to behold.

Thus Walter lowly, nay but really,
Wedded with fortunat honestetee,
In Goddes pees liveth ful esily
At home, and grace ynough outward had he :
And for he saw that under low degree
Was honest vertue hid, the peple him held
A prudent man, and that is seen ful seld.

Not only this Grisildis thurgh hire wit
Coude all the fete of wifly homlinesse,
But eke whan that the cas required it,
The comune profit coude she redresse :
Ther n'as discord, rancour, ne hevinesse
In all the lond, that she ne coude appese,
And wisely bring hem all in hertes ese.

Though that hire husbond absent were or non,
If gentilmen, or other of that contree
Were wroth, she wolde bringen hem at on,
So wise and ripe wordes hadde she,
And jugement of so gret equitee,

That she from Heven sent was, as men wend,
Peple to save, and every wrong to amend.

Not longe time after that this Grisilde
Was wedded, she a doughter hath ybore,
All had hire lever han borne a knave child :
Glad was the markis and his folk therfore,
For though a maiden childe come all before,
She may unto a knave child atteine.
By likelyhed, sin she n'is not barreine.

PARS TERTIA.

Ther fell, as it befalleth times mo,
Whan that this childe had souked but a throwe,
This markis in his herte longed so
To tempt his wif, hire sadnesse for to knowe,
That he ne might out of his herte throwe
This marveillous desir his wif to assay,
Needles, God wot, he thought hire to affray.

He had assaied hire ynough before,
And found hire ever good, what nedeth it
Hire for to tempt, and alway more and more?
Though som men praise it for a subtil wit,
But as for me, I say that evil it sit
To assay a wif whan that it is no nede,
And putten hire in anguish and in drede.

For which this markis wrought in this manere ;
He came a-night alone ther as she lay
With sterne face, and with ful trouble chere,

And sayde thus; "Grisilde," (quod he) "that day
That I you toke out of your poure array,
And put you in estat of high noblesse,
Ye han it not forgotten, as I gesse.

"I say, Grisilde, this present dignitee,
In which that I have put you, as I trow,
Maketh you not forgetful for to be
That I you toke in poure estat ful low,
For ony wele ye mote yourselven know.
Take hede of every word that I you say,
Ther is no wight that hereth it but we tway.

"Ye wote yourself wel how that ye came here
Into this hous, it is not long ago,
And though to me ye be right lefe and dere,
Unto my gentils ye be nothing so:
They say, to hem it is gret shame and wo
For to be suggetes, and ben in servage
To thee, that borne art of a smal linage.

"And namely sin thy doughter was ybore,
Thise wordes han they spoken douteles,
But I desire, as I have don before,
To live my lif with hem in rest and pees:
I may not in this cas be reccheles;
I mote do with thy doughter for the best,
Not as I wold, but as my gentils lest.

"And yet, God wote, this is ful loth to me:
But natheles withouten youre weteng
I wol nought do, but thus wol I" (quod he)
"That ye to me assenten in this thing.
Shew now youre patience in youre werking,

That ye me hight and swore in youre village
The day that maked was our mariage."

Whan she had herd all this, she not ameved
Neyther in word, in chere, ne countenance,
(For as it semed, she was not agreved)
She sayde: "Lord, all lith in your plesance,
My child and I, with hertely obeisance
Ben youres all, and ye may save or spill,
Your owen thing: werketh after your will.

Ther may no thing, so God my soule save,
Like unto you, that may displesen me:
Ne I desire nothing for to have,
Ne drede for to lese, sauf only ye:
This will is in myn herte, and ay shal be,
No length of time, or deth may this deface,
Ne change my corage to an other place."

Glad was this markis for hire auswering,
But yet he feined as he were not so,
Al drery was his chere and his loking,
Whan that he shuld out of the chambre go.
Sone after this, a furlong way or two,
He prively hath told all his entent
Unto a man, and to his wif him sent.

A maner sergeant was this prive man,
The which he faithful often founden had
In thinges gret, and eke swiche folk wel can
Don execution on thinges bad:
The lord knew wel, that he him loved and drad.
And whan this sergeant wist his lordes will,
Into the chambre he stalked him ful still.

"Madame," he sayd, "ye mote foryeve it me,
Though I do thing, to which I am constrained :
Ye ben so wise, that right wel knownen ye,
That lordes hestes may not ben yfeined,
They may wel be bewailed and complained,
But men mote nedes to hir lust obey,
And so wol I, ther n'is no more to say.

"This child I am commanded for to take."
And spake no more, but out the child he hent
Despitously, and gan a chere to make,
As though he wold have slain it, or he went.
Grisildis most al suffer and al consent :
And as a lambe, she sitteth meke and still,
And let this cruel sergeant do his will.

Suspecious was the diffame of this man,
Suspect his face, suspect his word also,
Suspect the time in which he this began :
Alas ! hire doughter, that she loved so,
She wende he wold han slaien it right tho,
But natheles she neither wept ne siked,
Conforming hire to that the markis liked.

But at the last to speken she began,
And mekely she to the sergeant praid
(So as he was a worthy gentil man)
That she might kisse hire child, or that it deid :
And in hire barme this litel child she leid,
With ful sad face, and gan the child to blisse,
And lulled it, and after gan it kisse.

And thus she sayd in hire benigne vois :
"Farewel, my child, I shal thee never see,

But sin I have thee marked with the crois,
Of thilke fader yblessed mote thou be,
That for us died upon a crois of tree:
Thy soule, litel child, I him betake,
For this night shalt thou dien for my sake."

I trow that to a norice in this cas
It had ben hard this routhe for to see:
Wel might a moder than han cried "Alas,"
But natheles so sad stedfast was she,
That she endured all adversitee,
And to the sergeant mekely she sayde,
"Have here agen your litel yonge mayde.

"Goth now" (quod she) "and doth my lordes hest:
And o thing wold I pray you of your grace,
But if my lord forbade you at the lest,
Burieth this litel body in som place,
That bestes ne no briddes it to-race."
But he no word to that purpos wold say,
But toke the child and went upon his way.

This sergeant came unto his lord again,
And of Grisildes wordes and hire chere
He told him point for point, in short and plain,
And him presented with his doughter dere.
Somwhat this lord hath routhe in his manere,
But natheles his purpos held he still,
As lordes don, whan they wol have hir will.

And bad this sergeant that he prively
Shulde this child ful softe wind and wrappe,
With alle circumstances tendrely,

And carry it in a cofre, or in a lappe ;
But upon peine his hed of for to swappe
That no man shulde know of his entent,
Ne whens he came, ne whider that he went ;

But at Boloigne, unto his suster dere,
That thilke time of Pavie was countesse,
He shulde it take, and shew hire this matere.
Beseching hire to don hire besinesse
This child to fostren in all gentillesse,
And whos child that it was he bade hire hide
From every wight, for ought that may betide.

This sergeant goth, and hath fulfild this thing.
But to this marquis now retorne we ;
For now goth he ful fast imagining,
If by his wives chere he mighte see,
Or by hire wordes apperceive, that she
Were changed, but he never coud hire finde,
But ever in on ylike sad and kinde.

As glad, as humble, as besy in service
And eke in love, as she was wont to be,
Was she to him, in every maner wise ;
Ne of hire doughter not a word spake she :
Non accident for non adversitee
Was seen in hire, ne never hire doughters name
Ne nevened she, for earnest ne for game.

PARS QUARTA.

IN this estat ther passed ben foure yere
 Er she with childe was, but, as God wold,
 A knave childe she bare by this Waltere
 Ful gracious, and fair for to behold:
 And whan that folk it to his fader told,
 Not only he, but all his contree mery
 Was for this childe, and God they thonke and hery.

Whan it was two yere old, and from the brest
 Departed of his norice, on a day
 This markis caughte yet another lest
 To tempte his wif yet ofter, if he may.
 O! nedeles was she tempted in assay.
 But wedded men ne connen no mesure
 Whan that they finde a patient creature.

“Wif,” quod this markis, “ye han herd or this
 My peple sikely beren our mariage,
 And namely sin my sone yboren is,
 Now is it wërse than ever in all our age:
 The murmur sleth myn herte and my corage,
 For to myn eres cometh the vois so smerte,
 That it wel nie destroyed hath myn herte.

“Now say they thus, ‘Whan Walter is agon,
 Than shal the blood of Janicle succede,
 And ben our lord, for other han we non:’
 Swiche wordes sayn my peple, it is no drede.
 Wel ought I of swiche murmur taken hede,
 For certainly I dred al swiche sentence,
 Though they not plainen in myn audience.

“I wolde live in pees, if that I might :
Wherfore I am disposed utterly,
As I his suster served er by night,
Right so thinke I to serve him prively.
This warne I you, that ye not sodenly
Out of yourself for no wo shuld outraie,
Beth patient, and therof I you prairie.”

“I have,” quod she, “sayd thus and ever shal,
I wol no thing, ne n’ill no thing ceertain,
But as you list : not greveth me at al,
Though that my doughter and my sone be slain
At your eommandement : that is to sain,
I have not had no part of children twein,
But first sikenesse, and after wo and peine.

“Ye ben my lord, doth with your owen thing
Right as you list, asketh no rede of me :
For as I left at home al my elothing
Whan I came first to you, right so” (quod she)
“Left I my will and al my libertee,
And toke your clothing : wherfore I you prey,
Doth your plesanee, I wol youre lust obey.

“And eertes, if I hadde preseieence
Your will to know, er ye your lust me told,
I wold it do withouten negligence :
But now I wote your lust, and what ye wold,
All your plesanee ferme and stable I hold,
For wist I that my deth might do you ese,
Right gladly wold I dien, you to plese.

“Deth may not maken no comparisoun
Unto your love.” And whan this markis say

The constance of his wif, he cast adoun
His eyen two, and wondreth how she may
In patience suffer al this array :
And forth he goth with drery contenance,
But to his herte it was ful gret plesance.

This ugly sergeant in the same wise
That he hire doughter caughte, right so he
(Or werse, if men can any werse devise)
Hath hent hire sone, that ful was of beautee :
And ever in on so patient was she,
That she no chere made of hevinesse,
But kist hire son and after gan it blesse.

Save this she praied him, if that he might,
Hire litel sone he wold in erthe grave,
His tendre limmes, delicat to sight,
Fro foules and fro bestes for to save.
But she non answer of him mighte have,
He went his way, as him no thing ne rought,
But to Boloigne he tendrely it brought.

This markis wondreth ever lenger the more
Upon hire patience, and if that he
Ne hadde sothly knowen therbefore,
That parfitly hire children loved she,
He wold han wend that of som subtiltee
And of malice, or for cruel corage,
That she had suffred this with sad visage.

But wel he knew, that next himself, certain
She loved hire children best in every wise.
But now of women wold I asken fayn,

If thise assaies mighten not suffise ;
What coud a sturdy husbond more devise
To preve hire wifhood, and hire stedfastnesse,
And he continuing ever in sturdinesse ?

But ther ben folk of swiche condition,
That, whan they han a certain purpos take,
They can not stint of hir intention,
But, right as they were bounden to a stake,
They wol not of hir firste purpos slake :
Right so this markis fully hath purposed
To tempt his wif, as he was first disposed.

He waiteth, if by word or contenance
That she to him was changed of corage :
But never coud he finden variance,
She was ay on in herte and in visage,
And ay the further that she was in age,
The more trewe (if that it were possible)
She was to him in love, and more penible.

For which it semed thus, that of hem two
Ther was but o will ; for as Walter lest,
The same lust was hire plesance also ;
And God be thanked, all fell for the best.
She shewed wel, for no worldly unrest
A wif, as of hireself, no thing ne sholde
Wille in effect, but as hire husbond wolde.

The sclandre of Walter wonder wide spradde,
That of a cruel herte he wikkedly,
For he a poure woman wedded hadde,
Hath murdred both his children prively :
Swich murmur was among hem comunly.

No wonder is : for to the peples ere
Ther came no word, but that they murdred were.

For which ther as his peple therbefore
Had loved him wel, the sclandre of his diffame
Made hem that they him hateden therefore :
To ben a murdrour is an hateful name.
But natheles, for ernest ne for game,
He of his cruel purpos n'olde stente,
To tempt his wif was sette all his entente.

Whan that his doughter twelf ycre was of age,
He to the court of Rome, in subtil wise
Enformed of his will, sent his message,
Commanding him, swiche billes to devise,
As to his cruel purpos may suffise,
How that the pope, as for his peples rest,
Bade him to wed another, if him lest.

I say he bade, they shulden contrefete
The popes bulles, making mention
That he hath leve his firste wif to lete,
As by the popes dispensation,
To stinten rancour and dissension
Betwix his peple and him : thus spake the bull,
The which they han published at the full.

The rude peple, as no wonder is,
Wenden ful wel, that it had ben right so :
But whan thise tidings came to Grisildis,
I deme that hire herte was ful of wo ;
But she ylike sad for evermo
Disposed was, this humble creature,
The adversitee of fortune al to endure ;

Abiding ever his lust and his plesance,
To whom that she was yeven, herte and al,
As to hire veray worldly suffisance.
But shortly if this storie tell I shal,
This markis writen hath in special
A lettre, in which he sheweth his entente,
And secretly he to Boloigne it sente.

To the erl of Pavie, which that hadde tho
Wedded his suster, prayed he specially
To bringen home agein his children two
In honourable estat al openly :
But o thing he him prayed utterly,
That he to no wight, though men wold enquire,
Shulde not tell whos children that they were,

But say, the maiden shuld ywedded be
Unto the markis of Saluces anon.
And as this erl was prayed, so did he,
For at day sette he on his way is gon
Toward Saluces, and lordes many on
In rich arraie, this maiden for to gide,
Hire yonge brother riding hire beside.

Arraied was toward hire mariage
This freshe maiden, ful of gemmes clere,
Hire brother, which that seven yere was of age,
Arraied eke ful fresh in his manere :
And thus in gret noblesse and with glad chere
Toward Saluces shaping hir journey
Fro day to day they riden in hir way.

PARS QUINTA.

Among al this, after his wicked usage,
This markis yet his wif to tempten more
To the uttereste prefe of hire corage,
Fully to have experience and lore,
If that she were as stedefast as before,
He on a day in open audienee
Ful boistously hath said hire this sentence.

“ Certes, Grisilde, I had ynough plesanee
To han you to my wif, for your goodnesse,
And for your trouthe, and for your obeysanee,
Not for your linage, ne for your richesse,
But now know I in very sothfastnesse,
That in gret lordship, if I me wel avise,
Ther is gret servitude in sondry wise.

“ I may not don, as every ploughman may :
My peple me eonstreineth for to take
Another wif, and erien day by day ;
And eke the pope raneour for to slake
Consenteth it, that dare I undertake :
And trewely, thus moeche I wol you say,
My newe wif is coming by the way.

“ Be strong of herte, and voide anon hire place,
And thilke dower that ye broughten me
Take it agen, I grant it of my grace.
Returneth to your fadres hous,” (quod he)
“ No man may alway have prosperitee.
With even herte I rede you to endure
The stroke of fortune, or of aventure.”

And she agen answered in patience :
" My lord," quod she, " I wote, and wist alway,
How that betwixen your magnificence
And my poverte no might ne can ne may
Maken comparison, it is no nat ;
I ne held me never digne in no manere
To be your wif, ne yet your chamberere.

" And in this hous, ther ye me lady made,
(The highe God take I for my witnesse,
And all so wisly he my soule glad)
I never held me lady ne maistresse,
But humble servant to your worthinesse,
And ever shal, while that my lif may dure,
Aboven every worldly creature.

" That ye so longe of your benigaitee
Han holden me in honour and nobley,
Wheras I was not worthy for to be,
That thanke I God and you, to whom I prey
Foryelde it you, ther is no more to say :
Unto my fader gladly wol I wende,
And with him dwell unto my lives ende ;

" Ther I was fostred of a childe ful smal,
Til I be ded my lif ther wol I lede,
A widew clene in body, herte and al.
For sith I yave to you my maidenhede,
And am your trewe wif, it is no drede,
God shilde swiche a lordes wif to take
Another man to husbond or to make.

" And of your newe wif, God of his grace
So graunte you wele and prosperite :

For I wol gladly yelden hire my place,
In which that I was blisful wont to be.
For sith it liketh you, my lord," (quod she)
"That whilom weren all myn hertes rest,
That I shal gon, I wol go whan you lest.

"But ther as ye me profre swiche dowaire
As I first brought, it is wel in my mind,
It were my wretched clothes, nothing faire,
The which to me were hard now for to find.
O goode God! how gentil and how kind
Ye semed by your speche and your visage,
The day that maketh was oure marriage!

"Both soth is said, algate I find it trewe,
For in effect it preved is on me,
Love is not old, as whan that it is newe.
But certes, lord, for non adversitee
To dien in this cas, it shal not be
That ever in word or werke I shal repent,
That I you yave min herte in hole entent.

"My lord, ye wote, that in my fadres place
Ye dide me stripe out of my poure wede
And richely ye clad me of your grace;
To you brought I nought elles out of drede,
But faith, and nakednesse, and maidenhede;
And here agen your clothing I restore,
And eke your wedding ring for evermore.

"The remenant of your jeweles redy be
Within your chambre, I dare it safly sain:
Naked out of my fadres hous" (quod she)

“I came, and naked I mote turne again
All your plesanee wolde I folwe fain :
But yet I hope it be not your entent,
That I smokles out of your paleis went.

“Ye coude not do so dishonest a thing,
That thilke wombe, in which your children lay,
Shulde before the peple, in my walking,
Be seen al bare : wherfore I you pray
Let me not like a worme go by the way :
Remembre you, min owen lord so dere,
I was your wif, though I unworthy were.

“Wherfore in guerdon of my maidenhede,
Which that I brought and not agen I bere,
As vouchesauf to yeve me to my mede
But swiehe a smok as I was wont to were,
That I therwith may wrie the wombe of hire
That was your wif : and here I take my leve
Of you, min owen lord, lest I you greve.”

“The smok,” quod he, “that thou hast on thy bake,
Let it be still, and bere it forth with thee.”
But wel unnethes thilke word he spake,
But went his way for routhe and for pitee.
Before the folk hireselven stripeth she,
And in hire smok, with foot and hed al bare,
Toward hire fadres hous forth is she fare.

The folk hire folwen weping in hir wey,
And fortune ay they eursen as they gon :
But she fro weping kept hire eyen drey,
Ne in this time word ne spake she non.
Hire fader, that this tiding herd anon.

Curseth the day and time, that nature
Shope him to ben a lives creature.

For out of doute this olde poure man
Was ever in suspect of hire mariage:
For ever he demed, sin it first began,
That whan the lord fulfilled had his corage,
Him wolde thinke it were a disparage
To his estat, so lowe for to alight,
And voiden hire as soone as ever he might.

Agein his doughter hastily goth he,
(For he by noise of folk knew hire coming)
And with hire olde cote, as it might be,
He covcreth hire ful sorwefully weping:
But on hire body might he it not bring,
For rude was the cloth, and more of age
By daies fele than at hire mariage.

Thus with hire fader for a certain space
Dwelleth this flour of wifly patience,
That nother by hire wordes ne hire face,
Beforn the folk, ne eke in hir absence,
Ne shewed she that hire was don offence,
Ne of hire high estat no remembrance
Ne hadde she, as by hire contenance.

No wonder is, for in hire gret estat
Hire gost was ever in pleine humilitee;
No tendre mouth, no herte delicat,
No pompe, no semblant of realtee;
But ful of patient benignitee,
Discrete, and prideles, ay honourable,
And to hire husbond ever meke and stable.

Men speke of Job, and most for his humblesse,
 As clerkes, whan hem list, can wel endite,
 Namely of men, but as in sothfastnesse,
 Though clerkes preisen women but a lite,
 Ther can no man in humblesse him acquite
 As woman can, ne can be half so trewe
 As women ben, but it be falle of newe.

PARS SEXTA.

Fro Boloigne is this erl of Pavie come, /
 Of which the fame up sprang to more and lesse :
 And to the peples eres all and some
 Was couth eke, that a newe markisesse
 He with him brought, in swiche pomp and richesse,
 That never was ther seen with mannes eye
 So noble array in al West Lumbardie.

The markis, which that shope and knew all this,
 Er that this erl was come, sent his message
 For thilke poure sely Grisildis;
 And she with humble herte and glad visage,
 Not with no swollen thought in hire corage,
 Came at his hest, and on hire knees hire sette,
 And reverently and wisely she him grette.

“Grisilde,” (quod he) “my will is utterly,
 This maiden, that shal wedded be to me,
 Received be to-morwe as really
 As it possible is in myn hous to be :
 And eke that every wight in his degree

Have his estat in sitting and service,
And high plesance, as I can best devise.

“I have no woman suffisant certain
The chambres for to array in ordinance
After my lust, and therfore wolde I fain,
That thin were all swiche manere governance :
Thou knowest eke of old all my plesance ;
Though thin array be bad, and evil besey,
Do thou thy devoir at the leste wey.”

“Not only, lord, that I am glad” (quod she)
“To don your lust, but I desire also
You for to serve and plese in my degree,
Withouten fainting, and shal evermo :
Ne never for no wele, né for no wo,
Ne shal the gost within myn herte stente
To love you best with all my trewe entente.”

And with that word she gan the hous to dight,
And tables for to sette, and beddes make,
And peined hire to don all that she might,
Praying the chambererers for Goddes sake
To hasten hem, and faste swepe and shake,
And she the moste serviceable of all
Hath every chambre arraied, and his hall.

Abouten undern gan this erl alight,
That with him brought thise noble children twey ;
For which the peple ran to see the sight
Of hir array, so richely besey :
And than at erst amonges hem they sey,
That Walter was no fool, though that him lest
To change his wif; for it was for the best.

For she is fairer, as they demen all,
Than is Grisilde, and more tendre of age,
And fairer fruit betwene hem shuld fall,
And more plesant for hire high linage :
Hire brother eke so faire was of visage
That hem to seen the peple hath caught plesance,
Commending now the markis governanee.

“ O stormy peple, unsad and ever untrewe,
And undiserete, and changing as a fane,
Delighting ever in rombel that is newe,
For like the Mone waxen ye and wane :
Ay ful of elapping, dere ynough a jane,
Your dome is fals, your eonstanee evil preveth,
A ful gret fool is he that on you leveth.”

Thus saiden sade folk in that citee,
Whan that the peple gased up and down :
For they were glad, right for the noveltee,
To have a newe lady of hir toun.
No more of this make I now mentioun,
But to Grisilde agen I wol me dresse,
And telle hire constanee and hire besinesse.

Ful besy was Grisilde in every thing,
That to the feste was appertinent ;
Right naught was she abaist of hire elothing,
Though it were rude, and somdel eke to-rent,
But with glad chere to the yate is went
With other folk, to grete the markisesse,
And after that doth forth hire besinesse.

With so glad chere his gestes she receiveth,
And conningly everich in his degree,

That no defaute no man apperceiveth,
But ay they wondren what she might be,
That in so poure array was for to see,
And coude swiche honour and reverence,
And worthily they preisen hire prudence.

In all this mene while she ne stent
This maide and eke hire brother to commend
With all hire herte in ful benigne entent,
So wel, that no man coud hire preise amend:
But at the last whan that thise lordes wend
To sitten doun to mete, he gan to call
Grisilde, as she was besy in the hall.

“Grisilde,” (quod he, as it were in his play)
“How liketh thee my wif, and hire beautee?”
“Right wel, my lord,” quod she, “for in good fay,
A fairer saw I never non than she:
I pray to God yeve you prosperitee;
And so I hope, that he wol to you send
Plesance ynough unto your lives end.

“O thing beseche I you and warne also,
That ye ne prikke with no turmenting
This tendre maiden, as ye han do mo:
For she is fostred in hire norishing.
More tendrely, and to my supposing
She mighte not adversitee endure,
As coude a poure fostred creature.”

And whan this Walter saw hire patience,
Hire glade chere, and no malice at all,
And he so often hadde hire don offence,

And she ay sade and constant as a wall,
Continuing ever hire innocence over all,
This sturdy markis gan his herte dresse,
To rewe upon hire wifly stedefastnesse.

“This is ynough, Grisilde min,” quod he,
“Be now no more agast, ne evil apaid,
I have thy faith and thy benignitee,
As wel as ever woman was, assaid
I gret estat, and pourelich arraied :
Now know I, dere wif, thy stedefastnesse,”
And hire in armes toke, and gan to kesse.

And she for wonder tooke of it no kepe ;
She herde not what thing he to hire said :
She ferde as she had stert out of a slepe,
Til she out of hire masednesse abraid.
“Grisilde,” quod he, “by God that for us deid,
Thou art my wif, non other I ne have,
Ne never had, as God my soule save.”

“This is thy doughter, which thou hast supposed
To be my wif ; that other faithfully
Shal be min heir, as I have ay disposed ;
Thou bare hem of thy body trewely :
At Boloigne have I kept hem prively :
Take hem agen, for now maist thou not say,
That thou hast lorn non of thy children tway.

“And folk, that otherwise han said of me,
I warne hem wel, that I have don this dede
For no malice, ne for no crueltee,
But for to assay in thee thy womanhede :
And not to slee my children (God forbede)

But for to kepe hem prively and still,
Til I thy purpos knew, and all thy will."

Whan she this herd aswouned doun she falleth
For pitous joye, and after hire swouning
She both hire yonge children to hire calleth,
And in hire armes pitously weping
Embraceth hem, and tendrely kissing
Ful like a moder with hire salte teres
She bathed both hir visage and hir heres.

O, which a pitous thing it was to see
Hire swouning, and hire humble vois to here!
"Grand mercy, lord, God thank it you" (quod she)
"That ye han saved me my children dere:
Now rekke I never to be ded right here,
Sin I stonde in your love, and in your grace
No force of deth, ne whan my spirit pace.

"O tendre, o dere, o yonge children mine,
Your woful mother wened stedfastly,
That cruel houndes, or som foul vermine
Had eten you; but God of his mercy,
And your benigne fader tendrely
Hath don you kepe:" and in that same stound
Al sodenly she swapt adoun to ground.

And in hire swough so sadly holdeth she
Hire children two, whan she gan hem embrace,
That with gret sleight and gret difficultee
The children from hire arm they gan arrace.
O! many a tere on many a pitous face
Doun ran of hem that stoden hire beside,
Unnethe abouten hire might they abide.

Walter hire gladeth, and hire sorwe slaketh,
She riseth up abashed from hire trance,
And every wight hire joye and feste maketh,
Til she hath caught agen hire contenance.
Walter hire doth so faithfully plesance,
That it was deintee for to seen the chere
Betwix hem two, sin they ben met in fere.

Thise ladies, whan that they hir time sey,
Han taken hire, and into chambre gon,
And stripen hire out of hire rude arrey,
And in a cloth of gold that brighte shone,
With a coroune of many a riche stone
Upon hire hed, they into hall hire broughte :
And ther she was honoured as hire ought.

Thus hath this pitous day a blisful end ;
For every man, and woman, doth his might
This day in mirth and revel to dispend,
Til on the welkin shone the sterres bright :
For more solempne in every mannes sight
This feste was, and greter of costage,
Than was the revel of hire mariage.

Ful many a yere in high prosperitee
Liven thise two in concord and in rest,
And richely his doughter married he
Unto a lord, on of the worthiest
Of all Itaille, and than in pees and rest
His wives fader in his court he kepeth,
Til that the soule out of his body crepeth

His sone succedeth in his heritage,
In rest and pees, after his fadres day :

And fortunat was eke in mariage,
Al put he not his wif in gret assay :
This world is not so strong, it is no nay,
As it hath ben in olde times yore,
And herkneth, what this auctour saith therfore.

This story is said, not for that wives shuld
Folwe Grisilde, as in humilitee,
For it were importable, tho they wold ;
But for that every wight in his degree
Shulde be constant in adversitee,
As was Grisilde, therfore Petrark writeth
This storie, which with high stile he enditeth.

For sith a woman was so patient
Unto o mortal man, wel more we ought
Receiven all in gree that God us sent.
For gret skill is he preve that he wrought :
But he ne tempteth no man that he bought,
As saith seint Jame, if ye his pistell rede ;
He preveth folk al day, it is no drede :

And suffreth us, as for our exercise,
With sharpe scourges of adversitee
Ful often to be bete in sondry wise ;
Not for to know our will, for certes he,
Or we were borne, knew all our freeletee ;
And for our best is all his governance ;
Let us than live in vertuous suffrance.

But o word, lordings, herkeneth, or I go :
It were ful hard to finden now adayes
In all a toun Grisildes three or two :

For if that they were put to swiche assayes,
The gold of hem hath now so bad alayes
With bras, that though the coine be faire at eye,
It wolde rather brast atwo than plie.

For which here, for the wives love of Bathe,
Whos lif and al hire secte God maintene
In high maistre, and elles were it scathe,
I wol with lusty herte freshe and grene,
Say you a song to gladen you, I wene :
And let us stint of earnestful matere.
Herkneth my song, that saith in this manere.

Grisilde is ded, and eke hire patience,
And both at ones buried in Itaille :
For which I crie in open audience,
No wedded man so hardy be to assaille
His wives patience, in trust to find
Grisildes, for in certain he shal faille.

O noble wives, ful of high prudence,
Let non humilitee your tonges naile :
Ne let no clerk have cause or diligence
To write of you a storie of swiche mervaille,
As of Grisildis patient and kinde,
Lest Chichevache you swalwe in hire entraille.

Folweth Ecco, that holdeth no silence,
But ever answereth at the countretaille :
Beth not bedaffed for your innocence,
But sharply taketh on you the governaille :
Emprenteth wel this lesson in your minde,
For comun profit, sith it may availle.

Ye archewives, stondeth ay at defence,
Sin ye be strong, as is a gret camaille,
Ne suffreth not, that men do you offence.
And sclendre wives, feble as in bataille,
Beth egre as is a tigre yond in Inde ;
Ay clappeth as a mill, I you counsaile.

Ne drede hem not, doth hem no reverence,
For though thin husbond armed be in maille,
The arwes of thy crabbed eloquence
Shal perce his brest, and eke his aventaille :
In jalousie I rede eke thou him binde,
And thou shalt make him couche as doth a quaille.

If thou be faire, ther folk ben in presence
Shew thou thy visage, and thin apparaille :
If thou be foule, be free of thy dispence,
To get thee frendes ay do thy travaille :
Be ay of chere as light as lefe on linde,
And let him care, and wepe, and wringe, and waille.

THE
DOCTOURES PROLOGUE.

“YE, let that passen,” quod our Hoste, “as now,
“Sire Doctour of Physike, I prey you,
Tell us a tale of some honest matere.”

“It shal be don, if that ye wol it here,”
Said this Doctour, and his tale began anon.
“Now, good men,” quod he, “herkeneth euerich
on.”

THE DOCTOURES TALE.

THER was, as telleth Titus Livius,
A knight, that cleped was Virginius,
Fulfilled of honour and worthinesse,
And strong of frendes, and of gret richesse.

This knight a doughter hadde by his wif:
No children had he mo in all his lif.

Faire was this maid in excellent beautee
Aboven every wight that man may see:
For Nature hath with souveraine diligence
Yformed hire in so gret excellence,
As though she wolde sayn, “Lo, I Nature,
Thus can I forme and peint a creature,

Whan that me list; who can me contrefete?
Pigmalion? not, though he ay forge and bette,
Or grave, or peinte: for I dare wel sain,
Apelles, Xeuxis, shulden werche in vain,
Other to grave, or peinte, or forge, or bette,
If they persumed me to contrefete.
For he that is the former principal,
Hath makid me his vicaire general
To forme and peinten erthly creatures
Right as me list, and eche thing in my cure is
Under the Mone, that may wan and waxe.
And for my werk right nothing wol I axe;
My lord and I ben ful of on accord.
I made hire to the worship of my lord;
So do I all min other creatures,
What colour that they han, or what figures.”
Thus semeth me that Nature wolde say.

This maid of age twelf yere was and tway,
In which that Nature hadde swiche delit.
For right as she can paint a lily whit
And red a rose, right with swiche peinture
She peinted hath this noble creature
Er she was borne, upon hire limmes free,
Wheras by right swiche colours shulden be:
And Phebus died hath hire tresses grete,
Like to the stremes of his burned hete.
And if that excellent were hire beautee,
A thousand fold more vertuous was she.
In hire ne lacked no condition,
That is to preise, as by discretion.
As wel in gost as body, chast was she;
For which she floured in virginitee,
With all humilitee and abstinence,
With all attemperance and patience,

With mesure eke, of bering and array.
Discrete she was in answering alway,
Though she were wise as Pallas, dare I sain,
Hire facounde eke ful womanly and plain,
No contrefeted termes hadde she
To semen wise; but after hire degree
She spake, and all hire wordes more and lesse
Souning in vertue and in gentillesse.
Shamefast she was in maidens shamefastnesse,
Constant in herte, and ever in besinesse
To drive hire out of idel slogardie:
Bacchus had of hire mouth right no maistrie.
For wine and youthe don Venus encrese,
As men in fire wol casten oile and grese.
And of hire owen vertue unconstrained,
She hath hireself ful often sike yfeined,
For that she wolde fleen the compaignie,
Wher likely was to treten of folie,
As is at festes, at revels, and at dances,
That ben occasions of daliances.
Swiche thinges maken children for to be
To sone ripe and bold, as men may see,
Which is ful perilous, and hath ben yore;
For al to sone may she lernen lore
Of boldnesse, whan she woxen is a wif.

And ye maistresses in your olde lif,
That lordes doughters han in governance,
Ne taketh of my wordes displesance:
Thinketh that ye ben set in governinges
Of lordes doughters, only for two thinges
Other for ye han kept your honestee,
Or elles for ye han fallen in freelte,ee,
And knowen wel ynough the olde dance,
And han forsaken fully swiche meschance

For evermo : therfore for Cristes sake
To teche hem vertue loke that ye ne slake.

A thief of venison, that hath forlaft,
His likerousnesse, and all his olde craft,
Can kepe a forest best of any man :
Now kepeth hem wel, for if ye wol ye can.
Loke wel, that ye unto no vice assent,
Lest ye be damned for your wikke entent,
For who so doth, a traytour is certain :
And taketh kepe of that I shall you sain ;
Of all treson souveraine pestilence
Is, whan a wight betrayeth innocence.

Ye fathers, and ye mothers eke also,
Though ye han children, be it on or mo,
Your is the charge of all hir surveance,
While that they ben under your governance.
Beth ware, that by ensample of your living,
Or by your negligence in chastising,
That they ne perish : for I dare wel saye,
If that they don, ye shul it dere abeye.
Under a shepherd soft and negligent,
The wolf hath many a shepe and lamb to-rent.

Sufficeth this ensample now as here,
For I mote turne agen to my matere.

This maid, of which I tell my tale expresse,
She kept hireself, hire neded no maistresse ;
For in hire living maidens mighten rede,
As in a book, every good word and dede,
That longeth to a maiden vertuous :
She was so prudent and so bounteous.
For which the fame out sprong on every side
Both of hire beautee and hire bountee wide ;
That thurgh the lond they preised hire ech one,
That loved vertue, sauf envie alone,

That sory is of other mannes wele,
And glad is of his sorwe and his unhele.
The Doctour maketh this description.

This maiden on a day went in the toun
Toward a temple, with hire mother dere,
As is of yonge maidens the manere.

Now was ther than a justice in that toun,
That governour was of that region:
And so befell, this juge his eyen cast
Upon this maid, avising hire ful fast,
As she came forth by thier this juge stood:
Anon his herte changed and his mood,
So was he caught with beautee of this maid,
And to himself ful prively he said,
"This maiden shal be min for any man."

Anon the fend into his herte ran,
And taught him sodenly, that he by sleight
This maiden to his purpos winnen might.
For certes, by no force, ne by no mede,
Him thought he was not able for to spede;
For she was strong of frendes, and eke she
Confermed was in swiche souveraine bountee,
That wel he wist he might hire never winne,
As for to make hire with hire body sinne.
For which with gret deliberatioun
He sent after a cherl was in the toun,
The which he knew for sotil and for bold.
This juge unto this cherl his tale hath told
In secree wise, and made him to ensure,
He shulde tell it to no creture,
And if he did, he shulde lese his hede.
And whan assented was this cursed rede,
Glad was the juge, and maked him gret chere,
And yaf him yestes precious and dere.

Whan shapen was all hir conspiracie
 Fro point to point, how that his lecherie
 Parformed shulde be ful sotilly,
 As ye shul here it after openly,
 Home goth this cherl, that highte Claudius.
 This false juge, that highte Appius,
 (So was his name, for it is no fable,
 But knowen for an historical thing notable;
 The sentence of it soth is out of doute)
 This false juge goth now fast aboute
 To hasten his delit all that he may.
 And so befell, sone after on a day
 This false juge, as telleth us the storie,
 As he was wont, sat in his consistorie,
 And yaf his domes upon sondry cas;
 This false cherl came forth a ful gret pas,
 And saide; "Lord, if that it be your will,
 As doth me right upon this pitous bill,
 In which I plaine upon Virginus.
 And if that he wol sayn it is not thus,
 I wol it preve, and finden good wnesse,
 That soth is that my bille wol expresse."

The juge answerd, "Of this in his absence
 I may not yeve deffinitif sentence.
 Let don him call, and I wol gladly here;
 Thou shalt have right, and no wrong as now here."

Virginus came to wete the juges will,
 And right anon was red this cursed bill;
 The sentence of it was as ye shul here.

"To you, my lord sire Appius so dere,
 Sheweth your poure servant Claudius,
 How that a knight called Virginus,

Agein the lawe, agein all equitee,
Holdeth, expresse agein the will of me,
My servant, which that is my thral by right,
Which from min hous was stolen on a night
While that she was ful yong, I wol it preve
By witnesse, lord, so that it you not greve;
She n'is his doughter nought, what so he say.
Wherfore to you, my lord the juge, I pray;
Yelde me my thral, if that it be your will."
Lo, this was all the sentence of his bill.

Virginus gan upon the cherl behold;
But hastily, er he his tale told,
And wold han preved it, as shulde a knight,
And eke by witnessing of many a wight,
That all was false, that said his adversary,
This cursed juge wolde nothing tary,
Ne here a word more of Virginus,
But yave his jugement, and saide thus.

"I deme anon this cherl his servant have:
Thou shalt no lenger in thin hous hire save.
Go bring hire forth, and put hire in our ward.
The cherl shal have his thral; thus I award."

And whan this worthy knight Virginus,
Thurgh sentence of this justice Appius,
Muste by force his dere doughter yeven
Unto the juge, in lecherie to liven,
He goth him home, and set him in his hall,
And let anon his dere doughter call:
And with a face ded as ashen cold,
Upon hire humble face he gan behold,
With fadres pitee stiking thurgh his herte,
Al wold he from his purpos not converte.

"Doughter," quod he, "Virginia by thy name,
Ther ben two waies, other deth or shame,
That thou must suffre, alas that I was bore !
For never thou deservedest wherfore
To dien with a swerd or with a knif.
O dere doughter, ender of my lif,
Which I have fostred up with swiche plesance,
That thou were never out of my remembrance ;
O doughter, which that art my laste wo,
And in my lif my laste joye also,
O gemme of chastitee, in patience
Take thou thy deth, for this is my sentence ;
For love and not for hate thou must be ded,
My pitous hond must smiten of thin hed.
Alas that ever Appius thee say !
Thus hath he falsely juged thee to-day."
And told hire all the cas, as ye before
Han herd, it nedeth not to tell it more.
"O mercy, dere father," quod this maid.
And with that word she both hire armes laide
About his necke, as she was wont to do,
(The teres brast out of hire eyen two,)
And said, "O goode father, shal I die ?
Is ther no grace ? is ther no remedie ?"
"Ne certes, dere doughter min," quod he,
"Than yeve me leiser, father min," quod she,
"My deth for to complaine a litel space :"
For parde Jepte yave his doughter grace
For to complaine, or he hire slow, alas !
And God it wot, nothing was hire trespas,
But for she ran hire father first to see,
To welcome him with gret solempnitee."

And with that word she fell aswoune anon,
And after, whan hire swouning was agon,
She riseth up, and to hire father said :
“Blessed he God, that I shall die a maid.
Yeve me my deth, or that I have a shame.
Doth with your child your wille a goddes name.”
And with that word she praied him ful oft,
That with his swerd he wolde smite hire soft;
And with that word, aswoune again she fell.
Hire father, with ful sorweful herte and will,
Hire hed of smote, and by the top it hent,
And to the juge he gan it to present,
As he sat yet in dome in consistorie.

And whan the juge it saw, as saith the storie,
He had to take him, and anhang him fast.
But right anon a thousand peple in thrast
To save the knight, for routh and for pitee,
For knowen was the false iniquitee.

The peple anon had suspect in this thing
By maner of the cherles chalenging,
That it was hy the assent of Appius;
They wisten wel that he was lecherous.
For which unto this Appius they gon,
And caste him in a prison right anon,
Wheras he slow himself: and Claudius,
That servant was unto this Appius,
Was demed for to hange upon a tree;
But that Virginius of his pitee
So prayed for him, that he was exiled,
And elles certes had he hen begiled:
The remenant were anhangd, more and lesse,
That were consentant of this cursednesse.

Here men may see how sin hath his merite :
Beth ware, for no man wot whom God wol smite
In no degree, ne in which maner wise
The worme of conscience may agrise
Of wicked lif, though it so privee be,
That no man wote therof, sauf God and he :
For be he lewed man or elles lered,
He n'ot how sone that he shal ben afered.
Therefore I rede you this conseil take,
Forsaketh sinne, or sinne you forsake.

THE
PARDONERES PROLOGUE.

Our Hoste gan to swere as he were wood;
“Harow!” (quod he) “by nailes and by blood,
This was a false cherl, and a false justice.
As shameful deth as herte can devise,
Come to thise juges and hir advocas.
Algate this sely maide is slain, alas!
Alas! to dere aboutt she hire beautee.
Wherfore I say, that al day man may see,
That yestes of fortune and of nature
Ben cause of deth to many a creature.
Hirc beautee was hire deth, I dare wel sain;
Alas! so pitously as she was slain.
Of bothe yestes, that I speke of now,
Men han ful often more for harm than prow.

“But trewely, min owen maister dere,
This was a pitous tale for to here:
But natheles, passe over, is no force.
I pray to God to save thy gentil corps,
And eke thyn urinals, and thy jordanes,
Thin Ypocras, and eke thy Galianes,
And every boist ful of thy letuaries,
God blesse hem and our lady Seinte Marie
So mote I the, thou art a propre man,
And like a prelat by Seint Ronian;

Said I not wel? I cannot speke in terme;
 But wel I wot, thou dost min herte to erme,
 That I have almost caught a cardiale:
 By *corpus domini* but I have triacle,
 Or elles a draught of moist and corny ale,
 Or but I here anon a mery tale,
 Myn herte is lost for pitee of this maid.
 Thou *bel amy*, thou Pardoner," he said,
 "Tel us som mirth of japes right anon."
 "It shal be don," quod he, "by Seint Ronion.
 "But first" (quod he) "here at this ale-stake
 I wol both drinke, and biten on a cake."
 But right anon thise gentiles gan to crie;
 "Nay, let him tell us of no ribaudrie.
 Tell us som moral thing, that we mow lere
 Som wit, and thanne wol we gladly here."
 "I graunte ywis," quod he, "but I must thinke
 Upon som honest thing, while that I drinke."

THE PARDONERES TALE.

LORDINGS, quod he, in chirche whan I preche,
 I peine me to have an hautein speche,
 And ring it out, as round as goth a bell,
 For I can all by rote that I tell.
 My teme is alway on, and ever was;
Radix malorum est cupiditas.

First I pronounce whennes that I come,
 And than my bulles shew I all and some:
 Our liege lordes sele on my patente,
 That shew I first my body to warrente,
 That no man be so bold, ne preest ne clerk,
 Me to disturbe of Cristes holy werk.

And after that than tell I forth my tales.
Bulles of popes, and of cardinales,
Of patriarkes, and bishoppes I shewe,
And in Latin I speke a wordes fewe,
To saffron with my predication,
And for to stere men to devotion.
Than shew I forth my longe cristal stones,
Ycrammed ful of cloutes and of bones,
Relikes they ben, as wenen they echon.

Than have I in laton a shulder bone,
Which that was of an holy Jewes shepe.

“Good men,” say I, “take of my wordes kepe :
If that this bone be washe in any well,
If cow, or calf, or shepe, or oxe swell,
That any worm hath ete, or worm ystonge,
Take water of that well, and wash his tonge,
And it is hole anon : and forthermore
Of pockes, and of scab, and every sore
Shal every shepe be hole, that of this well
Drinketh a draught ; take kepe of that I tell.

“If that the good man, that the bestes oweth,
Wol every weke, or that the cok him croweth,
Fasting ydrinken of this well a draught,
As thilke holy Jew our eldres taught,
His bestes and his store shal multiplie.
And, sires, also it heleth jalousie.
For though a man be falle in jalous rage,
Let maken with this water his potage,
And never shal he more his wif mistrist,
Though he the soth of hire defaute wist ;
Al had she taken preestes two or three.

“Here is a mitaine eke, that ye may see :
He that his hand wol put in this mitaine,
He shal have multiplying of his graine,

Whan he hath sowen, be it whete or otes,
So that he offer pens or elles grotes.

“And, men and women, o thing warne I you:
If any wight be in this chirche now,
That hath don sinne horrible, so that he
Dare not for shame of it yshriven be:
Or any woman, be she yong or old,
That hath ymade hire husbond cokewold,
Swiche folk shul han no power ne no grace
To offer to my relikes in this place.
And who so findeth him out of swiche blame,
He wol come up and offer in Goddes name,
And I assoyle him by the authoritee,
Which that by bulle ygranted was to me.”

By this gaude have I wonnen yere by yere
An hundred mark, sin I was pardonere.
I stonde like a clerk in my pulpet,
And whan the lewed peple is doun yset,
I preche so as ye han herd before,
And tell an hundred false japes more.
Than peine I me to stretchen forth my necke,
And est and west upon the peple I becke,
As doth a dove, sitting upon a berne:
Myn hondes and my tonge gon so yerne,
That it is joye to see my besinesse.
Of avarice and of swiche cursednesse
Is all my preching, for to make hem free
To yeve hir pens, and namely unto me.
For min entente is not but for to winne,
And nothing for correction of sinne.
I recke never whan that they be beried,
Though that hir soules gon a blake beried.

For certes many a predication
Cometh oft time of evil entention;

Som for plesance of folk, and flaterie,
To ben avanced by hypocrisie ;
And som for vaine glorie, and som for hate.
For whan I dare non other wayes debate,
Than wol I sting him with my tonge smerte
In preching, so that he shal not asterte
To ben defamed falsely, if that he
Hath trespassed to my brethren or to me.
For though I telle not his propre name,
Men shal wel knowen that it is the same
By signes, and by other circumstances.
Thus quite I folk, that don us displesances :
Thus spit I out my venime under hewe
Of bolinesse, to seme holy and trewe.
But shortly min entente I wol devise,
I preche of nothing but for covetise.
Therefore my teme is yet, and ever was,
Radax malorum est cupiditas.

Thus can I preche again the same vice
Which that I use, and that is avarice.
But though myself be gilty in that sinne,
Yet can I maken other folk to twinne
From avarice, and sore hem to repente.
But that is not my principal entente ;
I preche nothing but for covetise.
Of this matere it ought ynough suffice.

Than tell I hem ensamples many on
Of olde stories longe time agon.
For lewed peple loven tales olde ;
Swiche thinges can they wel report and holde.
What? trowen ye, that whiles I may preche
And winnen gold and silver for I teche,
That I wol live in poverte wilfully?
Nay, nay, I thought it never trewely.

For I wol preche and beg in sondry londes,
I wol not do no labour with min hondes,
Ne make baskettes for to live therby,
Because I wol not beggen idelly.
I wol non of the apostles contrefete :
I wol have money, wolle, chese, and whete,
Al were it yeven of the pourest page,
Or of the pourest widewe in a village :
Al shulde hire children sterven for famine.
Nay, I wold drinke the licour of the vine,
And have a joly wenche in every toun.
But herkeneth, lordings, in conclusioun,
Your liking is that I shal tell a tale.
Now I have dronke a draught of corny ale,
By God I hope I shall you tell a thing,
That shal by reson ben at your liking :
For though myself be a ful vicious man,
A moral tale yet I you tellen can,
Which I am wont to prechen, for to winne.
Now hold your pees, my tale I wol beginne.

IN Flandres whilom was a compaignie
Of yonge folk, that haunteden folie,
As hasard, riot, stewes, and tavernes ;
Wheras with harpes, lutes, and giternes,
They dance and plaie at dis bothe day and night,
And ete also, and drinke over hir might ;
Thurgh which they don the Devil sacrifice
Within the Devils temple, in cursed wise,
By superfluitee abhominable,
Hir othes ben so gret and so damnable.
That it is grisly for to here hem swere.
Our blisful Lordes body they to-tere ;

Hem thought the Jewes rent him not ynough;
And eche of hem at others sinne lough.

And right anon in comen tombesteres
Fetis and smale, and yonge fruitesteres,
Singers with harpes, baudes, wafereres,
Which ben the veray Devils officeres,
To kindle and blow the fire of lecherie,
That is annexed unto glotonie.

The holy writ take I to my witnesse,
That luxurie is in wine and dronkenesse.

Lo, how that dronken Loth unkindely
Lay by his daughters two unwetingly,
So dronke he was he n'iste what he wrought.
Herodes, who so wel the stories sought,
Whan he of wine replete was at his feste,
Right at his owen table he yave his heste
To sleen the Baptist John ful gilteles.

Seneca saith a good word douteles:
He saith he can no difference find
Betwix a man that is out of his mind,
And a man whiche that is dronkelew:
But that woodnesse, yfallen in a shrew,
Persevereth lenger than doth dronkenesse.

O glotonie, full of cursednesse;
O cause first of our confusion,
O original of our damnation,
Til Crist had bought us with his blood again.
Loketh, how dere, shortly for to sain,
Abought was thilke cursed vilanie:
Corrupt was all this world for glotonie.

Adam our father, and his wif also,
Fro Paradis, to labour and to wo,
Were driven for that vice, it is no dredé.
For while that Adam fasted, as I rede,

He was in Paradis, and whan that he
Ete of the fruit defended on a tree,
Anon he was out cast to wo and peine.
O glotonie, on thee wel ought us plaine.

O, wist a man how many maladies
Folwen of excesse and of glotonies,
He wolde ben the more mesurable
Of his diete, sitting at his table.

Alas! the shorte throte, the tendre mouth,
Maketh that est and west, and north and south,
In erthe, in air, in water, men to-swinke,
To gete a gloton deintee mete and drinke.
Of this matere, O Poule, wel canst thou trete.
Mete unto wombe, and wombe eke unto mete
Shal God destroien bothe, as Paulus saith.
Alas! a foule thing is it by my faith
To say this word, and fouler is the dede,
Whan man so drinketh of the white and rede,
That of his throte he maketh his privee
Thurgh thilke cursed superfluitee.

The Apostle saith weping ful pitously,
Ther walken many, of which you told have I,
I say it now weping with pitous vois,
That they ben enemies of Cristes crois:
Of whiche the end is deth, womb is hir God.
O wombe, O belly, stinking is thy cod,
Fulfilled of dong and of corruptioun;
At either end of thee foule is the soun.
How gret labour and cost is thee to find!
Thise cokes how they stamp, and strein, and grind,
And turnen substance into accident,
To fulfill all thy likerous talent!
Out of the harde bones knocken they
The mary, for they casten nought away,

That may go thurgh the gullet soft and sote ;
Of spicerie, of leef, of barke, and rote,
Shal ben his sause ymaked by delit
To make him yet a newer appetit.
But certes he, that haunted swiche delices,
Is ded, while that he liveth in tho vices.

A lecherous thing is wine, and dronkenesse
Is ful of striving and of wretchednesse.
O dronken man, disfigured is thy face,
Sour is thy breth, foul art thou to embrace :
And thurgh thy dronken nose semeth the soun,
As though thou saigest ay, " Sampsoun, Sampsoun :"
And yet, go wot, Sampsoun dronk never no wine.
Thou fallest, as it were a stiked swine :
Thy tonge is lost, and all thin honest cure,
For dronkenesse is veray sepulture
Of mannes wit, and his discretion.
In whom that drink hath domination,
He can no conseil kepe, it is no drede.
Now kepe you fro the white and fro the rede,
And namely fro the white wine of Lepe,
That is to sell in Fishstrete and in Chepe.
This wine of Spaigne crepeth subtilly
In other wines growing faste by,
Of which ther riseth swiche fumositee,
That whan a man hath dronken draughtes three,
And weneth that he be at home in Chepe,
He is in Spaigne, right at the toun of Lepe,
Not at the Rochell, ne at Burdeux toun ;
And thanne wol he say, " Sampsoun, Sampsoun."

But herkeneth, lordings, o word, I you pray,
That all the souveraine actes, dare I say,
Of victories in the Olde Testament,
Thurgh veray God, that is omnipotent,

Were don in abstinence and in prayere :
Loketh the Bible, and ther ye mow it lere.

Loke Attila, the gret conquerour,
Died in his slepe, with shame and dishonour,
Bleding ay at his nose in dronkenesse :
A capitaine shuld live in sobrenesse.

And over all this, aviseth you right wel,
What was commanded unto Lamuel ;
Not Samuel, but Lamuel say I.
Redeth the Bible, and find it expresly
Of wine yeving to hem that have justice.
No more of this, for it may wel suffice.

And now that I have spoke of glotonie,
Now wol I you defenden hasardrie.
Hasard is veray moder of lesinges,
And of deceite, and cursed forsweringes :
Blaspheming of Crist, manslaughter, and wast also
Of catel, and of time ; and forthermo
It is reprove, and contrary of honour,
For to ben hold a commun hasardour.
And ever the higher he is of estat,
The more he is holden desolat.
If that a prince useth hasarderie,
In alle governance and policie
He is, as by commun opinion,
Yhold the lesse in reputation.

Stilbon, that was a wise embassadour,
Was sent to Corinth with ful gret honour
Fro Calidone, to maken hem alliance :
And whan he came, it happed him *par chance*,
That all the grettest that were of that lond
Yplaying atte hasard he hem fond.
For which, as sone as that it mighte be,
He stale him home agein to his contree,

And sayde ther, "I wol not lese my name,
Ne wol not take on me so gret defame,
You for to allie unto non hasardours.
Sendeth som other wise embassadours.
For by my trouthe, me were lever die,
Than I you shuld to hasardours allie.
For ye, that ben so glorious in honours,
Shal not allie you to non hasardours,
As by my wille, ne as by my tretee."
This wise philosophere thus sayd he.

Loke eke how to the king Demetrius
The king of Parthes, as the book sayth us,
Sent him a pair of dis of gold in scorne,
For he had used hasard therbeforne :
For which he held his glory and his renoun
At no value or reputatioun.
Lordes may finden other maner play
Honest ynough to drive the day away.

Now wol I speke of others false and grete
A word or two, as olde bookes trete.
Gret swering is a thing abhominable,
And false swering is yet more reprevable.
The highe God forbad swering at al,
Witnesse on Mathew : but in special
Of swering sayth the holy Jeremie,
Thou shalt swere soth thin othes, and not lie ;
And swere in dome, and eke in rightwisenesse ;
But idel swering is a cursednesse.

Behold and see that in the firste table
Of highe Goddes hestes honourable,
How that the second hest of him is this,
Take not the name in idel or amis.
Lo, rather he forbedeth swiche swering,
Than homicide, or many an other thing.

I say that as by ordre thus it stondeth ;
This knoweth he that his hestes understondeth,
How that the second hest of God is that.
And forthermore, I wol thee tell all plat,
That vengeance shal not parten from his hous,
That of his othes is outrageous.

"By Goddes precious herte, and by his nailes,
And by the blood of Crist, that is in Hailes,
Seven is my chance, and thin is cink and treye :
By Goddes armes, if thou falsely pleye,
This dagger shal thurghout thin herte go."
This fruit cometh of the bicchel bones two,
Forswering, ire, falsenesse, and homicide.

Now for the love of Crist that for us dide,
Leteth your othes, bothe grct and smale.
But, sires, now wol I tell you forth my tale.

Thise riotoures three, of which I tell,
Long erst or prime rong of any bell,
Were set hem in a taverne for to drinke :
And as they sat, they herd a belle clinke
Beforne a corps was caried to his grave :
That on of hem gan callen to his knave,
"Go bet," quod he, "and axe redily,
What corps is this, that passeth here forth by :
And loke that thou report his name wel."

"Sire," quod this boy, "it nedeth never a del ;
It was me told or ye came here two houres ;
He was parde an old felaw of youres,
And sodenly he was yslain to-night,
Fordronke as he sat on his benche upright,
Ther came a privee theef, men clepen Deth,
That in this contree all the peple sleth,
And with his spere he smote his herte atwo,
And went his way withouten wordes mo.

He hath a thousand slain this pestilence :
And, maister, or he come in his presence,
Me thinketh that it were ful necessarie,
For to beware of swiche an adversarie :
Beth redy for to mete him evermore.
Thus taughte me my dame, I say no more."

"By Seinte Marie," sayd this tavernere,
"The child sayth soth, for he hath slain this yere
Hens over a mile, within a gret villāge,
Both man and woman, child, and hyne, and page ;
I trowe his habitation be there :
To ben avised gret wisdomē it were,
Or that he did a man a dishonour."

"Ye, Goddes armes," quod this riotour,
"Is it swiche peril with him for to mete ?
I shal him seke by stile and eke by strete.
I make a vow by Goddes digne bones.
Herkeneth, felawes, we three ben all ones :
Let eche of us hold up his hond to other,
And eche of us becomen others brother,
And we wol slen this false traitour Deth ;
He shal be slain, he that so many sleth,
By Goddes dignitee, or it be night."

Togeder han thise three hir trouthes plight
To live and dien eche of hem for other,
As though he were his owen boren brother.
And up they stert al dronken in this rage,
And forth they gon towardses that villāge,
Of which the taverner had spoke beforne,
And many a grisly oth than have they sworn,
And Cristes blessed body they to-rent ;
"Deth shal be ded, if that we may him hent."

Whan they han gon not fully half a mile,
Right as they wold han troden over a stile.

An olde man and a poure with hem mette.
This olde man ful mekely hem grette,
And sayde thus; "Now, lordes, God you see."

The proudest of thise riotoures three
Answerd agen; "What? cherl, with sory grace,
Why art thou all forwrapped save thy face?
Why livest thou so longe in so gret age?"

This olde man gan loke in his visage,
And sayde thus; "For I ne cannot finde
A man, though that I walked into Inde,
Neither in eitee, ne in no village,
That wolde change his youthe for min age:
And therfore mote I han min age still
As longe time as it is Goddes will.
Ne Deth, alas! ne will not han my lif.
Thus walke I like a resteles eaitif,
And on the ground, which is my modres gate,
I knoeke with my staf, erlich and late,
And say to hire, 'Leve mother, let me in.
Lo, how I vanish, flesh, and blood, and skin,
Alas! whan shul my bones ben at reste?
Mother, with you wold I changen my cheste,
That in my ehambre longe time hath be,
Ye, for an heren cloute to wrap in me.'
But yet to me she wol not don that grace,
For which ful pale and welked is my face.

"But, sires, to you it is no curtesie
To speke unto an olde man vilanie,
But he trespase in word or elles in dede.
In holy writ ye moun yourselven rede;
Ageins an olde man, hore upon his hede,
Ye shuld arise: therefore I yeve you rede,
Ne doth unto an olde man non harm now,
No more than that ye wold a man did you

In age, if that ye may so long abide.
And God be with you, wher ye go or ride.
I moste go thider as I have to go."

"Nay, olde cherl, by God thou shalt not so,"
Sayde this other hasardour anon;
"Thou partest not so lightly by Seint John.
Thou spake right now of thilke traitour Deth,
That in this contree of all our frendes sleth;
Have here my trouth as thou art his espie;
Tell wher he is, or thou shalt it abie,
By God and by the holy sacrement;
For sothly thou art on of his assent
To slen us yonge folk, thou false thefe."

"Now, sires," quod he, "if it be you so lefe
To finden Deth, tourne up this croked way,
For in that grove I left him by my fay
Under a tree, and ther he wol abide;
Ne for your bost he wol him nothing hide.
Se ye that oke? right ther ye shuln him find.
God save you, that bought agen mankind,
And you amende;" thus sayd this olde man.

And everich of thise riotoures ran,
Til they came to the tree, and ther they found
Of floreins fine of gold ycoined round,
Wel nigh an eighte bushels, as hem thought.
No lenger as than after Dethe they sought,
But eche of hem so glad was of the sight,
For that the floreins ben so faire and bright,
That doun they sette hem by the precious hord.
The werste of hem he spake the firste word.

"Brethren," quod he, "take kepe what I shall
say;

My wit is gret, though that I bourde and play.

This tresour hath fortune unto us yeven
In mirth and jolitee our lif to liven,
And lightly as it cometh, so wol we spend.
Ey, Goddes precious dignitee, who wend
To-day, that we shuld han so faire a grace !
But might this gold be caried fro this place
Home to myn hous, or elles unto youres,
(For wel I wote that all this gold is oures)
Than were we in high felicitee.
But trewely by day it may not be ;
Men wolden say that we were theeves strong,
And for our owen tresour don us hong.
This tresour must ycaried be by night
As wisely and as sleighly as it might.
Wherfore I rede, that cut among us alle
We drawe, and let see wher the cut wol falle :
And he that hath the cut, with herte blith,
Shal rennen to the toun, and that ful swith,
And bring us bred and win ful prively :
And two of us shall kepen subtilly
This tresour wel : and if he wol not tarien,
Whan it is night, we wol this tresour carien
By on assent, wher as us thinketh best."

That on of hem the cut brought in his fest,
And bad hem drawe and loke wher it wold falle,
And it fell on the yongest of hem alle :
And forth toward the toun he went anon.
And al so sone as that he was agon,
That on of hem spake thus unto that other ;
"Thou wotest wel thou art my sworn brother,
Thy profite wol I tell thee right anon.
Thou wost wel that our felaw is agon,
And here is gold, and that ful gret plentee,
That shal departed ben among us three.

But natheles, if I can shape it so,
That it departed were among us two,
Had I not don a frendes turn to thee?"

That other answered, "I n'ot how that may be:
He wote well that the gold is with us tweye.
What shuln we don? what shuln we to him seye?"

"Shal it be conseil?" sayd the firste shrewe;
"And I shal tellen thee in wordes fewe
What we shul don, and bring it wel aboute,"

"I grante," quod that other, "out of doute,
That by my trowth I wol thee not bewreie."

"Now," quod the first, "thou wost wel we ben
tweie,

And tweie of us shul strenger be than on.
Loke, whan that he is set, thou right anon
Arise, as though thou woldest with him play;
And I shal rive him thurgh the sides tway,
While that thou stroglest with him as in game,
And with thy dagger loke thou do the same;
And than shal all this gold departed be,
My dere frend, betwixen thee and me:
Than moun we bothe our lustes al fulfille,
And play at dis right at our owen wille."
And thus accorded ben thise shrewes tweye,
To slen the thridde, as ye han herd me seye.

'This yongest, which that wente to the toun,
Ful oft in herte he rolleth up and down
The beautee of thise floreins newe and bright.
"O Lord," quod he, "if so were that I might
Have all this tresour to myself alone,
Ther n'is no man that liveth under the trone
Of God, that shulde live so mery as I."
And at the last the fend our enemy

Putte in his thought, that he shuld poison beye,
With which he mighte slen his felaws tweye.
For why, the fend fond him in swiche living,
That he had leve to sorwe him to bring.
For this was outrelly his ful entente,
To slen hem both, and never to repent.

And forth he goth, no lenger wold he tary,
Into the toun unto a potecary,
And praied him that he him wolde sell
Som poison, that he might his ratouns quell.
And eke ther was a polkat in his hawe,
That, as he sayd, his capons had yslawe
And fayn he wolde him wreken, if he might,
Of vermine, that destroyed hem by night.

The potecary answerd, "Thou shalt have
A thing, as wisly God my soule save,
In all this world ther n'is no creature,
That ete or dronke hath of this confecture,
Not but the mountance of a corne of whete,
That he ne shal his lif anon forlete ;
Ye, sterve he shal, and that in lesse while,
Than thou wolt gon a pas not but a mile :
This poison is so strong and violent."

This cursed man hath in his hond yhent
This poison in a box, and swithe he ran
Into the nexte strete unto a man,
And borwed of him large botelles three ;
And in the two the poison poured he ;
The thridde he kept clene for his drinke,
For all the night he shope him for to swinke
In caryng of the gold out of that place.

And whan this riotour, with sory grace,
Hath filled with win his grete botelles three,
To his felawes agen repaireth he.

What nedeth it therof to sermon more?
For right as they had cast his deth before,
Right so they han him slain, and that anon.
And whan that this was don, thus spake that on;
“Now let us sit and drinke, and make us mery,
And afterward we wiln his body bery.”
And with that word it happed him *par cas*,
To take the botelle, ther the poison was,
And dronke, and yave his felaw drinke also,
For which anon they storven bothe two.

But certes I suppose that Avicenne
Wrote never in no canon, ne in no fenne,
Mo wonder signes of empoisoning,
Than had thise wretches two or hir ending.
Thus ended ben thise homicides two,
And eke the false empoisoner also.

O cursednesse of alle cursednesse!
O traitours homicide! O wickednesse!
O glotonie, luxurie, and hasardrie!
Thou blasphemour of Crist with vilanie,
And othes grete, of usage and of pride!
Alas! mankinde, how may it betide,
That to thy creatour, which that thee wrought,
And with his precious herte-blood thee bought,
Thou art so false and so unkind, alas!

Now, good men, God foryeve you your trespas,
And ware you fro the sin of avarice.
Min holy pardon may you all warice,
So that ye offre nobles or starlinges,
Or elles silver broches, spones, ringes.
Boweth your hed under this holy bulle.
Cometh up ye wives, and offreth of your wolle;
Your names I entre here in my roll anon;
Into the blisse of Heven shul ye gon:

I you assoile by min high powere,
You that wiln offre, as clene and eke as clere
As ye were borne. Lo, sires, thus I preche;
And Jesu Crist, that is our soules leche,
So graunte you his pardon to receive;
For that is best, I wol you not deceive.

But, sires, o word forgate I in my tale:
I have relikes and pardon in my male,
As faire as any man in Englelond,
Which were me yeven by the Popes hond.
If any of you wol of devotion
Offren, and han min absolution,
Cometh forth anon, and kneleth here adoun,
And mekely receiveth my pardoun.
Or elles taketh pardon, as ye wende,
Al newe and freshe at every tounes ende,
So that ye offren alway newe and newe,
Nobles or pens, which that ben good and trewe.
It is an honour to everich that is here,
That ye moun have a suffisant pardonere
To assoilen you in contree as ye ride,
For adventures, which that moun betide.
Paraventure ther may falle on, or two,
Doun of his hors, and breke his necke atwo.
Loke, which a seurtee is it to you alle,
That I am in your felawship yfalle,
That may assoile you bothe more and lasse,
Whan that the soule shal fro the body passe.
I rede that our Hoste shal beginne,
For he is most enveloped in sinne.
Come forth, sire Hoste, and offre first anon,
And thou shalt kisse the relikes everich on,
Ye for a grote; unbokel anon thy purse.

“Nay nay,” quod he, “than have I Cristes curse.

Let be," quod he, "it shal not be, so the ich.
Thou woldest make me kisse thin olde brech,
And swere it were a relike of a seint,
Though it were with thy foundement depeint.
But by the crois, which that Seint Heleine fond,
I wolde I had thin coilons in min hond,
Instede of relikes, or of seintuarie.
Let cut hem of, I wol thee help hem carie;
They shul be shrined in an hogges tord."

This Pardoner answered not a word;
So wroth he was, no word ne wolde he say.

"Now," quod our Hoste, "I wol no lenger play
With thee, ne with non other angry man."

But right anon the worthy knight began,
(Whan that he saw that all the peple lough)
"No more of this, for it is right ynough.
Sire Pardoner, be mery and glad of chere;
And ye, sire Hoste, that ben to me so dere,
I pray you that ye kisse the Pardoner;
And, Pardoner, I pray thee draw thee ner,
And as we diden, let us laugh and play."
Anon they kissed, and riden forth hir way.

PROLOGUE TO SIRE THOPAS.

WHAN said was this miracle, every man
As sober was, that wonder was to see,
Til that our Hoste to japen he began,
And than at erst he loked upon me,
And saide thus; "What man art thou?" quod he.
"Thou lokest, as thou woldest finde an hare,
For ever upon the ground I see thee stare.

"Approche nere, and loke up merily.
Now ware you, sires, and let this man have place.
He in the waste is shapen as wel as I:
This were a popet in an arme to embrace
For any woman, smal and faire of face.
He semeth elvish by his contenance,
For unto no wight doth he daliance.

"Say now somewhat, sin other folk han saide;
Tell us a tale of mirthe and that anon."

"Hoste," quod I, "ne be not evil apaide,
For other tale certes can I non,
But of a rime I lerned yore agon."

"Ye, that is good," quod he, "we shullen here
Some deintee thing, me thinketh by thy chere."

THE RIME OF SIRE THOPAS.

LISTENETH, lordinges, in good cntent,
And I wol tell you *verament*
Of mirthe and of solas,
Al of a knight was faire and gent
In bataille and in turnament,
His name was sire Thopas.

Yborne he was in fer contree,
In Flandres, al beyonde the see,
At Popering in the place,
His father was a man ful free,
And lord he was of that contree,
As it was Goddes grace.

Sire Thopas was a doughty swain,
White was his face as paindemaïne
His lippes red as rose.
His rudde is like scarlet in grain,
And I you tell in good certain
He had a semely nose.

His here, his berde, was like safroun,
That to his girdle raught adoun,
His shoon of cordewane;
Of Brugges were his hosen broun;
His robe was of ciclatoun,
That coste many a jane.

He coude hunt at the wilde dere,
And ride on hauking for the rivere
With grey goshawk on honde :
Therto he was a good archere,
Of wrastling was ther non his pere,
Ther ony ram shuld stonde.

Ful many a maide bright in bour
They mourned for him *par amour*,
Whan hem were bet to slepe ;
But he was chaste and no lechour,
And swete as is the bramble flour,
That bereth the red hepe.

And so it fell upon a day,
Forsoth, as I you tellen may,
Sire Thopas wold out ride ;
He worth upon his stede gray,
And in his hond a launcegay,
A long swerd by his side.

He priketh thurgh a faire forest,
Therin is many a wilde best,
Ye bothe buck and hare,
And as he priked north and est,
I telle it you, him had almeste
Betidde a sory care.

Ther springen herbes grete and smale,
The licoris and the setewale,
And many a cloue gilofre,
And notemuge to put in ale,
Whether it be moist or stale,
Or for to lain in cofre.

The briddes singen, it is no nay,
The sperhauk and the popingay,
That joye it were to here,
The throstel cok made eke his lay,
The wode dove upon the spray
He sang ful loude and clere.

Sire Thopas fell in love-longing
Al whan he herd the throstel sing,
And priked as he were wood;
His faire stede in his priking
So swatte, that men might him wring,
His sides were al blood.

Sire Thopas eke so wery was
For priking on the softe gras,
So fiers was his corage,
That doun he laid him in that place
To maken his stede som solace,
And yaf him good forage.

“A, Seinte Mary, *benedicite*,
What aileth this love at me
To binde me so sore?
Me dremed all this night parde,
An elf-quene shal my lemman be,
And slepe under my gore.

“An elf-quene wol I love ywis,
For in this world no woman is
Worthy to be my make || in toun,—
All other women I forsake,
And to an elf-quene I me take
By dale and eke by doun.”

Into his sadel he clombe anon,
And priked over stile and ston
 An elf-quene for to espie,
Til he so long had ridden and gone,
That he fond in a privee wone
 The contree of Faerie.

Wherin he soughte north and south,
And oft he spied with his mouth
 In many a forest wilde,
For in that contree n'as ther non,
That to him dorst ride or gon,
 Neither wif ne childe.

Til that ther came a gret geaunt,
His name was sire Oliphaunt,
 A perilous man of dede,
He sayde, "Child, by Termagaunt,
But if thou prike out of myn haunt,
 Anon I slee thy stede || with mace—
Here is the quene of Faerie,
With harpe, and pipe, and simphonie,
 Dwelling in this place."

The child sayd, "Al so mote I the,
To morwe wol I meten thee,
 Whan I have min armoure,
And yet I hope *par ma fay*,
That thou shalt with this launcegay
 Abien it ful soure ; || thy mawe—
Shal I perce, if I may,
Or it be fully prime of the day,
 For here thou shalt be slawe."

Sire Thopas drow abak ful fast;
This geaunt at him stones cast
 Out of a fel staffe sling:
But faire escaped child Thopas.
And all it was thurgh Goddes grace,
 And thurgh his faire bering.

Yet listeneth, lordinges, to my tale,
Merier than the nightingale,
 For now I wol you rounne,
How sire Thopas with sides smale,
Priking over hill and dale,
 Is comen agein to toune.

His mery men commandeth he,
To maken him bothe game and gle.
 For nedes must he fighte,
With a geaunt with hedes three,
For paramour and jolitee
 Of on that shone ful brighte.

“Do come,” he sayd, “my minestrales
And gestours for to tellen tales
 Anon in min arming,
Of romaunces that ben reales,
Of popes and of cardinales,
 And eke of love-longing.”

They fet him first the swete win,
And mede eke in a maselin,
 And real spicerie,
Of ginger-bred that was ful fin,
And licoris and eke comin,
 With sugar that is trie.

He didde next his white lere
Of cloth of lake fin and clere
A breche and eke a sherte,
And next his shert an haketon,
And over that an habergeon,
For percing of his herte,

And over that a fin hauberk,
Was all ywrought of Jewes werk,
Ful strong it was of plate,
And over that his cote-armoure,
As white as is the lily floure,
In which he wold debate.

His sheld was all of gold so red,
And therin was a bores hed,
A charboucle beside ;
And ther he swore on ale and bred
How that the geaunt shuld be ded,
Betide what so betide.

His jambeux were of cuirbouly,
His swerdes sheth of ivory,
His helme of latoun bright,
His sadel was of rewel bone,
His bridel as the sonne-shone,
Or as the mone-light.

His spere was of fin cypres,
That bodeth werre, and nothing pees,
The hed ful sharpe yground.

His stede was all dapple gray,
It goth an aumble in the way
 Ful softely and round || in londe;
Lo, lordes min, here is a fit;
If ye wol ony more of it,
 To telle it wol I fond.

Now hold your mouth *pour charite*,
Bothe knight and lady fre,
 And herkeneth to my spell,
Of bataille and of chevalrie,
Of ladies love and druerie,
 Anon I wol you tell.

Men speken of romaunces of pris,
Of Hornchild, and of Ipotis,
 Of Bevis, and sire Guy,
Of sire Libeux, and Pleindamour,
But sire Thopas, he bereth the flour
 Of real chevalrie.

His goode stede he al bestrode,
And forth upon his way he glode,
 As sparcle out of bronde;
Upon his crest he bare a tour,
And therin stiked a lily flour,
 God shilde his corps fro shonde.

And for he was a knight auntrous,
He n'olde slepen in non hous,
 But liggen in his hood,
His brighte helm was his wanger,

And by him baited his destrer
Of herbes fin and good.

Himself drank water of the well,
As did the knight sire Percivell
So worthy under wede,
Til on a day——

THE
SECOND NONNES TALE.

THE minstre and the norice unto vices,
Which that men clepe in English idelnesse,
That porter at the gate is of delices,
To eschuen, and by hire contrary hire oppresse,
That is to sain, by leful besinesse,
Wel oughte we to don al our entente,
Lest that the fend thurgh idelnesse us hente. .

For he that with his thousand cordes slie
Continuelly us waiteth to beclappe,
Whan he may man in idelnesse espie,
He can so lightly cacche him in a trappe,
Til that a man be hent right by the lappe,
He n'is not ware the fend hath him in hond :
Wel ought us werche, and idelnesse withstond.

And though men dradden never for to die,
Yet see men wel by reson douteles,
That idelnesse is rote of slogardie,
Of which ther never cometh no good encrees,
And see that slouth holdeth hem in a lees,
Only to slepe, and for to ete and drinke,
And to devouren all that other swinke.

And for to put us from swiche idelnesse,
That cause is of so gret confusion,
I have here don my feithful besinesse
After the legende in translation
Right of thy glorious lif and passion,
Thou with thy gerlond, wrought of rose and lilie,
Thee mene I, maid and martir Seinte Cecilie.

And thou, that arte floure of virgines all,
Of whom that Bernard list so wel to write,
To thee at my beginning first I call,
Thou comfort of us wretches, do me endite
Thy maidens deth, that wan thurgh hire merite
The eternal lif, and over the fend victorie,
As man may after reden in hire storie.

Thou maide and mother, doughter of thy son,
Thou wel of mercy, sinful soules cure,
In whom that God of bountee chees to won;
Thou humble and high over every creature,
Thou nobledest so fer forth our nature,
That no desdaine the maker had of kinde
His son in blood and flesh to clothe and winde.

Within the cloystre blisful of thy sides,
Toke mannes shape the eternal love and pees,
That of the trine compas Lord and gide is,
Whom erthe, and see, and Heven out of relees
Ay herien; and thou, virgine wemmeles,
Bare of thy body (and dweltest maiden pure)
The creatour of every creature.

Assembled is in thee magnificence,
With mercy, goodnesse, and with swiche pitee,

That thou, that art the sonne of excellence,
Not only helpest hem that praien thee,
But oftentime of thy benignitee
Ful freely, or that men thin helpe beseche,
Thou goest beforne, and art hir lives leche.

Now helpe, thou meke and blisful faire maide,
Me flemed wretch, in this desert of galle;
Thinke on the woman Cananee, that saide
That whelpes eten som of the cromes alle
That from hir lordes table ben yfalle;
And though that I, unworthy son of Eve,
Be sinful, yet accepteth my beleve.

And for that feith is ded withouten werkes,
So for to werken yeve me wit and space,
That I be quit from thennes that most derke is;
O thou, that art so faire and ful of grace,
Be thou min advocat in that high place,
Ther as withouten ende is songe Osanne,
Thou Cristes mother, doughter dere of Anne.

And of thy light my soule in prison light,
That troubled is by the contagion
Of my body, and also by the wight
Of erthly lust, and false affection:
O haven of refute, o salvation
Of hem that ben in sorwe and in distresse,
Now help, for to my werk, I wol me dresse

Yet pray I you that reden that I write,
Foryeve me, that I do no diligence
This ilke storie subtilly to endite.

For both have I the wordes and sentence
Of him, that at the seintes reverence
The storie wrote, and folowed hire legende,
And pray you that ye wol my werk amende.

First wol I you the name of Seinte Cecilie
Expoune, as men may in hire storie see :
It is to sayn in English, Hevens lilie,
For pure chastnesse of virginitee,
Or for she whitnesse had of honestee,
And grene of conscience, and of good fame
The swote savour, Lilie was hire name.

Or Cecilie is to sayn, the way to blinde,
For she ensample was by good teching ;
Or elles Cecilie, as I writen finde,
Is joined by a maner conjoining
Of Heven and *Lia*, and here in figuring
The Heven is set for thought of holinesse,
And *Lia*, for hire lasting besnesse.

Cecilia may eke be sayd in this manere,
Wanting of blindnesse, for hire grete light
Of sapience, and for hire thewes clere.
Or elles lo, this maidens name bright
Of Heven and *Leos* cometh, for which by right
Men might hire wel the Heven of peple calle,
Ensample of good and wise werkes alle :

For *Leos* peple in English is to say ;
And right as men may in the Heven see
The Sonne and Mone, and sterres every way,
Right so men gostly, in this maiden free
Sawen of faith the magnanimitee,

And eke the clerenesse hole of sapience,
And sondry werkes, bright of excellence.

And right so as thise philosophres write,
That Heven is swift and round, and eke brenning,
Right so was faire Cecilie the white
Ful swift and besy in every good werking,
And round and hole in good persevering,
And brenning ever in charitee ful bright:
Now have I you declared what she hight.

This maiden bright Cecile, as hire lif saith,
Was come of Romaines and of noble kind,
And from hire cradel fostred in the faith
Of Crist, and bare his Gospel in hire mind:
She never cessed, as I writen find,
Of hire prayere, and God to love and drede,
Beseching him to kepe hire maidenhede.

And whan this maiden shuld until a man
Ywedded be, that was ful yonge of age,
Which that ycleped was Valerian,
And day was comen of hire marriage,
She ful devout and humble in hire corage,
Under hire robe of gold, that sat ful faire,
Had next hire flesh yclad hire in an haire.

And while that the organs maden melodie,
To God alone thus in hire hert song she;
"O Lord, my soule and eke my body gie
Unwemmed, lest that I confounded be."
And for his love that died upon the tree,
Every second or thridde day she fast,
Ay bidding in hire orisons ful fast.

The night came, and to bedde must she gon
With hire husbond, as it is the manere,
And prively she said to him anon ;
“ O swete and wel beloved spouse dere,
Ther is a conseil, and ye wol it here,
Which that right fayn I wold unto you saie,
So that ye swere, ye wol it not bewraie.”

Valerian gan fast unto hire swere,
That for no cas, ne thing that mighte be,
He shulde never to non bewraien here ;
And than at erst thus to him saide she ;
“ I have an angel which that loveth me,
That with gret love wher so I wake or slepe,
Is redy ay my body for to kepe ;

“ And if that he me felen out of drede,
That ye me touch or love in vilanie,
He right anon wol sleen you with the dede,
And in your youthe thus ye shulden die.
And if that ye in clene love me gie,
He wol you love as me, for your clenenesse,
And shew to you his joye and his brightnesse.”

This Valerian, corrected as God wold,
Answerd again, “ If I shal trusten thee,
Let me that angel seen, and him behold ;
And if that it a veray angel be,
Than wol I don as thou hast prayed me ;
And if thou love another man forsothe
Right with this swerd than wol I slee you bothe.”

Cecile answered anon right in this wise ;
“ If that you list, the angel shul ye see,

So that ye trow on Crist, and you baptise ;
Goth forth to Via Apia" (quod she)
" That fro this toun ne stant but miles three,
And to the poure folkes that ther dwellen
Say hem right thus, as that I shal you tellen.

" Tell hem, that I Cecile you to hem sent
To shewen you the good Urban the old,
For secree nedes, and for good entent ;
And whan that ye Seint Urban an behold,
Tell him the wordes which I to you told ;
And whan that he hath purged you fro sinne,
Than shal ye seen that angel er ye twinne."

Valerian is to the place gon,
And right as he was taught by hire lerning,
He fond this holy old Urban anon
Among the seintes buriels louting :
And he anon withouten tarying
Did his message, and whan that he it tolde,
Urban for joye his hondes gan upholde.

The teres from his eyen let he falle :
" Almighty Lord, o Jesu Crist," quod he,
" Sower of chast conseil, hierde of us alle,
The fruit of thilke seed of chastitee
That thou hast sow in Cecile, take to thee :
Lo, like a besy bee withouten gile
Thee serveth ay thin owen thral Cecile.

" For' thilke spouse, that she toke but newe
Ful like a fiers leon, she sendeth here
As meke as ever was any lambe to ewe."

And with that word anon ther gan apere
An old man, clad in white clothes clere,
That had a book with lettres of gold in hond,
And gan before Valerian to stond.

Valerian, as ded, fell doun for drede,
Whan he him saw; and up he hent him tho,
And on his book right thus he gan to rede;
“On Lord, on faith, on God withouten mo,
On Cristendom, and fader of all also,
Aboven all, and over all every wher:”
Thise wordes all with gold ywriten were.

Whan this was red, than sayd this olde man,
“Levest thou this thing or no? say ye or nay.”
“I leve all this thing,” quod Valerian,
“For sother thing than this, I dare wel say,
Under the Heven no wight thinken may.”
Tho vanished the olde man, he n’iste wher,
And pope Urban him cristened right ther.

Valerian goth home, and fint Cecilie
Within his chambre with an angel stonde:
This angel had of roses and of lilie
Corones two, the which he bare in honde,
And first to Cecile, as I understonde,
He yaf that on, and after gan he take
That other to Valerian hire make.

“With body clene, and with unwemmed thought
Kepeth ay wel thise coronas two” quod he,
From Paradis to you I have hem brought,
Ne never mo ne shul they roten be,
Ne lese hire swete savour, trusteth me,

Ne never wight shal seen hem with his eye,
But he be chaste, and hate vilanie.

“And thou, Valerian, for thou so sone
Assentedest to good conseil, also
Say what thee list, and thou shalt han thy bone.”
“I have a brother,” quod Valerian tho,
“That in this world I love no man so,
I pray you that my brother may have grace
To know the trouth, as I do in this place.”

The angel sayd; “God liketh thy request,
And bothe with the palme of martirdome
Ye shullen come unto his blisful rest.”
And with that word, Tiburce his brother come.
And whan that he the savour undernome,
Which that the roses and the lilies cast,
Within his herte he gan to wonder fast,

And sayd; “I wonder this time of the yere
Whennes that swete savour cometh so
Of roses and lilies, that I smelle here;
For though I had hem in min hondes two,
The savour might in me no deper go:
The swete smel, that in min herte I find,
Hath changed me all in another kind.”

Valerian sayd; “Two coronas han we
Snow-white and rose-red, that shinen clere,
Which that thin eyen han no might to see:
And as thou smellest hem thurgh my praiere,
So shalt thou seen hem, leve brother dere,
If it so be thou wolt withouten slouthe
Beleve aright, and know the veray trouthc.”

Tiburce answered; "Saith thou this to me
 In sothnesse, or in dreme herken I this?"
 "In dremes," quod Valerian, "han we be
 Unto this time, brother min, ywis:
 But now at erst in trothe our dwelling is."
 "How wost thou this," quod Tiburce, "in what
 wise?"

Quod Valerian; "That shal I thee devise.

"The angel of God hath me the trouth ytaught,
 Which thou shalt seen, if that thou wilt reney
 The idoles, and be clene, and elles naught.
 [And of the miracle of thise corones twey
 Seint Ambrose in his preface list to sey;
 Solempnely this noble doctour dere
 Commendeth it, and saith in this manerc.

The palme of martirdome for to receive,
 Seinte Cecilie, fulfilled of Goddes yeft,
 The world and eke hir chambre gan she weive;
 Witnesse Tiburces and Ceciles shrift,
 To which God of his bountee wolde shift
 Corones two, of floures wel smelling,
 And made his angel hem the corones bring.

The maid hath brought thise men to blisse above;
 The world hath wist what it is worth certain
 Devotion of chastitee to love.]

Tho shewed him Cecile all open and plain,
 That all idoles ni's but a thing in vain,
 For they ben dombe, and therto they ben deve,
 And charged him with his idoles for to leve.

“Who so that troweth not this, a best he is,”
Quod this Tiburce, “if that I shall not lie.”
And she gan kisse his brest whan she herd this,
And was ful glad he coude trouth espie :
“This day I take thee for min allie,”
Saide this blisful faire maiden dere ;
And after that she said as ye may here.

“Lo, right so as the love of Crist” (quod she)
“Made me thy brothers wif, right in that wise
Anon for mine allie here take I thee,
Sithen that thou wolt thin idoles despise.
Goth with thy brother now and thee baptise,
And make the clene, so that thou maist behold
The angels face, of which thy brother told.”

Tiburce answered, and saide ; “Brother dere,
First tell me whither I shal, and to what man.
To whom?” quod he ; “Com forth with goode
chere,

I wol thee lede unto the pope Urban.”
“To Urban? brother min Valerian,”
Quod tho Tiburce, “wilt thou me thider lede?
Me thinketh that it were a wonder dede.

“Ne menest thou not Urban” (quod he tho)
“That is so often damned to be ded,
That woneth in halkes alway to and fro,
And dare not ones putten for his hed?
Men shuld him brennen in a fire so red,
If he were found, or that men might him spie,
And we also, to bere him compaignie.

“ And while we seken thilke divinitee,
That is yhid in Heven prively,
Algate ybrent in this world shuld we be.”
To whom Cecile answered boldely ;
“ Men mighten dreden wel and skilfully
This life to lese, min owen dere brother,
If this were living only and non other.

“ But ther is better lif in other place,
That never shal be lost, ne drede thee nought :
Which Goddes sone us tolde thurgh his grace,
That fadres sone which alle thinges wrought ;
And all that wrought is with a skilful thought,
The gost, that from the fader gan procede,
Hath souled hem withouten any drede.

“ By word and by miracle he Goddes sone,
Whan he was in this world, declared here,
That ther is other lif ther men may wone.”
To whom answerd Tiburce ; “ O suster dere,
Ne saidest thou right now in this manere,
Ther n’as but o God, lord in sothfastnesse,
And now of three how mayst thou bere witnesse ?”

“ That shal I tell,” quod she, “ or that I go.
Right as a man hath sapiences three,
Memorie, engine, and intellect also,
So in o being of divinitee
Three persones mowen ther righte wel be.”
Tho gan she him ful besily to preche
Of Cristes sonde, and of his peines teche,

And many pointes of his passion ;
How Goddes sone in this world was withhold

To don mankinde pleine remission,
That was ybound in sinne and cares cold.
All this thing she unto Tiburce told,
And after this Tiburce in good entent,
With Valerian to pope Urban he went,

That thanked God, and with glad herte and light
He cristened him, and made him in that place
Parfite in his lerning and Goddes knight.
And after this Tiburce gat swiche grace,
That every day he saw in time and space
The angel of God, and every maner bone
That he God axed, it was sped ful sone.

It were ful hard by ordre for to sain
How many wonders Jesus for hem wrought.
But at the last, to tellen short and plain,
The sergeaunts of the toun of Rome hem sought,
And hem before Almache the prefect brought,
Which hem apposed, and knew all hire entent,
And to the image of Jupiter hem sent;

And said; "Who so wol nought do sacrifice,
Swap of his hed, this is my sentence here."
Anon thise martyrs, that I you devise,
On Maximus, that was an officere
Of the prefectes, and his corniculere,
Hem hent, and whan he forth the seintes lad,
Himself he wept for pitee that he had.

Whan Maximus had herd the seintes lore,
He gate him of the turmentoures leve,
And lad hem to his hous withouten more;

And with hir preching, or that it were eve,
They gonnen fro the turmentours to reve,
And fro Maxime, and fro his folk eche on
The false faith, to trowe in God alone.

Cecilie came, whan it was waxen night,
With preestes, that hem cristened all yfere ;
And afterward, whan day was waxen light,
Cecilie hem said with a ful stedfast chere ;
“ Now, Cristes owen knightes leve and dere,
Caste all away the werkes of derkenesse,
And armeth you in armes of brightnesse.

“ Ye han forsoth ydon a gret bataille ;
Your cours is don, your faith han ye eonserved ;
Goth to the croune of lif that may not faille ;
The right ful juge, which that ye han served,
Shal yeve it you, as ye han it deserved.”
And whan this thing was said, as I devise,
Men ledde hem forth to don the sacrifice.

But whan they weren to the place ybrought,
To tellen shortly the conclusioun,
They n’olde encense, ne sacrifice right nought,
But on hir knees they setten hem adoun,
With humble herte and sad devotioun,
And losten bothe hir hedes in the place ;
Hir soules wenten to the king of grace.

This Maximus, that saw this thing betide,
With pitous teres told it anon right,
That he hir snules saw to Heven glide
With angels, ful of clerenesse and of light ;
And with his word converted many a wight.

For which Almaclius did him to-bete
With whip of led, til he his lif gan lete.

Cecilie him toke, and buried him anon
By Tiburce and Valerian softly,
Within hir burying place, under the ston.
And after this Almachius hastily
Bad his ministers fetchen openly
Cecile, so that she might in his presence
Don sacrifice, and Jupiter encense.

But they converted at hire wise lore
Wepten ful sore, and yaven ful credence
Unto hire word, and crieden more and more ;
“ Crist, Goddes sone, withouten difference
Is veray God, this is all our sentence,
That hath so good a servant him to serve :
Thus with o vois we trowen though we sterve.”

Almaclius, that herd of this doing,
Bad fetchen Cecile, that he might hire see :
And alderfirst, lo, this was his axing ;
“ What maner woman arte thou ?” quod he.
“ I am a gentilwoman born,” quod she.
“ I axe thee,” quod he, “ though it thee greve,
Of thy religion and of thy beleve.”

“ Why then began your question folily,”
Quod she, “ that woldest two answers conclude
In o demand ? ye axen lewedly.”
Almache answerd to that similitude,
“ Of whennes cometh thin answering so rude ?”
“ Of whennes ?” (quod she, whan that she was
freined)
“ Of conscience, and of good faith unfeined.”

Almachius said; "Ne takest thou non hede
Of my power?" and she him answerd this;
"Your might" (quod she) "ful lifel is to drede;
For every mortal mannes power n'is
But like a bladder full of wind ywis:
For with a nedles point, whan it is blow,
May all the bost of it be laid ful low."

"Ful wrongfully begonnest thou," (quod he)
"And yet in wrong is al thy perseverance:
Wost thou not how our mighty princes free
Have thus commanded and made ordinance,
That every cristen wight shal han penance;
But if that he his Cristendome withseye,
And gon al quite, if he wol it reneye?"

"Your princes erren, as your nobley doth,"
Quod tho Cecile, "and with a wood sentence
Ye make us gilty, and it is not soth:
For ye that knowen wel our innocence,
For as moche as we don ay reverence
To Crist, and for we bere a cristen name,
Ye put on us a crime and eke a blame.

"But we that knowen thilke name so
For vertuous, we may it not withseye."
Almache answered; "Chese on of thise two,
Do sacrifice, or Cristendom reneye,
That thou mow now escapen by that wey."
At which this holy blisful fayre maid
Gan for to laughe, and to the juge said:

"O juge confuse in thy nicetee,
Woldest thou that I reneye innocence?"

To maken me a wicked wight" (quod she)
"Lo, he dissimuleth here in audience,
He stareth and wodeth in his advertence."
To whom Almachius said; "Unsely wretch,
Ne wost thou not how far my might may stretch?

"Han not our mighty princes to me yeven
Ya bothe power and eke auctoritee
To maken folk to dien or to liven?
Why spekest thou so proudly than to me?"
"I ne speke nought but stedfastly," quod she,
"Not proudely, for I say, as for my side,
We haten dedly thilke vice of pride.

"And if thou drede not a soth for to here,
Than wol I shewe al openly by right,
That thou hast made a ful gret lesing here.
Thou saist, thy princes han thee yeven might
Both for to slee and for to quiken a wight,
Thou that ne maist but only lif bereve,
Thou hast non other power ne no leve.

"But thou maist sayn, thy princes han thee maked
Ministre of deth; for if thou speke of mo,
Thou liest; for thy power is ful naked."
"Do way thy boldnesse," said Almachius tho,
"And sacrifice to our goddes, er thou go.
I recke not what wrong that thou me proffre,
For I can suffre it as a philosophre.

"But thilke wronges may I not endure,
That thou spekest of our goddes here," quod he
Cecile answerd; "O nice creature,

Thou saidest no word sin thou spake to me,
That I ne knew therewith thy nicetee,
And that thou were in every maner wise
A lewed officer, a vain justice.

“Ther lacketh nothing to thin utter eyen
That thou n’art blind; for thing that we seen alle
That is a ston, that men may wel espien,
That ilke ston a god thou wolt it calle.
I rede thee let thin hond upon it falle,
And tast it wel, and ston thou shalt it find,
Sin that thou seest not with thin eyen blind.

“It is a shame that the peple shal
So scornen thee, and laugh at thy folie :
For comunly men wot it wel over al,
That mighty God is in his Hevens hie ;
And thise images, wel maist thou espie,
To thee ne to hemself may not profite,
For in effect they be not worth a mite.”

Thise and swiche other wordes saide she,
And he wex wroth, and bade men should hire lede
Home til hire house, “and in hire hous” (quod he)
“Brenne hire right in a bath, with flames rede.”
And as he bade, right so was don the dede ;
For in a bathe they gonne hire faste shetten,
And night and day gret fire they under betten.

The longe night, and eke a day also,
For all the fire, and eke the bathes hete,
She sate al cold, and felt of it no wo,
It made hire not a drope for to swete :
But in that bath hire lif she muste lete,

For he Almache, with a ful wicke entent,
To sleen hire in the bath his sonde sent.

Three strokes in the nekke he smote hire tho
The turmentour, but for no maner chance
He mighte not smite all hire nekke atwo :
And for ther was that time an ordinance
That no man shulde don man swiche penance,
The fourthe stroke to smiten, soft or sore,
This turmentour ne dorste do no more ;

But half ded, with hire nekke ycorven ther
He left hire lie, and on his way is went.
The cristen folk, which that aboute hire were,
With shetes han the blood ful faire yhent :
Three dayes lived she in this turment,
And never cesed hem the faith to teche,
That she had fostred hem, she gan to preche.

And hem she yaf hire mebles and hire thing,
And to the pope Urban betoke hem tho,
And said ; " I axed this of Heven king,
To have respit three dayes and no mo,
To recommend to you, or that I go,
Thise soules, lo, and that I might do werche
Here of min hous perpetuellich a cherche."

Seint Urban, with his dekenes prively
The body fette, and buried it by night
Among his other seintes honestly :
Hire hous the cherche of Seinte Cecile hight ;
Seint Urban halowed it, as he wel might,
In which unto this day in noble wise
Men don to Crist and to his seinte servise.

THE
CHANONES YEMANNES PROLOGUE.

WHAN that tolde was the lif of Seinte Cecile,
Er we had ridden fully five mile,
At Boughton under Blee us gan atake
A man, that clothed was in clothes blake,
And undernethe he wered a white surplis.
His hakeney, which that was al pomelee gris,
So swatte, that it wonder was to see,
It semed as he had priked miles three.
The horse eke that his Yeman rode upon,
So swatte, that unnethes might he gon.
About the peytrel stood the fome ful hie,
He was of fome as flecked as a pie.
A male tweifold on his croper lay,
It semed that he caried litel atray,
Al light for sommer rode this worthy man.
And in my herte wondren I began
What that he was, til that I understode,
How that his cloke was sowed to his hode ;
For which whan I had long avised me,
I demed him some chanon for to be.
His hat heng at his back down by a las,
For he had ridden more than trot or pas,

He had ay priked like as he were wode.
A clote-lefe he had laid under his hode
For swete, and for to kepe his hed fro hete.
But it was joye for to seen him swete;
His forehed dropped, as a stillatorie
Were ful of plaintaine or of paritorie.
And whan that he was come, he gan to crie,
“God save” (quod he) “this joly compaignie.
Fast have I priked” (quod he) “for your sake,
Because that I wolde you atake,
To riden in this mery compaignie.”

His Yeman was eke ful of curtesie,
And saide; “Sires, now in the morwe tide
Out of your hostelrie I saw you ride,
And warned here my lord and sovereign,
Which that to riden with you is ful fain,
For his disport; he loveth daliance.”
“Frend, for thy warning God yeve thee good
 chance,”

Than said our Hoste; “certain it wolde seme
Thy lord were wise, and so I may wel deme;
He is ful joconde also dare I leye:
Can he ought tell a mery tale or tweie,
With which he gladen may this compaignie?”

“Who, sire? my lord? Ye, sire, withouten lie.
He can of mirth and eke of jolitee
Not but ynough; also, sire, trusteth me,
And ye him knew al so wel as do I,
Ye wolden wondre how wel and craftily
He coude werke, and that in sondry wise.
He hath take on him many a gret emprise,
Which were ful harde for any that is here
To bring about, but they of him it lere.

As homely as he rideth amonges you,
 If ye him knew, it wold be for your prow :
 Ye wolden not forgon his acquaintance
 For mochel good, I dare lay in balance
 All that I have in my possession.
 He is a man of high discreccion,
 I warne you wel, he is a passing man.

“Wel,” quod our Hoste, “I pray thee tell me
 than,
 Is he a clerk, or non ? tell what he is.”

“Nay, he is greter than a clerk ywis,”
 Saide this Yeman, “and in wordes fewe,
 Hoste, of his craft somewhat I wol you shewe.

“I say; my lord can swiche a subtiltee,
 (But all his craft ye moun not wetc of mc,
 And somewhat help I yet to his werking)
 That all the ground on which we ben riding
 Til that we come to Canterbury toun,
 He coud al clene turnen up so doun,
 And pave it all of silver and of gold.”

And whan this Yeman had this tale ytolde
 Unto our Hoste, he said ; “*Benedicite*,
 This thing is wonder mervailous to mc,
 Sin that thy lord is of so high prudence,
 Because of which men shulde him revercnce,
 That of his worship rekketh he so lite ;
 His overest sloppe it is not worth a mite
 As in effect to him, so mote I go ;
 It is all baudy and to-tore also.

Why is thy lord so sluttish I thee preye,
 And is of power better cloth to beye,
 If that his dcede accorded with thy speche ?
 Telle me that, and that I thee beseche.”

“Why?” quod this Yeman, “wherto axe ye me?
God helpe me so, for he shal never the :
(But I wol not avowen that I say,
And therefore kepe it secree I you pray)
He is to wise in faith, as I beleve.
Thing that is overdon, it wol not preve
Aright, as clerkes sain, it is a vice ;
Wherfore in that I hold him lewed and nice.
For whan a man hath overgret a wit,
Ful oft him happeth to misusen it :
So doth my lord, and that me greveth sore,
God it amende, I can say now no more.”

“Therof no force, good yeman,” quod our Hoste,
“Sin of the conning of thy lord thou wost,
Telle how he doth, I pray thee hertily,
Sin that he is so crafty and so sly.
Wher dwellen ye, if it to tellen be?”

“In the subarbes of a toun,” quod he,
“Lurking in hernes and in lances blinde,
Wheras thise robbours and thise theves by kinde
Holden hir privee fereful residence,
As they that dare not shewen hir prescnce,
So faren we, if I shal say the sothe.”

“Yet,” quod our Hoste, “let me talken to the ;
Why art thou so discoloured of thy face?”

“Peter,” quod he, “God yeve it harde grace,
I am so used the hote fire to blow,
That it hath changed my colour I trow ;
I n’am not wont in no mirrour to prie,
But swinke sore, and lerne to multiplie.
We blundren ever, and poren in the fire,
And for all that we faille of our desire,
For ever we lacken our conclusion.
To mochel folk we don illusion,

And borwe gold, be it a pound or two,
Or ten or twelve, or many sommes mo,
And make hem wenen at the leste wey,
That of a pound we connen maken twey,
Yet is it false; and ay we han good hope
It for to don, and after it we grope:
But that science is so fer us before,
We mowen not, although we had it sworne,
It overtake, it slit away so fast;
It wol us maken beggers at the last."

While this Yeman was thus in his talking,
This Chanon drow him nere, and herd all thing
Which this yeman spake, for suspecion
Of mennes speche ever had this Chanon:
For Caton sayth, that "he that gilty is,
Demeth all thing be spoken of him ywis:"
That was the cause, he gan so nigh him drawe
To his Yeman, to herken all his sawe,
And thus he saide unto his Yeman tho;
"Hold thou thy pees, and speke no wordes mo:
For if thou do, thou shalt it dere abie.
Thou sclaudrest me here in this compaignie,
And eke discoverest that thou shuldest hide."

"Ye," quod our Hoste, "tell on, what so betide;
Of all his threkening recke not a mite."

"In faith," quod he, "no more I do but lite."
And whan this Chanon saw it wold not be,
But his Yeman wold tell his privetee,
He fled away for veray sorwe and shame.

"A," quod the Yeman, "here shal rise a game:
All that I can anon I wol you telle,
Sin he is gon; the foule fend him quelle;
For never hereafter wol I with him mete.
For peny ne for pound, I you behete.

He that me broughte first unto that game,
Er that he die, sorwe have he and shame.
For it is earnest to me by my faith;
That fele I wel, what that any man saith;
And yet for all my smert, and all my grief,
For all my sorwe, labour, and meschief,
I coude never leve it in no wise.
Now wolde God my wit mighte suffice.
To tellen all that longeth to that art;
But natheles, yet wol I tellen part;
Sin that my lord is gon, I wol not spare,
Swiche thing as that I know, I wol declare."

THE

CHANONES YEMANNES TALE.

WITH this Chanon I dwelt have seven ycre,
And of his science am I never the nere:
All that I had, I have ylost therby,
And God wot, so han many mo than I.
Ther I was wont to be right fresh and gay
Of clothing, and of other good array,
Now may I were an hose upon min hed;
And wher my colour was both fresh and red,
Now is it wan, and of a leden hewe;
(Who so it useth, so shal he it rewe)
And of my swinke yet blered is min eye;
Lo which advantage is to multiplie!
That sliding science hath me made so barc,
That I have no good, wher that ever I fare;

And yet I am endetted so therby
Of gold, that I have borwed trewely,
That while I live, I shal it quiten never;
Let every man be ware by me for ever.
What maner man that casteth him therto,
If he continue, I hold his thrift ydo;
So help me God, therby shal he nat winne,
But empte his purse, and make his wittes thinne.
And whan he, thurgh his madnesse and folie,
Hath lost his owen good thurgh jupartie,
Than he exciteth other folk therto,
To lese hir good as he himself hath do.
For unto shrewes joye it is and ese
To have hir felawes in peine and disese.
Thus was I ones lerned of a clerk;
Of that no charge; I wol speke of our werk.

Whan we be ther as we shuln exercise
Our elvish craft, we semen wonder wise,
Our termes ben so clergial and queinte.
I blow the fire til that myn herte feinte.
What shuld I tellen eche proportion
Of thinges, whiche that we werchen upon,
As on five or six unces, may wel be,
Of silver, or som other quantitee?
And besie me to tellen you the names,
As orpiment, brent bones, yren squames,
That into poudre grounden ben ful smal?
And in an erthen pot how put is al,
And salt yput in, and also pepere,
Beforn thise poudres that I speke of here,
And wel ycovered with a lampe of glas?
And of moche other thing which that ther was?
And of the pottes and glasses engluting,
That of the aire might passen out no thing?

And of the esy fire, and smert also,
Which that was made? and of the care and wo.
That we had in our materes subliming,
And in amalgaming, and calcening
Of quicksilver, ycleped mercurie crude?
For all our sleighthes we can not conclude.
Our orpiment, and sublimed mercurie,
Our grounden litarge eke on the porphurie,
Of eche of thise of unces a certain
Not helpeth us, our labour is in vain.
Ne, neyther our spirites ascentioun,
Ne our materes that lien al fix adoun,
Mown in our werking nothing us availle;
For lost is all our labour and travaille,
And all the cost a twenty devil way
Is lost also, which we upon it lay.

Ther is also ful many another thing,
That is unto our craft apperteining,
Though I by ordre hem nat rehersen can,
Because that I am a lewed man,
Yet wol I telle hem, as they come to minde,
Though I ne cannot set hem in hir kinde,
As bole armoniak, verdegrese, boras;
And sondry vessels made of erthe and glas,
Our urinales, and our descensories,
Viols, croslettes, and sublimatories,
Cucuribtes, and alembikes eke,
And other swiche gere, dere ynough a leke,
What nedeth it for to reherse hem alle?
Wateres rubifying, and bolles galle,
Arsenik, sal armoniak, and brimston?
And herbes coude I tell eke many on,
As egremoine, valerian, and lunarie,
And other swiche, if that me list to tarie;

Our lampes brenning bothe night and day,
To bring about our craft if that we may;
Our fourneis eke of calcination,
And of wateres albification,
Unslekked lime, chalk, and gleire of an ey,
Poudres divers, ashes, dong, pisse, and cley,
Sered pokettes, sal peter, and vitriole;
And divers fires made of wode and cole;
Sal tartre, alcaly, and salt preparat,
And combust materes, and coagulat;
Cley made with hors and mannes here, and oile
Of tartre, alum, glas, berme, wort, and argoile,
Rosalgár, and other materes enbibing;
And eke of our materes encorporing,
And of our silver citrination,
Our cementing, and fermentation,
Our ingottes, testes, and many thinges mo.

I wol you tell as was me taught also
The foure spirites, and the bodies sevene
By ordre, as oft I herd my lord hem nevene.
The firste spirit quiksilver cleped is;
The second orpiment; the thridde ywis
Sal armoniak, and the fourth brimston.

The bodies sevene eke, lo hem here anon.
Sol gold is, and Luna silver we threpe;
Mars iren, Mercurie quiksilver we clepe:
Saturnus led, and Jupiter is tin,
And Venus coper, by my fader kin.

This cursed craft who so wol exercise,
He shal no good have, that him may suffice,
For all the good he spendeth therabout
He lesen shal, therof have I no doute.
Who so that listeth uttren his folie,
Let him come forth and lernen multiplie:

And every man that hath ought in his cofre,
Let him appere, and wex a philosophre,
Ascaunce that craft is so light to lere.
Nay, nay, God wot, al be he monk or frere,
Preest or chanon, or any other wight,
Though he sit at his book both day and night
In lerning of this elvish nice lore,
All is in vain, and parde mochel more
To lerne a lewed man this subtiltee;
Fie, speke not therof, for it wol not be.
And conne he letterure, or conne he non,
As in effect, he shal finde it all on;
For bothe two by my salvation
Concluden in multiplication
Ylike wel, whan they have all ydo;
This is to sain, they failen bothe two.

Yet forgate I to maken rehersaile
Of waters corosif, and of limaile,
And of bodies mollification,
And also of hir induration,
Oiles, ablusions, metal fusible,
To tellen all, wold passen any bible,
That o wher is; wherefore as for the best
Of all thise names now wol I me rest;
For as I trow, I have you told ynow
To reise a fend, al loke he never so row.

A, nay, let be; the philosophres ston,
Elixer cleped, we seken fast eche on,
For had we him, than were we siker ynow;
But unto God of Heven I make avow,
For all our craft, whan we han all ydo,
And all our sleight, he wol not come us to.
He hath ymade us spenden mochel good,
For sorwe of which almost we waxen wood,

But that good hope crepeth in our herte,
Supposing ever, though we sore smerte,
To ben releved of him afterward.
Swiche supposing and hope is sharpe and hard.
I warne you wel it is to seken ever.
That future *temps* hath made men dissever,
In trust therof, from all that ever they had,
Yet of that art they conne not waxen sad,
For unto hem it is a bitter swete ;
So semeth it; for ne had they but a shete
Which that they might wrappen hem in a-night,
And a bratt to walken in by day-light,
They wold hem sell, and spend it on this craft;
They conne not stinten, til no thing be laft.
And evermore, wher ever that they gon,
Men may hem kennen by smell of brimston;
For all the world they stinken as a gote:
Hir savour is so rammish and so hote,
That though a man a mile from hem be,
The savour wol enfect him, trusteth me.

Lo, thus by smelling and thred-bare array,
If that men list, this folk they knowen may.
And if a man wol axe hem prively,
Why they be clothed so unthriftily,
They right anon wol rounen in his ere,
And saien, if that they espied were,
Men wolde hem sle, because of hir science:
Lo, thus thise folk betraien innocence.

Passe over this, I go my tale unto.
Er that the pot be on the fire ydo
Of metals with a certain quantitee,
My lord hem tempereth, and no man but he;
(Now he is gon, I dare say boldely)
For as men sain, he can don craftily;

Algate I wote wel he hath swiche a name,
And yet ful oft he renneth in a blame ;
And wete ye how ? ful oft it falleth so,
The pot to-breketh, and farewel all is go.
Thise metales ben of so gret violence,
Our walles may not make hem resistance,
But if they weren wrought of lime and ston ;
They percen so, that thurgh the wall they gon ;
And som of hem sinke doun into the ground,
(Thus have we lost by times many a pound)
And som are scattered all the flore aboute ;
Som lepen into the roof withouten doute.
Though that the fend not in our sight him shewe,
I trow that he be with us, thilke shrewe,
In Helle, wher that he is lord and sire,
Ne is ther no more wo, rancour, ne ire.
Whan that our pot is broke, as I have sayde,
Every man chit, and hot him evil apayde.
Som sayd "it was long on the fire-making ;"
Som sayd, "nay, it was long on the blowing ?"
(Than was I ferd, for that was min office)
"Straw," quod the thridde, "ye ben lewed and nice,
It was not tempred as it ought to be."
"Nay," quod the fourthe, "stint and herken me ;
Because our fire was not made of beche,
That is the cause, and other non, so the iche."
I can not tell wheron it was along,
But wel I wot gret strif is us among.
"What ?" quod my lord, "ther n'is no more to don,
Of thise perils I wol beware eftsone.
I am right siker, that the pot was crased.
Be as be may, be ye no thing amased.
As usage is, let swepe the flore as swithe ;
Plucke up your hertes and be glad and blithe."

The mullok on an hepe ysweped was,
And on the flore ycast a canevas,
And all this mullok in a sive ythrowe,
And sifted, and ypicked many a throwe.

“Parde,” quod on, “somwhat of our metall
Yet is ther here, though that we have not all.
And though this thing mishapped hath as now,
Another time it may be wel ynow.
We mosten put our good in aventure;
A marchant parde may not ay endure,
Trusteth me wel, in his prosperitee:
Somtime his good is drenched in the see,
And somtime cometh it sauf unto the lond.”

“Pees,” quod my lord, “the next time I wol fond
To bring our craft all in another plite,
And but I do, sires, let me have the wite:
Ther was defaute in somewhat, wel I wote.”

Another sayd, “the fire was over hote.”
But be it hote or cold, I dare say this,
That we concluden ever more amis:
We faille alway of that which we wold have,
And in our madnesse evermore we rave.
And whan we be together everich on,
Every man semeth a Salomon.
But all thing, which that shineth as the gold,
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told;
Ne every apple that is faire at eye,
Ne is not good, what so men clap or crie.
Right so, lo, fareth it amonges us.
He that semeth the wisest by Jesus
Is most fool, whan it cometh to the prefe;
And he that semeth trewest, is a thefe.
That shal ye know, or that I from you wende,
By that I of my tale have made an ende.

Ther was a chanon of religioun
Amonges us, wold enfect all a toun,
Though it as gret were as was Ninive,
Rome, Alisaundre, Troie, or other three.
His sleighes and his infinite falsenesse
Ther coude no man writen, as I gesse,
Though that he mighte live a thousand yere;
In all this world of falsenesse n'is his pere.
For in his termes he wol him so winde,
And speke his wordes in so slie a kinde,
Whan he comuncn shal with any wight,
That he wol make him doten anon right,
But it a fend be, as himselven is.
Ful many a man hath he begiled er this,
And wol, if that he may live any while:
And yet men gon and riden many a mile
Him for to seke, and have his acquaintance,
Not knowing of his false governance.
And if you lust to yeve me audience,
I wol it tellen here in your presence.

But, worshipful chanons religious,
Ne demeth not that I sclander your hous,
Although that my tale of a chanon be.
Of every order som shrew is parde:
And God forbede that all a compaignie
Shuld rewe a singuler mannes folie.
To sclander you is no thing min entent,
But to correcten that is mis I ment.
This tale was not only told for you,
But eke for other mo: ye wote wel how
That among Cristes aposteles twelve
Ther was no traitour but Judas himselve:
Than why shuld al the remenant have blame,
That gittles were? by you I say the same.

Save only this, if ye wol herken me,
If any Judas in your covent be,
Removeth him betimes, I you rede,
If shame or los may causen any drede.
And be no thing displesed I you pray,
But in this cas herkeneth what I say.

In London was a preest, an annuellere,
That therin dwelled hadde many a yere,
Which was so plesant and so servisable
Unto the wif, ther as he was at table,
That she wold suffer him no thing to pay
For borde ne clothing, went he never so gay ;
And spending silver had he right ynow :
Therof no force ; I wol proceed as now,
And tellen forth my tale of the chanon,
That broughte this preest to confusion.

This false chanon came upon a day
Unto the preestes chambre, ther he lay,
Beseching him to lene him a certain
Of gold, and he wold quite it him again.
“ Lene me a marke,” quod he, “ but dayes three,
And at my day I wol it quiten thee.
And if it so be, that thou finde me false,
Another day hang me up by the halse.”

This preest him toke a marke, and that as swith,
And this chanon him thanked often sith,
And toke his leve, and wente forth his wey :
And at the thridde day brought his money ;
And to the preest he toke his gold again,
Wherof this preest was wonder glad and fain.

“ Certes,” quod he, “ nothing anoieth me
To lene a man a noble, or two, or three,
Or what thing were in my possession,
Whan he so trewe is of condition,

That in no wise he breken wol his day :
To swiche a man I can never say nay."

"What?" quod this chanon, "shuld I be untrewed
Nay, that were thing fallen al of the newe.
Trowth is a thing that I wol ever kepe,
Unto the day in which that I shal crepe
Into my grave, and elles God forbede :
Beleveth this as siker as your crede.
God thanke I, and in good time be it sayde,
That ther n'as never man yet evil apayde
For gold ne silver that he to me lent,
Ne never falshede in min herte I ment.

"And, sire," (quod he) "now of my privetee,
Sin ye so goodlich have ben unto me,
And kithed to me so gret gentillesse,
Somwhat, to quiten with your kindenesse,
I wol you shewe, and if you lust to lere
I wol you techen plainly the manere,
How I can werken in philosophie.
Taketh good heed, ye shuln wel sen at eye,
That I wol do a maistrie or I go."

"Ye?" quod the preest, "ye, sire, and wol ye so?
Mary therof I pray you hertily."

"At your commandement, sire, trewely,
Quod the chanon, "and elles God forbede."
Lo, how this thefe coude his service bede.

Ful soth it is that swiche profered service
Stinketh, as witnessen thise olde wise ;
And that ful sone I wol it verifie
In this chanon, rote of all trecherie,
That evermore delight hath and gladnesse
(Swiche fendly thoughtes in his herte empresse)
How Cristes peple he may to meschief bring.
God kepe us from his false dissimuling.

Nought wiste this preest with whom that he delt,
Ne of his harme coming nothing he felt.
O sely preest, o sely innocent,
With covetise anon thou shalt be blent;
O graceles, ful blind is thy conceite,
For nothing art thou warc of the disceite,
Which that this fox yslapen hath to thee;
His wily wrenches thou ne mayst not flee.
Wherfor to go to the conclusion
That referreth to thy confusion,
Unhappy man, anon I wol me hie
To tellen thin unwit and thy folie,
And eke the falsenesse of that other wrtch,
As ferforth as that my conning wol stretch.

This chanon was my lord, ye wolden wene;
Sire Hoste, in faith, and by the Heven quene,
It was another chanon, and not he,
That can an hundred part more subtiltee.
He hath betraied folkes many a time;
Of his falsenesse it dulleth me to rime.
Ever whan that I speke of his falshede
For shame of him my chekes waxen rede;
Algates they begynnen for to glowe,
For rednesse have I non, right wel I knowe,
In my visage, for fumes diverse
Of metals, which ye have herd me rcherse.
Consumed han and wasted my redncsse.
Now take hede of this chanons cursednesse.
“Sirc,” quod the chanon, “let your yeman gon
For quiksilver, that we it had anon;
And let him bringen unces two or three;
And whan he cometh, as faste shul ye sec
A wonder thing, which ye saw never er this.”
“Sire,” quod the preest, “it shal be don ywis.”

He bad his servant fetchen him this thing,
And he al redy was at his bidding,
And went him forth, and came anon again
With this quiksilver, shortly for to sain,
And toke thise unces three to the chanoun;
And he hem laide wel and faire adoun,
And bad the servant coles for to bring,
That he anon might go to his werking."

The coles right anon weren yfet,
And this chanon toke out a crosselet
Of his bosome, and shewed it to the preest.
"This instrument," quod he, "which that thou seest,
Take in thyn hond, and put thyself therin
Of this quiksilver an unce, and here begin
In the name of Crist to wex a philosopre.
Ther be ful fewe, which that I wolde profre
To shewen hem thus muche of my science:
For here shul ye see by experience,
That this quiksilver I wol mortifie,
Right in your sight anon withouten lie,
And make it as good silver and as fine,
As ther is any in your purse or mine,
Or elles wher; and make it malliable;
And elles holdeth me false and unable
Amonges folk for ever to appere.

"I have a pouder here that cost me dere,
Shal make all good, for it is cause of all
My conning, which that I you shewen shall.
Voideth your man, and let him be therout;
And shet the dore, while we ben about
Our privetee, that no man us espie,
While that we werke in this philosophie."

All, as he bade, fulfilled was in dede.
This ilke servant anon right out yede,

And his maister shette the dore anon,
And to hir labour spedily they gon.

This preest at this cursed chanons bidding,
Upon the fire anon he set this thing,
And blew the fire, and besied him ful fast.
And this chanon into the crosselet cast
A pouder, n'ot I never wherof it was
Ymade, other of chalk, other of glas,
Or somewhat elles, was not worth a flie,
To blinden with this preest; and bade him hie
The coles for to couchen all above
The crosselet; "for in tokening I thee love,"
(Quod this chanon) "thine owen hondes two
Shal werken all thing which that here is do."

"*Grand mercy*," quod the preest, and was ful glad,
And couched the coles as the chanon bad.
And while he besy was, this fendly wretch,
This false chanon (the foule fend him fetch)
Out of his bosom toke a bechen cole,
In which ful subtilly was made an hole,
And therin put was of silver limaile
An unce, and stopped was withouten faile
The hole with wax, to kepe the limaile in.

And understandeth, that this false gin
Was not made ther, but it was made before;
And other thinges I shal tell you more
Hereafterward, which that he with him brought;
Er he came ther, him to begile he thought,
And so he did, or that they went atwin:
Til he had torned him, could he not blin.
It dulleth me, whan that I of him speke;
On his falshede fain wold I me awreke,
If I wist how, but he is here and ther,
He is so variaunt, he abit no wher.

But taketh hede, sires, now for Goddes love.
He toke his cole, of which I spake above,
And in his hond he bare it prively,
And whiles the preest couched besily
The coles, as I tolde you er this,
This chanon sayde ; “Frend, ye don amis ;
This is not couched as it ought to be,
But sone I shal amenden it,” quod he.
“Now let me meddle therewith but a while,
For of you have I pitee by Seint Gile.
Ye ben right hot, I see wel how ye swete ;
Have here a cloth and wipe away the wete.”

And whiles that the preest wiped his face,
This chanon toke his cole, with sory grace,
And laied it above on the midward
Of the crosselet, and blew wel afterward,
Til that the coles gonnen fast to bren.

“Now yeve us drinke,” quod this chanon then,
“As swithe all shal be wel, I undertake.
Sitte we doun, and let us mery make.”
And whanne that this chanones bechen cole
Was brent, all the limaile out of the hole
Into the crosselet anon fell adoun ;
And so it muste nedes by resoun,
Sin it above so even couched was ;
But therof wist the preest nothing, alas !
He demed all the coles ylike good,
For of the sleight he nothing understood.

And whan this alkymistre saw his time,
“Riseth up, sire preest,” quod he, “and stondeth
And for I wote wel ingot have ye non, [by me ;
Goth, walketh forth, and bringeth a chalk ston ;
For I wol make it of the same shap,
That is an ingot, if I may have hap.

Bring eke with you a bolle or elles a panne
Ful of water, and ye shul wel see thanne
How that our besinesse shal thrive and preve.
And yet, for ye shul have no misbeleve,
No wrong conceit of me in your absence,
I ne wol not ben out of your presence,
But go with you, and come with you again."

The chambre dore, shortly for to sain,
They opened and shet, and went hir wey,
And forth with hem they caried the key,
And camen again withouten any delay.
What shuld I tarien all the longe day?
He toke the chalk, and shope it in the wise
Of an ingot, as I shal you devise;
I say, he toke out of his owen sleve.
A teinte of silver (yvel mote he cheve)
Which that ne was but a just unce of weight.
And taketh heed now of his cursed sleight;
He shop his ingot, in length and in brede
Of thilke teine, withouten any drede,
So slily, that the preest it not espide;
And in his sleve again he gan it hide;
And from the fire he toke up his matere,
And in the ingot it put with mery chere:
And in the water-vessel he it cast,
Whan that him list, and bad the preest as fast,
"Loke what ther is; put in thin hond and grope;
Thou shalt ther finden silver as I hope.
What, divel of Helle! shuld it elles be?
Shaving of silver, silver is parde."

He put his hond in, and toke up a teine
Of silver fine, and glad in every veine
Was this preest, whan he saw that it was so.
"Goddes blessing, and his mothers also,

And alle Halwes, have ye, sire chanon,"
Sayde this preest, "and I hir malison,
But, and ye vouchesauf to techen me
This noble craft and this subtilitee,
I wol be your in all that ever I may."

Quod the chanon, "Yet wol I make assay
The second time, that ye mow taken hede,
And ben expert of this, and in your nede
Another day assay in min absence
This discipline, and this crafty science.
Let take another unce," quod he tho,
"Of quiksilver, withouten wordes mo,
And do therwith as ye have don er this
With that other, which that now silver is."

The preest him besieth all that ever he can
To don as this chanon, this cursed man,
Commandeth him, and faste blewe the fire,
For to come to the effect of his desire.
And this chanon right in the mene while
Al redy was this preest eft to begile,
And for a countenance in his hond bare
An holow stikke, (take kepe and beware)
In the ende of which an unce and no more
Of silver limaile put was, as before
Was in his cole, and stopped with wax wel
For to kepe in his limaile every del.
And while this preest was in his besinesse,
This chanon with his stikke gan him dresse
To him anon, and his poudre cast in,
As he did erst, (the devil out of his skin
Him torne, I pray to God, for his falshede,
For he was ever false in thought and dede)
And with his stikke, above the crosselet,
That was ordained with that false get,

He stirreth the coles, til relenten gan
The wax again the fire, as every man,
But he a fool be, wote wel it mote nede.
And all that in the stikke was out ycde,
And in the crosselet hastily it fell.

Now, goode sires, what wol ye bet than wel?
Whan that this preest was thus begiled again,
Supposing nought but trouthe, soth to sain,
He was so glad, that I can not expresse
In no manere his mirth and his gladnesse,
And to the chanon he profered eftsone
Body and good: "Ye," quod the chanon, "sone,
Though poure I be, crafty thou shalt me finde:
I warne thee wel, yet is ther more behinde.

"Is ther any copper here within?" said he.
"Ye, sire," quod the preest, "I trow ther be."

"Elles go beie us som, and that as swithe.
Now, goode sire, go forth thy way and hie the."

He went his way, and with the copper he came,
And this chanon it in his hondcs name,
And of that copper weyed out an unce.
To simple is my tonge to pronounce,
As minister of my wit, the doublenesse
Of this chanon, rote of all cursednesse.
He semed frendly, to hem that knew him nought,
But he was fendly, both in werk and thought.
It werieth me to tell of his falsnesse;
And natheles yet wol I it expresse,
To that entent men may beware therby,
And for non other cause trewely.

He put this copper into the crosselet,
And on the fire as swithe he hath it set,
And cast in poudre, and made the preest to blow,
And in his werking for to stoupen low,

As he did erst, and all n'as but a jape ;
Right as him list the preest he made his ape.
And afterward in the ingot he it cast,
And in the panne put it at the last.
Of water, and in he put his owen hond ;
And in his sleve, as ye beforen hond
Herde me tell, he had a silver teine ;
He slily toke it out, this cursed heine,
(Unweting this preest of his false craft)
And in the pannes botome he it laft.
And in the water rombled to and fro,
And wonder prively toke up also
The copper teine, (not knowing thilke preest)
And hid it, and him hente by the brest,
And to him spake, and thus said in his game ;
“Stoupeth adoun ; by God ye be to blame ;
Helpeth me now, as I did you whilere ;
Put in your hond, and loketh what is there.”

The preest toke up this silver teine anon ;
And thanne said the chanon, “Let us gon
With thise three teines which that we han wrought,
To som goldsmith, and wete if they ben ought :
For by my faith I n'olde for my hood
But if they weren silver fine and good,
And that as swithe wel preved shal it be.”

Unto the goldsmith with thise teines three
They went anon, and put hem in assay
To fire and hammer : might no man say nay,
But that they weren as hem ought to be.

This soted preest, who was gladder than he ?
Was never brid gladder agains the day,
Ne nightingale in the seson of May
Was never non, that list better to sing,
Ne lady lustier in carolling,

Or for to speke of love and womanhede,
Ne knight in armes don a hardy dede
To stonden in grace of his lady dere,
Than hadde this preest this craft for to lere ;
And to the chanon thus he spake and seid ;
“For the love of God, that for us alle deid,
And as I may deserve it unto you,
What shal this receit cost? telleth me now.”

“By our lady,” quod this chanon, “it is dere.
I warne you wel, that, save I and a frere,
In Englelond ther can no man it make.”

“No force,” quod he ; “now, sire, for Goddes
sake,
What shall I pay? telleth me, I you pray.”

“Ywis,” quod he, “it is ful dere I say.
Sire, at o word, if that you list it have,
Ye shal pay fourty pound, so God me save ;
And n’ere the frendship that ye did er this
To me, ye shulden payen more ywis.”

‘This preest the sum of fourty pound anon
Of nobles fet, and toke hem everich on
To this chanon, for this ilke receit.
All his werking n’as but fraud and deceit.

“Sire preest,” he said, “I keep for to have no
loos
Of my craft, for I wold it were kept cloos ;
And as ye love me, kepeth it secree :
For if men knewen all my subtiltee,
By God they wolden have so gret envie
To me, because of my philosophie,
I shuld be ded, ther were non other way.”

“God it forbede,” quod the preest, “what ye
say.

Yet had I lever spenden all the good
Which that I have, (and elles were I wood)
Than that ye shuld fallen in swiche meschefe.”

“For your good will, sire, have ye right good
preefe,”

Quod the chanon, “and farewel, *grand mercy*.”
He went his way, and never the preest him sey
After that day: and whan that this preest shold
Maken assay, at swiche time as he wold,
Of this receit, farewel, it n’olde not be.
Lo, thus bejaped and begiled was he:
Thus maketh he his introduction
To bringen folk to hir destruction.

Considereth, sires, how that in eche estat
Betwixen men and gold ther is debat,
So ferforth that unnethes is ther non.
This multiplying so blint many on,
That in good faith I trowe that it be
The cause gretest of swiche scarsitee.
Thise philosophres speke so mistily
In this craft, that men cannot come therby,
For any wit that men have now adayes.
They mow wel chateren, as don thise jayes,
And in hir termes set hir lust and peine,
But to hir purpos shul they never atteine.
A man may lightly lerne, if he have ought,
To multiplie, and bring his good to nought.
Lo, swiche a lucre is in this lusty game;
A mannes mirth it wol turne al to grame,
And emptien also gret and hevy purses,
And maken folk for to purchasen curses
Of hem, that han therto hir good ylent.
O, fy for shame, they that han be brent.

Alas! can they not flee the fires hete?
Ye that it use, I rede that ye it lete,
Lest ye lese all; for bet than never is late:
Never to thriven, were to long a date.
Though ye prolle ay, ye shul it never find:
Ye ben as bold as is Bayard the blind,
That-blondereth forth, and peril casteth non:
He is as bold to renne agains a ston,
As for to go besides in the way:
So faren ye that multiplien, I say.
If that your eyen cannot seen aright,
Loketh that youre mind lacke not his sight.
For though ye loke never so brode and stare,
Ye shul not win a mite on that chaffare,
But wasten all that ye may rape and renne.
Withdraw the fire, lest it to faste brenne;
Medleth no more with that art, I mene;
For if ye don, your thrift is gon ful clene.
And right as swithe I wol you tellen here
What philosophres sain in this matere.

Lo, thus saith Arnolde of the newe toun,
As his Rosarie maketh mentioun,
He saith right thus, withouten any lie;
Ther may no man Mercurie mortifie,
But it be with his brothers knowleching.

Lo, how that he, whiche firste said this thing,
Of philosophres father was, Hermes:
He saith, how that the dragon douteles
Ne dieth not, but if that he be slain
With his brother. And this is for to sain,
By the dragon Mercury, and non other,
He understood, and brimstone by his brother,

That out of Sol and Luna were ydrawe.

And therefore, said he, "Take heed to my sawe,
Let no man besie him this art to seche,
But if that he the entention and speche
Of philosophres understonden can;
And if he do, he is a lewed man.

"For this science and this conning" (quod he)
"Is of the secree of secrees parde."

Also ther was a disciple of Plato,
That on a time said his maister to,
As his book Senior wol bere witnesse,
And this was his demand in sothfastnesse :

"Telle me the name of thilke privee ston :

And Plato answerd unto him anon ;

"Take the ston that Titanos men name."

"Which is that?" quod he. "Magnetia is the
same."

Saide Plato. "Ye, sire, and is it thus ?

This is *ignotum per ignotius*.

What is magnetia, good sire, I pray ?"

"It is a water that is made, I say,

Of the elementes foure," quod Plato.

"Tell me the rote, good sire," quod he tho,

"Of that water, if that it be your will."

"Nay, nay," quod Plato, "certain that I n'ill.

The philosophres were sworne everich on,

That they ne shuld discover it unto non,

Ne in no book it write in no manere ;

For unto God it is so lefe and dere,

That he wol not that it discovered be,

But wher it liketh to his deitee

Man for to enspire, and eke for to defende

Whom that him liketh ; lo, this is the ende."

Than thus conclude I, sin that God of Heven
Ne wol not that the philosophres neven,
How that a man shal come unto this ston,
I rede as for the best to let it gon.
For who so maketh God his adversary,
As for to werken any thing in contrary
Of his will, certes never shal he thrive,
Though that he multiply terme of his live.
And ther a point; for ended is my tale.
God send every good man bote of his bale.

THE
FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

A gentlewoman out of an arbour in a grove, seeth a great company of knights and ladies in a daunce upon the greene grass: the which being ended, they all kneel down, and do honour to the daisie, some to the flower, and some to the leaf. Afterward this gentlewoman learneth hy one of these ladies the meaning hereof, which is this: They which honour the flower, a thing fading with every hlast, are such as look after beauty and worldly pleasure. But they that honour the leaf, which abideth with the root, notwithstanding the frosts and winter storms, are they which follow vertue and during qualities, without regard of worldly respects.

WHAN that Phebus his chaire of gold so hie
Had whirled vp the sterry sky aloft,
And in the Boole was entred certainly,
Whan shoures sweet of raine discended oft,
Causing the ground fele times and oft,
Up for to giue many an wholesome aire,
And euery plaine was clothed faire

With new green, and maketh small floures
To springen here and there in field and in mede,
So very good and wholesom be the shoures,
'That it renueth that was old and dede,
In winter time and out of euery sede

Springeth the hearbe, so that euery wight
Of this season wexeth glad and light.

And I so glad of the season swete,
Was happed thus vpon a certaine night,
As I lay in my bed, sleepe full vnmete
Was vnto me, but why that I ne might
Rest, I ne wist, for there nas earthly wight
As I suppose had more hertes ease
Than I, for I nad sicknesse nor disease.

Wherefore I meruail greatly of my selfe,
That I so long withouten slepe lay,
And vp I rose thee houres after twelfe,
About the springing of the day,
And on I put my geare and mine array,
And to a pleasaunt groue I gan passe,
Long or the bright Sonne vp risen was.

In which were okes great, streight as a line,
Under the which the grasse so fresh of hew,
Was newly sprong, and an eight foot or nine
Euery tree well fro his fellow grew,
With branches brode, lade with leues new,
That sprongen out ayen the sunne shene,
Some very red, and some a glad light grene.

Which as me thought was right a pleasant sight,
And eke the briddes song for to here,
Would haue rejoyced any earthly wight,
And I that couth not yet in no manere
Heare the nightingale of all the yeare,
Ful busily herkened with herte and with eare,
If I her voice perceiue coud any where.

And at the last a path of little bread
I found, that greatly had not vsed be,
For it forgrowne was with grasse and weed,
That well vnneth a wight might it se :
Though I this path some whider goth parde,
And so I followed, till it me brought
To right a pleasaunt herber well ywrought.

That benched was, and with turfes new
Freshly turued, whereof the grene gras,
So small, so thicke, so short, so fresh of hew,
That most like vnto green well wot I it was,
The hegge also that yede in compas,
And closed in all the greene herbere,
With sicamour was set and eglatere.

Wrethen in fere so well and cunningly,
That euery branch and leafe grew by mesure,
Plaine as a bord, of an height by and by,
I see neuer thing I you ensure,
So well done, for he that tooke the cure
It to make ythrow, did all his peine
To make it passe all tho that men haue seine.

And shapen was this herber roofe and all
As a prety parlour, and also
The hegge as thicke as a castle wall,
That who that list without to stond or go,
Though he would all day prien to and fro,
He should not see if there were any wight
Within or no, but one within well might

Perceiue all tho that yeden there without
In the field that was on euery side

Couered with corn and grasse, that out of doubt,
Though one would seeke all the world wide,
So rich a field coud not be espide
On no coast, as of the quantity,
For of all good thing there was plenty.

And I that all this pleasaunt sight sie,
Thought sodainly I felt so sweet an aire
Of the eglentere, that certainly
There is no herte I deme in such dispaire,
Ne with thoughts froward and contraire,
So ouerlaid, but it should soone haue bote,
If it had ones felt this sauour sote.

And as I stood and cast aside mine eie,
I was ware of the fairest medle tree
That euer yet in all my life I sie,
As full of blossomes as it might be,
Therin a goldfinch leaping pretile
Fro bough to bough, and as him list he eet
Here and there of buds and floures sweet.

And to the herber side was joyning
This faire tree, of which I haue you told,
And at the last the brid began to sing,
Whan he had eaten what he eat wold,
So passing sweetly, that by manifold
It was more pleasaunt than I coud deuise,
And whan his song was ended in this wise,

The nightingale with so merry a note
Answered him, that all the wood rong
So sodainly, that as it were a sote,

I stood astonied, so was I with the song
Thorow rauished, that till late and long,
I ne wist in what place I was, ne where,
And ayen me thought she song euen by mine ere.

Wherefore I waited about busily
On euery side, if I her might see,
And at the last I gan full well asprie
Where she sat in a fresh grene laurer tree,
On the further side euen right by me,
That gaue so passing a delicious smell,
According to the eglentere full well.

Whereof I had so inly great pleasure,
That as me thought I surely rauished was
Into Paradice, where my desire
Was for to be, and no ferther passe
As for that day, and on the sote grasse
I sat me downe, for as for mine entent,
The birds song was more conuenient,

And more pleasaunt to me by manifold,
Than meat or drinke, or any other thing,
Thereto the herber was so fresh and cold,
The wholesome sauours eke so comforting,
That as I demed, sith the beginning
Of the world was neuer seene or than
So pleasaunt a ground of none earthly man.

And as I sat the birds harkening thus,
Me thought that I heard voices sodainly,
The most sweetest and most delicious
That euer any wight I trow truly
Heard in their life, for the armony

And sweet accord was in so good musike,
That the uoice to angels most was like.

At the last out of a groue euen by,
That was right goodly and pleasant to sight,
I sie where there came singing lustily
A world of ladies, but to tell aright
Their great beauty it lieth not in my might,
Ne their array, neuerthelesse I shall
Tell you a part, though I speake not of all.

The surcotes white of veluet wele sitting,
They were in clad, and the semes echone,
As it were a manner garnishing,
Was set with emerauds one and one,
By and by, but many a rich stone
Was set on the purples out of dout
Of colors, sleues, and traines round about.

As great pearles round and orient,
Diamonds fine and rubies red,
And many another stone, of which I went
The names now, and euerich on her head
A rich fret of gold, which without dread
Was full of stately rich stones set,
And euery lady had a chapelet

On her head of fresh and greene,
So wele wrought and so meruellously,
That it was a noble sight to seene,
Some of laurer, and some full pleasantly
Had chapelets of woodbind, and sadly
Some of agnus castus were also
Chapelets fresh, but there were many of tho

That daunced and eke song full soberly,
But all they yede in manner of compace,
But one of there yede in mid the company,
Soole by her selfe, but all followed the pace
That she kept, whose heauenly figured face
So pleasant was, and her wele shape person,
That of beauty she past hem euerichone.

And more richly beseene by manifold
She was also in euery manner thing,
On her head full pleasaunt to behold,
A crowne of gold rich for any king,
A braunch of agnus castus eke bearing
In her hand, and to my sight truly,
She lady was of the company.

And she began a roundell lustely,
That "Suse le foyle, de vert moy," men call,
"Seen et mon ioly cuer en dormy,"
And than the company answered all,
With voice sweet entuned, and so small,
That me thought it the sweetest melody
That euer I heard in my life soothly.

And thus they came dauncing and singing
Into the middest of the mede echone,
Before the herber where I was sitting,
And God wot me thought I was wel bigone,
For than I might aise hem one by one,
Who fairest was, who coud best dance or sing,
Or who most womanly was in all thing.

They had not daunced but a little throw,
Whan that I heard not ferre off sodainly,

So great a noise of thundring trumps blow,
As though it should haue departed the skie,
And after that within a while I sie,
From the same groue where the ladies come out,
Of men of armes comming such a rout,

As all the men on earth had ben assembled
In that place, wele horsed for the nones,
Stering so fast, that all the earth trembled:
But for to speake of riches and stones,
And men and horse I trow the large wones,
Of Pretir John ne all his tresory,
Might not vnneth haue boght the tenth party.

Of their array who so list heare more,
I shall rehearse so as I can alite:
Out of the groue that I spake of before,
I sie come first all in their clokes white,
A company that ware for their delite,
Chapelets fresh of okes seriall,
Newly sprong, and trumpets they were all.

On euery trumpe hanging a broad banere
Of fine tartarium were full richely bete,
Euery trumpet his lords armes bere
About their neckes with great pearles sete,
Collers brode for cost they would not lete,
As it would seem for their schochones echone,
Were set about with many a precious stone.

Their horse harneis was all white also,
And after them next in one company,
Came kings of armes and no mo

In clokes of white cloth of gold richly,
Chapelets of greene on their heads on hie,
The crowns that they on their scochones bere.
Were set with pearle, ruby, and saphere.

And eke great diamonds many one,
But all their horse harneis and other geare
Was in a sute according euerychone,
As ye haue heard that foresaid trumpets were,
And by seeming they were nothing to lere,
And their guiding, they did so manerly,
And after hem came a great company

Of herauds and purseuaunts eke,
Arrayed in clothes of white veluet,
And hardily they were no thing to seke,
How they on hem should the harneis set,
And euery man had on a chapelet
Scochones and eke horse harneis indede,
They had in sute of hem that before hem yede.

Next after hem came in armour bright
All saue their heads, seemely knights nine,
And euery claspe and naile as to my sight
Of their harneis were of red gold fine,
With cloth of gold, and furred with ermine
Were the trappors of their stedes strong,
Wide and large, that to the ground did hong.

And euery bosse of bridle and paitrell
That they had, was worth as I would wene,
A thousand pound, and on their heads well
Dressed were crownes of laurer grene,
The best made that euer I had sene,

And euery knight had after him riding
Three hēnshmen on him awaiting.

Of which euery on o short tronchoun
His lords helme bare, so richly dight,
That the worst was worth the ransoun
Of a king, the second a shield bright
Bare at his necke, the thred bare vpright
A mighty spere, full sharpe ground and kene,
And euery child ware of leaues grene

A fresh chapelet vpon his haire bright,
And clokes white of fine veluet they were,
Their steeds trapped and raied right
Without difference as their lords were,
And after hem on many a fresh corsere,
There came of armed knights such a rout,
That they besprad the large field about.

And all they ware after their degrees
Chaplets new made of laurer grene,
Some of oke, and some of other trees,
Some in their honds bare boughs shene,
Some of laurer, and some of okes kene,
Some of hauthorne, and some of woodbind,
And many mo which I had not in mind.

And so they came their horses freshly stering
With bloody sownes of hir trompes loud,
There sie I many an vncouth disguising
In the array of these knights proud,
And at the last as euenly as they coud,
They took their places in middes of the mede,
And euery knight turned his horse hede

To his fellow, and lightly laid a spere
In the rest, and so justes began
On euery part about here and there, [man,
Some brake his spere, some drew down hors and
About the field astray the steeds ran,
And to behold their rule and gouernaunce,
I you ensure it was a great plesaunce.

And so the justs last an houre and more,
But tho that crowned were in laurer grene,
Wan the prise, their dints were so sore,
That there was none ayenst hem might sustene,
And the justing all was left off clene,
And fro their horse the ninth alight anone,
And so did all the remnant euerichone.

And forth they yede togider twain and twain,
That to behold it was a worthy sight
Toward the ladies on the greene plaine,
That song and daunced as I said now right:
The ladies as soone as they goodly might,
They brake of both the song and dance,
And yede to meet hem with ful glad semblance.

And euery lady tooke full womanly
By the hond a knight, and forth they yede
Unto a fair laurer that stood fast by,
With leues lade the boughes of great brede,
And to my dome there neuer was indede
Man, that had seene halfe so faire a tree,
For vnderneath there might it well haue be

An hundred persons at their owne plesaunce
Shadowed fro the heat of Phebus bright,

So that they shuld haue felt no greuance
Of raine ne haile that hem hurt might,
The sauour eke rejoyce would any wight,
That had be sicke or melancolious,
It was so very good and vertuous.

And with great reuerence they enclining low
To the tree so soot and faire of hew,
And after that within a little throw
They began to sing and daunce of new,
Some song of loue, some plaining of vntrew,
Enuironning the tree that stood vpright,
And euer yede a lady and a knight.

And at the last I cast mine eye aside,
And was ware of a lusty company
That came roming out of the field wide,
Hond in hond a knight and a lady,
The ladies all in surcotes, that richely
Purfiled were with many a rich stone,
And euery knight of green ware mantles on,

Embrouded well so as the surcotes were,
And euerich had a chapelet on her hed,
Which did right well vpon the shining here,
Made of goodly floures white and red,
The knights eke that they in hond led
In sute of hem ware chapelets euerychone,
And before hem went minstrels many one,

As harpes, pipes, lutes, and sautry
All in greene, and on their heads bare
Of diuers floures made full craftely

All in a sute goodly chapelets they ware,
And so dauncing into the mede they fare,
In mid the which they found a tuft that was
All ouersprad with floures in compas.

Whereto they enclined euerychone
With great reuerence, and that full humbly,
And at the last there began anone
A lady for to sing right womanly
A bargaret in praising the daisie,
For as me thought among her notes swete,
She said "Si douset et la Margarete."

Than they all answered her in fere,
So passingly well, and so pleasauntly,
That it was a blisful noise to here,
But I not it happed suddainly,
As about noone the Sonne so feruently
Waxe hote, that the prety tender floures
Had lost the beauty of hir fresh colours.

For shronke with heat, the ladies eke to brent,
That they ne wist where they hem might bestow,
The knights swelt for lack of shade nie shent,
And after that within a little throw,
The wind began so sturdily to blow,
That down goeth all the floures euerichone,
So that in all the mede there laft not one,

Save such as succoured were among the leues,
Fro euery storme that might hem assaile,
Growing vnder hedges and thicke greues,
And after that there came a storme of haile,
And raine in fere, so that withouten faile,

The ladies ne the knights nade o threed
Drie on them, so dropping was hir weed.

And whan the storm was cleane passed away,
Tho in white that stood vnder the tree,
They felt nothing of the great affray,
That they in greene without had in ybe,
To them they yede for routh and pite,
Them to comfort after their great disease,
So faine they were the helplesse for to ease.

Than I was ware how one of hem in grene
Had on a crowne rich and well sitting,
Wherefore I demed well she was a quene,
And tho in greene on her were awaiting,
The ladies than in white that were comming
Toward them, and the knights in fere
Began to comfort hem, and make hem chere.

The queen in white, that was of great beauty,
Took by the hond the queen that was in grene,
And said, "Suster, I have right great pitie
Of your annoy, and of the troublous tene,
Wherein ye and your company haue bene
So long alas, and if that it you please
To go with me, I shall do you the ease,

"In all the pleasure that I can or may,"
Whereof the tother humbly, as she might,
Thanked her, for in right ill array
She was with storm and heat I you behight,
And euery lady than anone right
That were in white, one of them took in grene
By the hond, which whan the knights had sene,

In likewise ech of them tooke a knight
Clad in greene, and forth with hem they fare,
To an hegge, where they anon right
To make their justs they would not spare
Boughes to hew down, and eke trees square,
Wherwith they made hem stately fires great,
To dry their clothes that were wringing weat.

And after that of hearbs that there grew,
They made for blisters of the Sunne brenning,
Very good and wholesome ointments new,
Where that they yede the sick fast anointing,
And after that they yede about gadering
Pleasant salades which they made hem eat,
For to refresh their great vnkindly heat.

The lady of the Leafe than began to pray
Her of the Floure (for so to my seeming
They should be as by their array)
To soupe with her, and eke for any thing,
That she should with her all her people bring :
And she ayen in right goodly manere,
Thanketh her of her most friendly cheare,

Saying plainly that she would obey
With all her herte all her commaundement.
And than anon without lenger delay
The lady of the Leafe hath one ysent
For a palfray, after her intent,
Arrayed well and faire in harneis of gold,
For nothing lacked, that to him long shold.

And after that to all her company
She made to puruey horse and euery thing

That they needed, and than full lustily,
Euen by the herber where I was sitting
They passed all so pleasantly singing,
That it would haue comforted any wight,
But than I sie a passing wonder sight.

For than the nightingale, that all the day
Had in the laurer sete, and did her might
The whole seruice to sing longing to May.
All sodainly gan to take her flight,
And to the lady of the Leafe forthright
She flew, and set her on her hond softly,
Which was a thing I marueled of greatly.

The goldfinch eke, that fro the medle tree
Was fled for heat into the bushes cold,
Unto the lady of the Flower gan flee,
And on her hond he set him as he wold,
And pleasauntly his wings gan to fold,
And for to sing they pained hem both as sore,
As they had do of all the day before.

And so these ladies rode forth a great pace,
And all the rout of knights eke in fere,
And I that had seen all this wonder case,
Thought I would assay in some manere,
To know fully the trouth of this matere,
And what they were that rode so pleasantly,
And whan they were the herber passed by,

I drest me forth, and happed to mete anone
Right a faire lady I you ensure,
And she come riding by her selfe alone,

All in white, with semblance ful demure :
I saluted her, and bad her good auenture
Might her befall, as I coude most humbly,
And she answered, "My doughter gramercy."

"Madame" (quod I) "if that I durst enquire
Of you, I would faine of that company
Wit what they be that past by this arbere,"
And she ayen answered right friendly :
"My faire doughter, all tho that passed here by
In white clothing, be seruaunts euerichone
Unto the Lcace, and I my sclfe am one.

"See ye not her that crowned is" (quod she)
"All in white?"—"Madame" (quod I) "yes!"
"That is Diane, goddesse of chastite,
And for because that she a maiden is,
In her hond the braunch she beareth this,
That agnus castus men call properly,
And all the ladies in her company,

"Which ye se of that hearb chaplets weare,
Be such as han kept alway hir maidenheed :
And all they that of laurer chaplets beare,
Be such as hardy were and manly indecd,
Uictorious name which neuer may be dede,
And all they were so worthy of their hond,
In hir time that nonc might hem withstond.

"And tho that weare chaplets on thcir hede
Of fresh woodbind, be such as neuer were
To loue vntrue in word, thought, ne dede,
But aye stedfast, ne for pleasance ne fere,
Thogh that they shuld their hertes all to tere,

Would neuer flit but euer were stedfast,
Till that their liues there asunder brast."

"Now faire madame" (quod I) "yet I would pray,
Your ladiship if that it might be,
That I might know by some maner way,
Sith that it hath liked your beaute,
The trouth of these ladies for to tell me,
What that these knights be in rich armour,
And what tho be in grene and weare the flour?"

"And why that some did reuerence to that tre,
And some vnto the plot of floures faire :"
"With right good will my fair doghter" (quod she)
"Sith your desire is good and debonaire,
Tho nine crowned be very exemplaire,
Of all honour longing to chiuallry,
And those certaine be called the nine worthy,

"Which ye may see riding all before,
That in hir time did many a noble dede,
And for their worthinesse full oft haue bore
The crowne of laurer leaues on their hede,
As ye may in your old bookes rede,
And how that he that was a conquerour,
Had by laurer alway his most honour.

"And tho that beare bowes in their hond
Of the precious laurer so notable,
Be such as were I woll ye vnderstond,
Noble knights of the round table,
And cke the douseperis honourable,
Which they beare in signe of victory,
It is witnesse of their deeds mightily.

“Eke there be knights old of the garter,
That in hir time did right worthily,
And the honour they did to the laurer,
Is for by they haue their laud wholly,
Their triumph eke, and marshall glory,
Which vnto them is more parfit richesse,
Than any wight imagine can or gesse.

“For one leafe giuen of that noble tree
To any wight that hath done worthily,
And it be done so as it ought to be,
Is more honour than any thing earthly,
Witnesse of Rome that founder was truly
Of all knighthood and deeds maruelous,
Record I take of Titus Liuius.

“And as for her that crowned is in greene,
It is Flora, of these floures goddesses,
And all that here on her awaiting beene,
It are such that loued idlenesse,
And not delite of no businesse,
But for to hunt and hauke, and pley in medes,
And many other such idle dedes.

And for the great delite and pleasaunce
They haue to the floure, and so reuerently
They vnto it do such obeisaunce
As ye may see.”—“Now faire Madame” (quod I)
“If I durst aske what is the cause and why,
That knights haue the signe of honour,
Rather by the leafe than the flour.”

“Soothly doughter” (quod she) “this is the trouth,
For knights euer should be perseuering,

To seeke honour without feintise or slouth,
Fro wele to better in all manner thing,
In signe of which with leaues aye lasting,
They be rewarded after their degree,
Whose lusty green May may not appaired be,

“But aie keping their beautie fresh and greene,
For there nis storme that may hem deface,
Haile nor snow, wind nor frosts kene,
Wherfore they haue this property and grace
And for the floure within a little space
Woll be lost, so simple of nature
They be, that they no greeuance may endure.

“And euery storme will blow them soone away,
Ne they last not but for a season,
That is the cause, the very trouth to say,
That they may not by no way of reason
Be put to no such occupation.”

“Madame” (quod I) “with all mine whole seruise,
I thanke you now in my most humble wise.

“For now I am ascertained thoroughly,
Of euery thing I desired to know.”
I am right glad that I haue said soothly
Ought to your pleasure if ye will me trow :”
(Quod she ayen) “but to whom do ye owe
Your seruice, and which will ye honour,
Tel me I pray, this yere, the Leafe or the Flour.”

“Madame” (quod I) “though I least worthy,
Unto the Leafe I owe mine obseruaunce :”

“That is” (quod she) “right well done certainly,

And I pray God to honour you auaunce,
And kepe you fro the wicked remembraunce
Of male bouch, and all his crueltie,
And all that good and well conditioned be.

“For here may I no lenger now abide,
I must follow the great company
That ye may see yonder before you ride,”
And forth as I couth most humbly,
I tooke my leue of her as she gan hie,
After them as fast as euer she might,
And I drow homeward, for it was nigh night,

And put all that I had seene in writing
Under support of them that lust it to rede.
O little booke, thou art so vnconning,
How darst thou put thy self in prees for drede,
It is wonder that thou wexest not rede,
Sith that thou wost full lite who shall behold
Thy rude language, full boistously vnfold.

EXPLICIT.

SELECT POEMS
OF
JOHN GOWER.
WITH
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
BY
EZEKIEL SANFORD.

VOL. I.

T

LIFE OF GOWER.

JOHN GOWER was the intimate friend of Chaucer, and is supposed to have been born before him. The antiquaries have not been able to ascertain the place of his birth, or the character of his ancestors. Leland, who was commissioned by Henry VIII. to make researches into the English libraries, has traced his origin to an ancient family in Yorkshire; but Weaver makes him a Kentish man; and Caston says, he was a native of Wales. He was a fellow-student at law with Chaucer; and, though Thyrwhitt has laboured to prove a quarrel between them, there does not appear to have been any serious rupture; and it is certain that Gower lived to bestow many lines of praise upon his deceased contemporary.

His first work was the *Speculum Amentis*, written in ten books; which is nothing more than a compilation, in French, of all the precepts and examples, which are designed to inculcate chastity in the marriage state. The next, entitled *Vox Clamentis*, is in Latin; and pretends to give a poetical account of a popular insurrection in the reign of Richard II. There are no less than seven books concerning this and 'talia enormia.' But it is the *Confessio Amantis*, written in his native tongue, which entitles Gower to a place among the English poets. It is supposed

to have been finished in 1393; and is said to have been undertaken at the instance of Richard II.; who, we are told, happening to meet him on the Thames, invited him into his own barge, and enjoined him 'to booke some new thing.*' It was not among the best deeds of king Richard. The *Confessio Amantis* would occupy about three of our volumes; and, though occasionally relieved by a few happy lines, it is, as a poem, one of the most fatiguing medlies of verse, that we were ever doomed to peruse. The general subject is love; but the author has contrived to write about evry thing else.

Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.†

Nearly all the ancient literature and mythology are interwoven with what is called the confession of a lover; and it would, at first sight, appear really astonishing, that, at a time, when books could only be multiplied by transcription, an author should think of drawing out such an endless string of verse upon so trite a series of subjects. But what is now common-place was then new. All the earlier English poets only trod in the steps of foreigners; and, along with the other parts of their literature, they imported the continental mania for classic lore. The rage first began in Petrarch and Boccacio; and,

* This is, indeed, the author's own account:—

I thinke I haue it vnderstonde
As it befell vpon a tide,
As thyng, whiche shoulde the betide,
Under the towne of newe Troie,
Whiche toke of Brute his firste joye,
In Themse, whan it was flowende,
As I by hote came rowende, &c.

† Juvenal's book was really small; but Gower was modest to excess, in applying the same diminutive to his own gross volume.
* Intendet et auctor ad presens suum libellum,' &c. B. I.

during the latter part of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century, Italy, in particular, was little more than a busy laboratory of ancient literature. Her princes made it their glory to encourage letters. They became themselves the writers of elegant Greek and Latin verse. The discovery of a classic manuscript was an occasion of joy to them and their subjects; and they interested themselves in all the philological disputes of the learned men, with whom they took care to be surrounded. Even the popes could no longer resist the current; and, from the most determined enemies to all learning, they became the zealous protectors and the magnificent rewarders of literary merit. It was the erudition of Æneas Sylvius, that raised him to the chair of St. Peter; and, so universally was eminence in letters considered as a title to promotion, that the best schoolmasters were commonly the most successful candidates.

Among the leaders in this glorious emulation, was Casmo de Medicis, a Florentine merchant; whose zeal in the cause was only equalled by his ability to promote it. Master of all the monetary credit of Europe, and the equal of the kings, with whom he treated, he made his house the asylum of letters, and converted his gardens into academies of philosophy. His clerks collected manuscripts at the same time that they sold merchandize. His agents, dispersed over Europe and the Mahomedan states, were equally devoted to commerce and to literature; and his ships from Constantinople, Alexandria, and Symrna, were freighted with ancient manuscripts as well as mercantile wares. He opened, at the same time, one library at Venice, and another at Florence; and his example was followed by all the rich men and princes of his country. Schools were opened in all parts of Italy; and public lectures were at once the path to distinction, and a source of wealth. The passion for obtaining

books and founding libraries, together with the prodigious value attached to a beautiful copy of a manuscript, awakened the spirit of invention to multiply their numbers;—and the art of printing, says M. de Sismondi, originated at the moment when it was necessary, and for no other reason than because it was necessary.*

This exclusive devotion to ancient literature brought all native genius into discredit. Imitation took the place of originality; and, so extravagant was the admiration in which the learned languages were held, that nothing could be thought excellent which was not in Greek or Latin. Petrarch supposed, that his title to celebrity depended upon his Latin epic of *Africa*, written in imitation of Virgil; and, after Gower had composed the *Vox Clamantis*, he thought his poetical immortality achieved; nor was it until he received the order of his sovereign, that, in the blindness and decrepitude of age, he condescended to write a poem in English. The language, indeed, was English; but the subjects and the thoughts were still Greek or Latin. In form, the work is a Roman Catholic confession. The confessor is a priest of Venus. Every sort of topic is introduced; and the Heathen mythology, the Christian religion, personifications of the vices and virtues, Ovid's art of love, Aristotle's philosophy, ethics, and alchemy, are all jumbled into the same anomalous farrago. A great part of these things were then new and interesting; but repetition has destroyed their charms; and a modern reader turns over the leaf, when he encounters such lines as,

O thou Cupid, O thou Venus,
O Venus Queen of Love's cure, &c.

Gower sometimes displays considerable skill in turning his abstract discussions to the account of

* De La Lit. de Mid. D'Eur. t. ii. pp. 24, 28.

his main subject; and, as an example of his best manner, we subjoin what he says of that kind of avarice, which he personifies as usury:—

Upon the henche sittende on high
 With Auarice Vsure I sighe,
 Ful clothed of his owne sute,
 Whiche after golde maketh chase and sute
 With his brocours, that renne aboute
 Like vnto ratches in a route
 Suche lucre is none aboue grounde,
 Whiche is not of tho ratches founde.
 For where thei see heyete sterre,
 That shall hem in no wise asterre,
 But thei it driue in to the net
 Of lucre, whiche Vsure hath set.

Vsure with the riche dwelleth,
 To all that euer he hyeth and selleth
 He hath ordeined of his sleight
 Mesure double, and double weight.
 Outwarde he selleth by the lasse,
 And with the more he maketh his tasse,
 Wherof his hous is full within:
 He recheth nought be so he wyn,
 Though that there lese ten or twelue,
 His loue is all toward hym selue,
 And to none other: but he see,
 That he maie wynne suche thre
 For where he shall ought yeue or lene,
 He woll ayenward take a bene,
 There he hath lent the smal pese.
 And right so there ben many of these
 Louers, that though thei loue alite,
 That skarsly wolde it weye a mite:
 Yet wolde thei haue a pound ageyn,
 As doth Vsure in his bargayne.

It requires an ear somewhat practised in old English to feel the beauties of such poetry; and, after all, perhaps this specimen is little calculated to recommend an author's productions.

Gower's God of Love is blind; but it is a blind horse, instead of a blind boy:—

Who dare do thing, whiche loue ne dare?
To loue is euery lawe vnware,
But to the lawes of his hest
The fische, the fowle, the man, the best.
Of all the worldes kynde lowteth.
For loue is he, which nothyng douteth,
In mannes herte where it sitte.
He counteth nought toward his witte,
The wo, no more than the wele,
No more the hete, than the chele,
No more the wete, than the drie,
No more to liue, than to die:
So that to fore ne behynde
He seeth no thyng, but as the hlynde
Withoute insght of his courage,
He doth meruailes in his rage,
To what thyng that he wol hym drawe,
There is no god, there is no lawe
Of whom that he taketh any hede.
But as baiarde the blynde stede,
Till he falle in the ditche a midde,
He gothe there oo man will hym hidde,
He stant so ferforthe out of rewle,
There is no witte, that maie hym reule.
And thus to tell of hym in soothe,
Full many a wonder thyng he doothe,
That were better to he laste:
Amonge the whiche is withe crafte,
That somme men clepen sorcerie,
Whiche for to wyne his drewrie,
With many a circumstance he vseth,
There is no point, whiche he refusetb.

JOHN GOWER.

A TALE.

Hic contra amori inobedientes ad commendationem obedientie confessor super eodem exemplum ponit, ubi dicit. quod cum quidam regis Secilie filia in sue inuentutis floribus pulcherrime ex eius Nouerce incantationibus in vetulam turpissimam transformata esset, Florencius tunc imperatoris Claudii nepos, miles in armis strennuissimus amorosisque legibus intendens, ex sua obedientia in pulchritudinem pristinam reformauit.

THERE was whylom by daies olde
A worthy knight, as men tolde :
He was neuwe to the emperour,
And of his courte a courteour.
Wyfeles he was, Florent he hight,
He was a man, that mochell might :
Of armes he was desyrus,
Chiualrous, and amorous,
And for the fame of worldes speche
Strange auentures wolde he seche.
He rode the marches all aboute.
And fell a tyme, as he was out,
Fortune, whiche maie euery threde
To breke and knitte of mans spede

Shope, as this knight rode in a pase
That he by strength taken was,
And to a castell thei him ladde,
Where that he fewe frendes hadde.
For so it fell that ilke stounde,
That he hath with a deadly wounde
(Fightende) his owne hande slaine
Branchus, whiche to the Capitaine
Was sonne and heire, wherof ben wroth
The father and the mother bothe.
That knight Branchus was of his honde
The worthiest of all his londe :
And faine thei wolde do vengeance
Upon Florent, but remembrance,
That thei toke of his worthines
Of knighthode, and of gentilnes,
And how he stode of cosinage
To themperour, made them assuage,
And durst not slaine hym for feare.
In great desputeson thei were
Amonge them selfe, what was the best.
There was a ladie (the sliest
Of all that men knewe tho
So olde) she might vnnethes go :
And was grandame vnto the dede,
And she with that began to rede :
And she saide, she wolde bring him in
That he shall him to death winne,
All onely of his owne grante,
Through strength of veray couenant
Without blame of any wight.
Anone she sent for this knight,
And of hir sonne she aleide
The death, and thus to him she saide.

Florent howe so thou be to wite
Of Branchus deathe, men shall respite
As nowe to take auengement,
Be so thou stonde in iudgement
Upon certaine condicion,
That thou vnto a question,
Whiche I shall aske, shalt answer.
And ouer this thou shalt eke swere,
That if thou of the sothe faile,
There shall none other thyng e auaille,
That thou ne shalt thy dethe receiue,
And for men shall the not deceiue,
That thou therof mightest ben aduised,
Thou shalt haue daie and time assised,
And leue, safely for to wende.
Be so that at thy daies ende
Thou come ageine with thine aise.

This knight, whiche worthy was and wise,
This lady praieth, that he maie witte,
And haue it vnder seales writte,
What question it shulde bee,
For whiche he shall in that degree
Stonde of his life in ieopardie.
With that she freygneth companie
And saith Florent, on loue it hongeth
All that to myn askyng longeth,
What all women most desyre :
This woll I aske, and in thempire
Where thou hast most knowlageyng
Take counseile of this askyng.

Florent this thyng hath vndertake,
The tyme was sette, and daie take :
Under his seale he wrote his othe
In suche a wyse, and fourthe he gothe

Home to his emes courte againe,
To whome his auenture plaine
He tolde, of that is hym befall.
And vpon that thei were all
The wisest of the londe assent.
But netheles of one assent
Thei might not accorde plat.
One sayde this, an other that,
After the disposicion
Of naturall complexion.
To some woman it is plesance,
That to an other is greuance.
But suche a thyng in speciall,
Whiche to them all in generall
Is most plesant, and most desired
Aboue all other, and most conspired,
Suche one can thei not finde
By constellacion, ne by kinde.
And thus Florent without cure
Muste stonde vpon his auenture,
And is all shape vnto his liere,
And as in defaulte of his answer
This knight hath leauer for to die
Than breke his trowth, and for to lie
In place where he was swore.
And shapeth him gone ayene therfore,
Whan time come he toke his leaue,
That lenger wolde he not beleue,
And praieth his eme he be not wroth:
For that is a point of his othe
He saith, that no man shall him wreke,
Though afterwarde men here speke,
That he perauenture deie.
And thus he went forth his weie

Alone, as a knight auenturous,
And in this thought was curious
To witte, what was best to do.
And as he rode alone so,
And cam nigh there he wolde bee,
In a forest there vnder a tree
He sawe, where satte a creature,
A lothly womannishe figure,
That for to speake of flesshe and bone
So foule yet sawe I neuer none.
This knight behelde hir redily,
And as he wolde haue passed by,
She cleped hym, and bad him abide.
And he his hors head aside
Tho torned, and to hir he rode,
And there he houed, and abode
To wit what she wolde mene.
And she began him to bemene
And saide: Florent by thy name,
Thou haste on honde suehe a game,
That if thou be not better auised,
Thy deth shapen is, and deuised,
That all the worlde ne maie the saue,
But if that thou my counseill haue.

Florent whan he this tale herde,
Unto this olde wight answerde,
And of hir counsaile he hir praide.
And she ayene to him thus saide.

Florent, if I for the so shape,
That thou through me thy death escape,
And take worshippe of thy dede,
What shall I haue to my mede?

What thing (quod he) that thou wold axe,
I bid neuer a better taxe,

Quod she : but firste er thou be spedde,
Thou shalt me leaue suche a wedde,
That I woll haue thy troth on honde,
That thou shalt be myn husbonde.

Nay (saide Florent) that maie not bee,
Ride than forth thy wey, quod shee :
And if thou go forth without reade,
Thou shalt be sikerly deade.

Florent behight hir good enough,
Of londe, of rent, of parke, of plough :
But all that counteth she at nought.

Tho fell this knight in muche thought.
Now goth he forth, now cometh ayene,
He wote not what is beste to seyne :
And thought, as he rode to and fro,
That chose he motc one of the two,
Or for to take hir to his wife,
Or elles for to lese his life.
And than he caste his auantage,
That she was of so great an age,
That she maie liue but a while,
And thought to put hir in an Ile,
Wherc that no man hir shulde knowe,
Till she with death were ouerthrowe.

And thus this yonge lustie knight
Unto this olde lothely wight
Tho said : If that none other chance
Maie make my deliuerance,
But onely thilke same speche,
Whiche (as thou seist) thou shalt me teche,
Haue here min honde, I shall the wedde :
And thus his trouth he leyth to wedde.
With that she frounceth vp the browe.
This couenant woll I alowe

She saith, if any other thyng,
But that thou hast of my teachyng,
Fro deth thy body maie respite,
I woll the of thy trouth acquite,
And elles by non other weie :
Now herken me, what I shall seie.

Whan thou art come into the place,
Where nowe thei maken great manace,
And vpon thy comyng abide :
Thei woll anone the same tide
Oppose the of thine answer.
I wote thou wolt nothinge forbere
Of that thou wenest be thy beste.
And if thou mightest so fynde reste,
Well is, for than is ther no more :
And elles this shall be my lore,
That thou shalt saie vpon this molde,
That all women leuest wolde
Be soueraine of mans loue.
For what woman is so aboue,
She hath as who saith, all hir will,
And elles maie she nought fulfill
What thinge were hir leuest haue.

With this answer thou shalt saue
Thy selfe, and other wise nought.
And whan thou hast thy ende wrought,
Come here ayene thou shalt me fynde,
And let nothyng out of thy mynde.

He goth hym foorth with heuy chere,
As he that not in what manere
He may this worldes ioie atteine.
For if he die, he hath a peine :
And if he liue, he mote him bynde
To suche one, whiche of all kynde

Of women is the vnsemelieste :
Thus wote he not, what is the beste.
But be him lief, or be him loth,
Unto the castell foorth he goth,
His full answer for to yeue,
Or for to die, or for to liue.

Foorth with his counseile came the lorde,
The thynges stoden of recorde,
He sent vp for the ladie soone :
And foorth she came that olde moone
In presence of the remenant.
The strengthe of all the couenant
Tho was rehersed openly,
And to Florent she bad for thy,
That he shall tellen his auise,
As he that wote, what is the price.

Florent saieth all that euer he couth.
But suche worde cam ther none to mouth,
That he for yefte, or for beheste
Might any wise his deth areste :
And thus he tarieth longe and late,
Till this ladie bad algate,
That he shall for the dome finall
Yeue his answer in speciall,
Of that she had him first opposed.

And than he hath truly supposed,
That he him maie of nothyng yelp,
But if so be tho wordes helpe,
Which as the woman hath him taught,
Wherof he hath an hope caught,
That he shall be excused so,
And tolde out plaine his will tho.

And whan that this matron herde
The maner how this knight answerde,

She saide, ha treson wo the bee,
That haste thus tolde the priuitee,
Which all women most desire :
I wolde that thou were a fire.
But netheles in suche a plite
Florent of his answeere is quite.
And tho began his sorowe newe.
For he mote gone, or be vntrewe,
To hir, which his trouthe had.
But he, which all shame drad,
Goth foorth in stede of his penance,
And taketh the fortune of his chance,
As he, that was with trouth affaited.

This olde wight him hath awaited
In place, where as he hir lefte.

Florent his wofull heed vp lifte,
And sawe this vecke, where that she sit,
Which was the lothest wighte
That euer man easte on his eie :
Hir nose baas, hir browes hie,
Hir eies small, and depe sette,
Hir chekes ben with teres wette,
And riuelyn, as an empty skyn,
Hangyng downe vnto the chyn,
Hir lippes shronken ben for age,
There was no grace in hir visage.
Hir front was narowe, hir lockes hore,
She loketh foorth, as doth a more :
Hir necke is short, hir shulders courbe,
That might a mans luste distourbe :
Hir bodie great, and no thyng small,
And shortly to descriue hir all,
She hath no lith without a lacke
But like vnto the woll sacke.

She profereth hir vnto this knight,
And bad him, as he hath behight
(So as she hath bene his warrant)
That he hir held eouenant:

And by the bridell she him seaseth:
But god wot how that she him pleaseth.
Of suche wordes, as she speketh,
Him thinketh wel nye his hert breketh
For sorow, that he maie not flee,
But if he wolde vntrewe bee.

Loke how a sieke man, for his hele
Taketh baldemoyn with the canele,
And with the myrre taketh the sugre:
Right vpon suehe a maner luere
Stant Florent, as in this diete.
He drinketh the bitter with the swete,
He medleth sorowe with likynge,
And liueth so, as who saieth, dyngge:
His youth shall be east away
Upon suehe one, whiche as the wey
Is olde, and lothely ouerall:
But nede he mot, that nede shall.
He wolde algate his trouth holde,
As euery knight therto is holde,
What hap so euer him is befall,
Though she be the fouleste of all,
Yet to honour of woman head
Him thought he shulde taken head:
So that for pure gentilnesse,
As he hir eouth best adresse
In ragges, as she was to tore,
He set hir on his hors tofore,
And foorth he taketh his wey softe.

No wonder though he sigheth ofte

But as an oule fleeth by night
Out of all other byrdes sight :
Right so this knight on daies brode
In close him helde, and shope his rode
On nightes tyme, till the tide
That he come there, he wolde abide
And priuely, without noyse
He bryngeth this foule great coyse
To his castell, in suche a wise,
That no man might hir shape auise,
Till she in to the chamber came,
Where he his preuy counseille name
Of suche men as he most truste.
And told them, that he nedes muste
This beastc wedde to his wife,
For els had he loste his life.
The priuie women were assent,
That shulden ben of his assent,
Hir ragges thei anone of drawc,
And as it was that tyme lawe,
She had bathe, she had restc,
And was arraied to the beste.
But with no craft of combes brode
Thei might hir hore lockes shode.
And she ne wolde not be shorc
For no counsaill, and thei therfore
With suche a tyre, as tho was vsed,
Ordeynen, that it was excused,
And had so craftely about
That no man might seen them out.

But whan she was fully arraied,
And hir a tyre was all assaied,
Tho was she fouler vnto sec.
But yet it maie none other bee.

Thei were wedded in the night :
So wo begone was neuer knight,
As he was than of mariage.
And she bygan to plaie and rage,
As who saith, I am well enough.
But he therof nothyng ne lough.
For she toke than chere on honde,
And elepeth him hir husbonde,
And saith : My lorde, go we to bedde.
For I to that entent the wedde,
That thou shalt be my worldes blisse,
And profereth him with that to kisse,
As she a lusty lady were.
His bodye might well be there,
But as of thought, and of memorie
His herte was in purgatorie.
But yet for strengthe of matrimonie
He might make non essonie,
That he ne mote algates plie
To go to bed of companie.

And when thei were a bed naked,
With oute slepe he was awaked.
He torneth on that other side,
For that he wolde his eyen hide
Fro lokynge of that foull wight.
The chamber was all full of light,
The courteins were of sendall thyn.
This newe bride, which laie within,
Though it be nought with his acorde,
In armes she beclept hir lorde,
And praied, as he was torned fro,
He wolde him torne ayenward tho.
For now (she saith) we be both one.

But he laie still as any stone

And euer in one she spake and praide,
And bad him thynke on that he saide,
When that he toke hir by the honde.

He herd, and vnderstode the bonde,
How he was set to his penance :
And as it were a man in trance,
He torneth him all sodenly,
And sawe a lady laie him by
Of eightene wynter age,
Whiche was the fairest of visage
That euer in all this worlde he sighe :
And as he wolde haue take hir nighe
She put hir honde, and by his leue
Besought him, that he wolde leue,
And saith, for to wyne or lese
He mot one of two thynges chese,
Where he woll haue hir suche on night,
Or els vpon daies light.
For he shall not haue both two.
And he began to sorowe tho
In many a wise, and caste his thought.
But for all that yet coude he nought
Deuise him selfe, which was the beste.
And she that wolde his hert reste,
Praieth, that he shulde chese algate.
Till at the laste longe and late
He saide : O ye my liues hele,
Saie what ye liste in my quarele.
I not what answer I shall yeue :
But euer while that I maie liue
I woll, that ye be my maistrisse.
For I can not my selfe gesse,
Whiche is the beste vnto my choyce.
Thus grante I yow myn holl voyce,

Chese for vs both, I yow praie :
And what as euer that ye saie,
Right as ye woll, so woll I.

My lorde, she saide, grant mercy
For of this worde, that ye now saine
That ye haue made me soueraine
My destnye is ouerpassed,
That neuer here after shall be lassed
My beautee whiche that I nowe haue,
Tyll I be take in to my graue.
Both night and daie, as I am nowe,
I shall alwey be suche to you.
The kynges doughter of Cecile
I am, and fell but sith a while,
As I was with my father late,
That my stepmother for an hate,
Whiche towarde me she hath begonne,
Forshope me, till I had wonne
The loue, and the soueraintee
Of what knight, that in his degree
All other passeth of good name :
And as men saine, ye ben the same,
The deed proueth it is so.
Thus am I yours for euermo.

SELF CONCEIT.

Omnia seire putat, sed se presumptio nescit,
 Nec sibi consimile quem putat esse parem.
 Qui magis astutus reputat se vincere bellum,
 In laqueos Veneris forcius ipse cadit.
 Sepe (cupido virum, sibi qui presumit, amantem
 Fallit, et in vacuas spes redit ipsa vias.

Hic loquitur de tertia species suberie, que presumptio dicitur,
 cuius naturam primo secundum vitium confessor simpliciter
 declarat.

SURQUEDRIE is thilke vice
 Of pride, whiche the thirde office
 Hath in his courte, and will not knowe
 The trouth, till it ouerthrowe
 Upon his fortune and his grace
 Cometh, *Had I wiste*, full ofte a place.
 For he doth all his thyng by gesse,
 And voideth all sikernesse.
 None other counsell good hym semeth
 But suche, as him selfe demeth.
 For in suche wise as he compasseth,
 His witte alone all other passeth,
 And is with pride so through sought,
 That he all other set at nought,
 And weneth of him seluen so,
 That suche as he is, there be no mo.
 And thus he wolde beare a price
 So faire, so semely, nor so wise
 Abouen all other, and nought for thy
 He saith not ones graunt mercy

To god, whiche all grace sendeth :
So that his wittes he despendeth
Upon him selfe as though there were
No god, whiche might auaille there :
But all vpon his owne witte
He stant, till he fall in the pitte
So ferre, that he maie not arise.

DETRACTION.

TOUCHEND as of enuious brood
I wote not one of all good.
But netheles suche as thei bee,
Yet there is one, and that is hee,
Whiche cleped is Detraction,
And to confirme his action,
He hath withholde Malebouche,
Whose tonge nother pill ne crouche
Maie hire, so that he pronounce
A pleine good worde without frounce :
Where behynde a mans backe
For though he preise, he fint some lacke.
Whiche of his tale is ay the laste,
That all the price shall ouercaste.
And though there be no cause why,
Yet woll he iangle, not for thy
As he whiche hath the herauldie
Of hem, that vsen for to lie.

DISSIMULATION.

Hic tractat Confessor super quarta specie inuidie, que Dissimulacio dicitur, cuius vultus quanto maioris amicitie apparenciam ostendit, tanto subtilioris doli fallacias ad decipiendum mens imaginatur.

OF fals Semblant I shall tell,
 Aboue all other it is the well,
 Out of the whiche deceite floweth.
 There is no man so wise, that knoweth,
 Of thilke floode, whiche is the tide,
 Ne howe he shulde hym seluen guide
 To take saufe passage there :
 And yet the wynde to mans ere
 Is softe, and as it semeth oute,
 It maketh clere weder all aboute.
 But though it seme, it is not so.
 For fals Semblant hath euer mo
 Of his counsaile in companie
 The derke vntrewe hypocrisie,
 Whose worde discordeth to his thought.
 For thy thei ben to gyder brought
 Of one couine, of one housholde,
 As it shall after this be tolde.
 Of fals Semblant it nedeth nought
 To tell of olde ensamples ought.
 For all daie in experience
 A man maie see thilke euidence
 Of fayre wordes, whiche he hereth :
 But yet the barge enuie stereth,

And halt it euer fro the londe,
Whiche fals Semblant with ore in honde
It roweth, and woll not arriue
But let it on the waues driue
In great tempest, and great debate,
Wherof that loue and his estate
Empeireth : And therfore I rede
My sonne that thou flee and drede
This vice : and what that other seyn
Let thy semblant be trewe and plein.

For fals Semblant is thilke vice,
Whiche neuer was without office,
Where that enuie thinketh to gile
He shall be for that ilke while
Of priue counsayle messagere.
For whan his semblant is moste clere,
Than is he moste derke in his thought :
Though men him se thei know him nought,
But as it sheweth in the glas
Thynge, whiche therin neuer was :
So sheweth it in his visage,
That neuer was in his courage.

CONTENTION.

Hic tractat Confessor super secunda specie ire, que Lis dicitur, ex cuius contumeliis innumerosa dolorum occasio, tam in amoris causa quam aliter, in quem pluribus sepiissime exorta est.

Of wrath the second is chest,
Whiche hath the wyndes of tempest
To kepe, and many a sodeine blast
He bloweth, wherof ben agast
Thei, that desiren pes and reste :
He is that ilke vngoodlyeste,
Whiche many a lustie loue hath twynned,
For he beareth euer his mouth vninned :
So that his lippes ben vnloke,
And his courage is all to broke,
That euery thyng, whiche he can tell,
It springeth vp as doth a welle,
Whiche maie no man of his stremes hide,
But renneth out on euery side :
So boylen vp the foule sawes,
That cheste wote of his felawes.
For as a siue kepeth Ale,
Right so can cheste kepe a tale.
All that he wote, he woll disclose,
And speke er any man oppose.
As a citee without walle,
Where men maie gon out oueralle,
Withouten any resistance :
So with his croked eloquence

He speketh all, that he wote with ynnē,
Wherof men lese more than wynne.
For often tyme of his chidyngē,
He bringeth to hous suche tidyngē,
That maketh warre at beddes heade :
He is the leuein of the breade,
Whiche soureth all the past about :
Men ought well such one to doute.
For euer his bowe is redy bent,
And whom he hit, I tell hym shent.
If he maie perce hym with his tonge,
And eke so loude his belle is ronge,
That of the noyse, and of the sounē
Men fearen hym in all the towne
Well more than thei done of thonder.
For that is cause of more wonder.
For with the windes, whiche he bloweth,
Full ofte sith he ouerthroweth
The Citees, and the policie.
That I haue herde the people crie
And echone saide in his degree :
 Ha wicke tonge wo thou bee.
For men sayn, that the harde bone,
All though hym selfe haue none,
A tonge breaketh it all to pieces,
He hath so many sondry spices
Of vice, that I maie not welc
Descriue hem by a thousand dele.

SLOTH.

Qui nihil attemptat, nihil expedit, oreque muto
 Munus amicitie vir sibi raro capit.
 Est modus in verbis, sed ei qui parcit amori
 Verba referre sua non fauet ullus amor.

Hic loquitur Confessor de quadam specie Accidie, quæ pusillanimitas dicta est, cuius imaginatiua formido neque virtutes aggredi, neque vitia fugere audet, sicque vtriusque vite tam actiue quam contemplatiue præmium non attingit.

TOUCHENDE of slouth in his degree
 There is yet pusillanimitee,
 Whiche is to saie in this langage,
 He that hath littell of courage,
 And dare no mans werke begynne :
 So may he nought by reason wyne.
 For who that nought dare vndertake,
 By right he shall no profit take.
 But of this vice the nature
 Dare nothyng sette in auenture,
 Hym lacketh bothe worde and dede,
 Wherof he shulde his cause spede :
 He woll no manhode vnderstonde :
 For euer he hath drede vpon honde.
 All his perill, that he shall saie,
 Hym thynketh the wolfe is in the waie :
 And of imaginacion
 He maketh his excusacion,
 And feigneth cause of pure drede,
 And euer he faileth at nede,

Till all be spilte, that he with dealeth,
He hath the sore, whiche no man heleth,
The whiche is cleped Lacke of herte :
Though euery grace aboute hym sterte,
He woll not ones stere his fote,
So that by reason lese he mote,
That woll not aunter for to wyne.

And so forth sonne, if we begynne
To speke of loue and his seruice,
There ben truanter in suche a wise,
That lacken hert, whan best were
Thei speken of loue, and right for fere
Thei waxen dombe, and dare not telle,
Without sowne, as dothe the belle,
Whiche hath no clapper for to chyme :
And right so thei, as for the tyme
Ben herteles without speche,
Of loue and dare nothyng beseche :
And thus thei lese, and wyne nought.

For thy my sonne if thou arte ought
Culpable, as touchende of this slouthe,
Shriue the therof, and tell me trouthe.

My fader I am all beknowe,
That I haue ben one of the slowe,
As for to telle in loues cas
Myn herte is yet, and euer was,
Although the worlde shulde all to breke,
So fearfull, that I dare not speke,
Of what purpose that I haue nome,
Whan I towarde my ladie come :
But lette it pas and ouer go.

My sonne do no more so.
For after that a man pursueth
To loue, so fortune seweth

Full ofte, and yeueth hir happie chance
 To hym, whiche maketh continuance
 To preie loue, and to beseche,
 As by ensample I shall the teche.

NEGLIGENCE.

Hic tractat Confessor de vitiis negligentie, cuius condicio Accidiam amplectens omnes artes scientia tam in amoris causa quam aliter ignominiosa pretermittens, cum nullum poterit eminere remedium sui ministerii diligentiam ex post facto in vacuum attemptare presumit.

FULFILLED of slouthes exemplair,
 There is yet one his secretair,
 And he is cleped Negligence :
 Whiche woll not loke his euidence,
 Wherof he maie beware tofore :
 But whan he hath his cause lore,
 Than is he wise after the honde,
 Whan helpe maie no maner bonde,
 Than at first wold he bynde.
 Thus euermore he stant behynde,
 Whan he the thyng maie not amende,
 Than is he ware, and saith at ende :
 A wolde god I had knowe,
 Wherof beiaped with a mowe
 He goth, for whan the great stede
 Is stole, than he taketh hede,
 And maketh the stable dore fast.
 Thus cuer he pleith an after cast

Of all that he shall saie or do.
 He hath a maner eke also,
 Hym list not lerne to be wise.
 For he sette of no vertu prise :
 But as hym liketh for the while,
 So feleth he ful ofte gile,
 Whan that he weneth seker to stonde.

LAZINESS.

Hic loquitur Confessor super illa specie accidie, que Ocium dicitur, cuius condicio in virtutum cultura nullius occupationis diligentiam admittens, cuiuscumque expeditionem cause non attingit.

Among these other of sloutes kindc,
 Whiche all labour set behinde,
 And hateth all besines,
 There is yet one, whiche Idelnes,
 Is cleped : and is the norice
 In mans kynde of euery vice,
 Whiche secheth eases many foldc.
 In wynter doth he nought for colde,
 In somer maie he nought for hete,
 So whether that he frese or swete,
 Or be he in, or be he out
 He woll ben ydell all about :
 But if he pley ought at dies,
 For who as euer take fees,
 And thynketh worship to deserue,
 There is no lorde whome he woll serue,

As for to dwell in his seruice,
 But if it were in suche a wise,
 Of that he seeth perauenture,
 That by lordship and by couerture,
 He maie the more stonde stille,
 And vse his Idelnesse at wille
 For he ne woll no trauaile take
 To ride for his ladies sake,
 But lyueth all vpon his wisshes,
 And as a catte wolde ete fisshes
 Without wetynge of his clees:
 So wolde he do, but netheles
 He faileth ofte of that he wolde.

STUPIDITY.

Hic loquitur de Somnolentia, quæ Accidie Cameraria dicta est, cuius natura semimortua alicuius negotii vigilias obseruari soporifero torpore recusat, vnde quatenus amorem concernit Confessor Amanti diligentius opponit.

TOWARDE the slowe progenie
 There is yet one of companie,
 And he is cleped Somnolence,
 Whiche dothe to Slouth his reuerence,
 As he whiche is his chamberlein,
 That many an honderde tyme hath lein
 To slepe, when he shulde wake.
 He hath with loue truce take,
 That wake who so wake will,
 If he maie couche adowne his bill,

He hath all wowed what hym list,
That ofte he goth to bedde vnkist,
And saith, that for no druerie
He woll not leue his sluggardie.

For though no man wold it alowe,
To slepe leuer than to wowe
Is his maner, and thus on nightes
When he seeth the lusty knightes
Reuelen, where these women are,
Awey he sculketh as an hare,
And gothe to bed, and leyth hym softe,
And of his slouthe he dremeth ofte,
How that he sticketh in the mire,
And howe he sitteth by the fire,
And claweth on his bare skankes,
And howe he clymeth vp the bankes,
And falleth in the slades depe.
But then who so take kepe,
When he is falle inⁿ suche a dreme,
Right as a ship against the streme
He routeth with a slepie noyse,
And broustleth as a monkes froyse,
When it is throwe into the panne.
And otherwhile selde whanne
That he maie dreme a lustie sweuen,
Hym thinketh as thoughe he were in heuen :
And as the world were holly his.
And than he speaketh of that and this,
And maketh his exposicion
After his disposicion,
Of that he wold, and in suche wise
He dothe to loue all his seruise.
I not what thonke he shall deserue.

COVETOUSNESS.

Hic loquitur super illa cupiditatis specie, quam furtum vocant, cuius ministri alicuius legis offensam non metuentes tam in amoris causa quam aliter, suam quam sæpe conscientiam offendunt.

WHAN Couetise in poure estate
Stont with hym selfe vpon debate,
Through lacke of his misgouernance,
That he vnto his sustenance
Ne can no nother waie finde
To get hym good: than as the blinde
Which seeth nought what shal after fall,
That ilke vice, whiche men call
Of Robbery, he taketh on honde,
Wherof by water and by londe
Of thyng, whiche other men beswynke,
He getteth hym clothe, mete, and drinke:
Hym retcheth nought, what he begynne
Through thefte, so that he maie wyne.
For thy to make his purchaas
He lieth awaytende on the paas,
And what thyng that he seeth ther passe,
He taketh his parte, or more or lasse,
If it be worthy to be take:
He can the pakkes well ransake,
So priuely beareth none aboute
His golde, that he ne fint it oute,

Or other iewell what it bee,
 He taketh it as his propretee,
 In wooddes, and in feldes eke,
 Thus robbery goth to seke,
 Where as he maie his purchas finde.

AVARICE.

Hic in quinto libro intendit Confessor tractare de auaritia, que omnium malorum radix esse dicitur, necnon de eiusdem viciis speciebus, et primum ipsius auaritie naturam describit.

INCIPIT LIBER QUINTUS.

FIRSTE whan the highe god beganne
 This worlde, and that the kynde of man
 Was fal into no gret encres,
 For worldes good was tho no pres,
 But all was set to the commune.
 Thei speken than of no fortune,
 Or for to lese or for to winne
 Till Auarice brought it in,
 And that was whan the worlde was wore
 Of man, of hors, of shepe, of ore,
 And that men knewen the money:
 Tho went pees out of the wey,
 And werre came on euery side,
 Whiche all loue leide aside,
 And of common his propre made,
 So that in stede of shouell and spade

The sharpe sworde was take on honde.
And in this wise it came to londe,
Wherof men made diehes depe,
And high walles, for to kepe
The golde, whiche Auarice encloseth.
But all to littel hym supposeth,
Though he might all the worlde purchace.
For what thing, that he maie embrace
Of golde, of catell, or of londe,
He let it neuer out of his honde,
But gette hym more, and halt it fast,
As though the worlde shulde euer laste.
So is he liehe vnto the helle.
For as these olde bokes telle,
What cometh therin lasse or more,
It shall departe neuermore.
Thus whan he hath his eofer loken,
It shall not after ben vnstoken,
But whan he list to haue a sight
Of golde, Howe that it shineth bright,
That he theron maie loke and muse
For otherwise he dare not vse
To take his parte or lesse or more,
So is he poore, and ouermore
Hym laeketh, that he hath enough.
An ore draweth in the plough
Of that hym selfe hath no profite :
A shepe right in the same plite
His woll beareth, but on a daie
An other taketh the flees awaie.
Thus hath he, that he nought ne hath.
For he therof his parte ne tath.
To seie howe suehe a man hath good,
Who so that reasone vnderstoode

It is vnproperliche sayde :
 That good hath hym, and halt him taide,
 That he ne gladdeth nought withall,
 But is vnto his good a thrall,
 And a subiecte thus seructh he :
 Where that he shulde maister be.
 Suche is the kynde of thauarous.

USURY.

Hic tractat de illa specie Auaricie, quæ vsura dicitur, cuius credi-
 tor in pecunia tantum numerata plus quam sibi de iure debetur
 incrementum lucri adauget.

Upon the benche sittende on high
 With Auarice Vsure I sighe,
 Ful clothed of his owne sute,
 Whiche after golde maketh chasc and sute
 With his brocours, that renne aboute
 Liche vnto ratches in a route
 Suche lucre is none aboue grounde,
 Whiche is not of tho ratches founde.
 For where thei see beyete sterte,
 That shall hem in no wise asterte,
 But thei it driue in to the net
 Of lucre, whichc Vsure hath set.

Vsure with the riche dwellleth,
 To all that euer he byeth and selleth
 He hath ordeined of his sleight
 Mesure double, and double weight.

Outwarde he selleth by the lasse,
And with the more he maketh his tasse,
Wherof his hous is full within :
He recheth nought be so he wyn,
Though that there lese ten or twelue,
His loue is all toward hym selue,
And to none other : but he see,
That he maie wynne suche thre,
For where he shall ought yeue or lene,
He woll ayenward take a bene,
There he hath lent the smal pese.
And right so there ben many of these
Louers, that though thei loue alite,
That skarsly wolde it weye a mite :
Yet wolde thei haue a pound ageyn,
As doth Vsure in his bargayne.

SELECT POEMS
OF
JOHN SKELTON.
WITH
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
BY
EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF SKELTON.

JOHNS SKELTON, an eccentric satyrist, was born towards the close of the fifteenth century. The two universities dispute the honour of his education; but neither seems to have established a very strong title. The poet-laureateship was then a degree of the universities. Caxton says, our author was made laureate at Oxford; and Mr. Malone tells us, that he wore the laurel publicly at Cambridge.

In 1507, we find him curate of Trompington, and rector of Diss in Norfolk. But he is supposed to have added little dignity to his calling. His pulpit, it is said, became a theatre, and he, a buffoon. It was the business of his life to lampoon Lilly, the grammarian, cardinal Wolsey, the Scots, and the mendicant friars. There is no doubt, that the clergy were then sufficiently corrupt; but it was not for a man, who kept a concubine, to accuse the immorality of others; and the whole tenor of Skelton's life shows him to have been ignorant of the wholesome doctrine, that reform, like charity, should begin at home.

Wolsey, at last, thought his satires worthy of notice, and ordered him to be apprehended. He took refuge in Westminster abbey; and was protected by Islip, the abbot, till his death in June, 1529. He was buried in St. Margaret's church-yard; and the inscription on his tomb is:—

J. SCHELTONUS Vates Pierius hic setus est.
Animam egit 21 Junii An. Dom. MDXXIX.

Erasmus, in a letter to Henry VIII., called Skelton *Brittanicarum literarum decus et lumen*. The praise may have been just in his own day; but, at present, Skelton is far from being considered as the light, or the ornament, of British literature. He is, however, the father of English *Macaronics*; a species of poetry, which consists chiefly in interweaving Latin phrases with his native language. It was his ambition to be grotesque and droll; and the devices, to which he resorted for this purpose, gained him the epithet of the 'inventive Skelton.' His inventions are, indeed, entitled to the praise of originality. He first hunts up all the words, in Latin and English, which will chime with each other; and, having then set them down in a string, or tacked them to the end of as many short phrases, imagines that he has been writing poetry. Sense and prosody are entirely abandoned; and he has sometimes even given us lines which consist altogether of the nine digits. His poems are generally long; and, as all his fire goes out, while he is in search of rhymes, they are excessively monotonous and dull. For a specimen of his best manner, we extract the exordium to the *Boke of Clin Clout*. The reader will see how one rhyme after another seduces him from the sense, till at last he loses sight of it altogether.

What can it availe
To drive forth a snail
Or to make a sail
Of an herring's tail
To rhyme or to rail
To write or to endite
Or else for despite
Or books to compile
Of divers manner of style
Voyce to revile
And sin to exile
To teach or to preach
As reason will reach

Say this and say that
His head is so fat
He wotteth never what
Nor whereof he speaketh
He cryeth and he creaketh
He prayeth and he peketh
He chides and he chatters
He prates and he patters
He meddles and he smatters
He gloses and he flatters
Or if he speak plain
Then he lacketh brain
He is but a fool
A three-footed stool
That he may down sit
For he lacketh wit
And if that he hit
The nail on the head
It standeth in no stead
The devil they say is dead
The devil is dead.

JOHN SKELTON.

A PRAYER

TO THE FATHER OF HEAVEN.

O RADIANT luminary of light interminable
Celestiall father, potenciall God of might
Of heauen and earth. O Lorde incomperable
Of al perfections the essenciall most pcrfichte
O Maker of mankind, that formed day and night
Whose power imperial, comprehendeth euery place
Mine hart, my mind, my thought, my hole delite
Is after this lyfe, to se thy glorious face.

Whose magnificence, is incomprehensible
Al arguments of reason, which far doth excede
Whose deite doutles, is indiuisable
From whom al goodnes, and vertue doth procede
Of thy support, al creatures have nede.
Assist me good Lord, and graunt me of thy grace
To liue to thy pleasure, in word thought and dede
And after this lyfe to see thy glorious face.

TO THE SECONDE PARSONE.

O BENIGNE Jesu, my souerain lorde and kynge
The only sonne of God, by filiacion
The second parson, without beginning
Both God and man, our faith maketh plain relacion

Mary the mother, by way of incarnation,
 Whose glorious passion our soules doth reuiue
 Again al bodely, and ghostly tribulacion
 Defend me with thy piteous woundes fīue

O pereles prynce, paynted to the death
 Ruffully rent, thy body wan and blo
 For my redempcion, gaue vp thy vytal breathe
 Was neuer sorow, lyke to thy deadly wo
 Graunt me, out of this world when I shal go
 Thine endles mercy, for my preseruatiue
 Against the world, the flesh, the deuill also
 Defende me with thy piteous woundes fīue.

TO THE HOLY GHOST.

O FIRY sentenec, inflamed with all grace
 Enkyndeling hertes, with brandes charitable
 The endlesse rewarde of pleasure and solace
 To the Father, and the Son, thou art communicable
 In vnitate, which is inseperable
 O water of lyfe, O wel of consolacion
 Against al suggestions deadly, and dampnable
 Reseu me good Lorde, by your preseruacion.

To whome is appropried, the Holy Ghost by
 The third parson, one God in Trinite [name
 Of perfyt loue, thou art the ghostlye flame
 O mirrour of mekenes, peace and tranquilitye
 My comfort, my counsel, my parfit charity
 O water of lyfe, O wel of consolacion
 Against all storms, of hard aduersitie
 Reseu me good Lord, by thy preseruacion.

Amen.

Quod Skelton laureate.

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH THE BOKE CALLED ELINOUR
RUMMING.

*THE TUNNYNG OF ELYNOUR RUM-
MING.**

PER SKELTON, LAUREATE.

TELL you I chill
If that ye wyll
A while be still
Of a comelye gyll
That dwelt on a hyll
But she is not gryll
For she is somewhat sage
And well worne in age
For her visage
It woulde asswage
A mannes courage

Her lothelye leare
Is nothyng cleare
But vglye of cheare
Droupye and drowsye
Scurvy and lowsye
Her face all bowsye
Comelye crinckled
Wonderously wrynckled
Lyke a roste pigges eare
Brystled with here

* A woman who sold ale near Leatherhed in Surrey. C.

Her lewde lyppes twayne
They slauer men sayne
Lyke a ropye rayne
A gummy glayre
She is vglye fayre
Her nose some dele hoked
And camouslye croked
Neuer stoppinge
But euer dropping
Her skin lose and slacke
Grained like a sacke
With a croked backe

Her eyen gowndye
Are full vnsowndy
For they are blered
And she graye heard
Jawed lyke a Jetty
A man would have pity
To se how she is gumbed
Fingured and thumbed
Gently joynted
Gresed and annointed
Up to the knockles
The bones her buckles
Together made faste
Her youthe is farre paste
Foted lyke a plane
Legges like a crane
And yet she wyl iet
Lyke a iolly set
In her furred flocket
And gray russet rocket
With simper the cocket

Her huke of Lyncole grene
It hadde bene hers I wene
More then fortye yeare
And so it dothe appeare
And the grene bare thredes
Looke lyke sere wedes
Wythered lyke haye
The woll worne awaye
And yet I dare saye
She thinketh her selfe gaye
Uppon the holye daye
When she dothe her araye
And girdeth in her getes
Stitched and pranked with pletes
Her kirtell Bristowe red
With clothes vppon her heade
That they way a sowe of leade
Wrythen in a wonder wise
After the Sarazins gise
With a whim wham
Knit with a trim tram
Uppon her brayne panne
Like an Egyptian
Capped aboute
Whan she goeth oute
Her selfe for to shewe
She driueth downe the dewe
With a paire of heles
As brode as two wheles
She hobbles as a gose
With her blauket hose
Her shone smered with talow
Gresed vpon dyrt
That baudeth her skyrt

PRIMUS PASSUS.

And this comely dame
I vnderstande her name
Is Elynoure Rumminge
At home in her wonnyng
And as men say
She dwelt in Sothray
In a certaine stede
By syde Lederhede
She is a tonnishe gyb
The deuell and she be sib.

But to make vp my tale
She brueth noppy ale
And maketh therof poorte sale
To trauellers, to tinkers
To sweters, to swinkers
And all good ale drynkers
That wyll nothings spare
But dryncke tyll they stare
And bringe them selfe bare
With now away the mare
And let vs sley care
As wise as an hare

Come who so wil
To Elinour on the hil
With fil the cup fill
And sit there by still
Earelye and late
Thither commeth Kate
Cislye and Sare
With theyr legges bare

And also theyr fete
Hardely full vnswete
With their heles dagged
Theyr kyrtelles all to iagged
Theyr smockes all to ragged
With titters and tatters
Brynge dyshes and platters
With all theyr mighte runnyng
To Elynoure Rummyng
To haue of her tunninge
She leaneth them of the same
And thus beginneth the game
Some wenches come vnbrased
Wyth theyr naked pappes
That flippes and flappes
It wygges and it wagges
Lyke tawny saffron bagges
A sorte of foul drabbes
All scuruy with scabbes
Some be flye bytten
Some skewed as a kytten
Some with a sho cloute
Bynde their heades aboute
Some have no herelace
Theyr lockes about their face
Theyr tresses untruste
All full of vnluste
Some looke strawrye
Some cawrye mawrye
Full untidye tegges
Lyke rotten egges
Such a lewde sorte
To Elynoure resorte

From tyde to tyde
 Abyde abyde
 And to you shall be toulde
 Howe her ale is sould
 To mawte and to molde.

HERE AFTER FOLOWETTH

A LITTLE BOKE OF PHILIP SPAROW,

COMPILED BY MASTER SKELTON, POET LAUREATE.

PLA ce bo
 Who is there who
 Di le xi,
 Dame Margery
 Fa re my my
 Wherfore and why why
 For the soule of Philip Sparow
 That was late slaine at Carow
 Amonge the nunnes blake
 For that sweet soules sake
 And for al Sparowes soules
 Set in our bead roules
 Pater noster qui
 With an Aue maria
 And with the corner of a creed
 The more shal be your meed.

WHAN I remembre agayne
 How my Philip was slaine
 Neuer halfe the paine
 Was betwene you twayne

Pyramus and Thesbe
As than befell to me
I wept and I wayled
The teares down hayled
But nothing it auailed
To call Philip agayne
Whom Gib our cat hath slayne.

Gib I say our cat
Worowed her on that
Which I loued beste
It cannot be exprest
My sorowful heavynes
But al without redres
For within that stound
Half slumbryng in a sounde
I fell downe to the ground

Unneth I kest mine eyes
Toward the cloudy skyes
But when I did behold
My Sparow dead and cold
No creature but that wold
Haue rewed vpon me
To behold and see
What heauines did me pange
Wherwith my handes I wrange
That my senowes cracked
As though I had ben racked
So payned and so strained
That no life welnye remained

I sighed and I sobbed
For that I was robbed
Of my Sparowes life
O mayden, widow and wife

Of what estate ye be
Of hye or low degre
Great sorow then ye might se
And learne to wepe at me
Such paynes did me freat
That mine harte did beat
My visage pale and dead
Wanne, and blue as lead
The panges of hateful death
Wel nye stopped my breathe.

Heu heu me
That I am woe for thee
Ad dominum cum tribularer clamavi
Of God nothing els craue I

BUT Philips soule to kepe
From the marees deepe
Of Acherontes wel
This is a floud of hel
And from the greate Pluto
The prince of endles woe
And from foule Alecto
With visage blacke and blo
And from Medusa that mare
That lyke a feende doth stare
And from Megeras eddes
From rufflinge of Philips fethers
And from her firy sparklinges
From burning of his winges
And from the smokes soure
Of Proserpinas boure
And from the dennes darke
Wher Cerberus doth barke

Whom Theseus did afray
Whom Hercules did out tray
As famous poetes saye
For that hel hounde
That lyeth in chaynes bound
With gastly heades three
To Jupiter pray wee
That Philip preserued maye bee
Amen say ye wyth me,

Do mi nus

Helpe now sweet Jesus
Levavi oculos meos in montis
Wold God I had Xenophontis.

OR Socrates the wyse
To shew me their deuise
Moderately to take
Thys sorow that I make
For Philyp Sparowes sake
So feruently I shake
I fele my body quake
So vrgently I am broughte
Into careful thought
Like Andromaca Hectors wife
Was weary of her lyfe
When she had lost her joy
Noble Hector of Troy
In like maner also
Encreaseth my deadly woe
For my Sparow is go
It was so prety a foole
It wold syt on a stoole
And learned after my scoole

For to keepe his cut
With Phillip kepe your cut.

It had a veluet cap
And wold syt upon my lap
And seke after smal wormes
And sometime white bread crommes
And many times and ofte
Betwene my brestes soft
It wold lye and rest
It was propre and prest

Sometime he wold gaspe
When he saw a waspe
A flye or a gnat
He would fly at that
And pretely he would pant
When he saw an ant
Lord how he wold pry
After the butter fly
Lord how he wold hop
After the gressop
And whan I sayd, Phyp Phip
Then he wold leape and skip
And take me by the lip
Alas it wyl me sloe
That Philip is gone me fro
Si in i qui ta tes
Alas I was euil at ease
De profundis clamavi
When I saw my Sparow dye.

NowE after my dome
Dame Sulpicia at Rome
Whose name registred was

For euer in tables of bras
Because shee did pas
In poesy to endyte
And eloquently to write
Though she wold pretend
My Sparow to commend
I trow she could not amende
Reporting the vertues al
Of my Sparow royal

For it would come and go
And fle so to and fro
And on me it wold leape
Whan I was asleape
And his fethers shake
Wher wyth hee wold make
Me often for to wake
And for to take him in
Upon my naked skin
God wot we thought no syn
What though he crept so low
It was no hurt I trow
He did nothinge perdee
But syt vpon my knee
Philip though hee were nice
In hym it was no vice
Phillip had leaue to go
To pike my little too
Phillip myght be bold
And do what he wold
Philip would seke and take
All the flees blake
That he could there espye
With his wanton eye

O pe ra
La sol fa fa
Confitebor tibi domine toto corde meo
Alas I wold ride and go

Nowe Phebus me ken
To sharpe my pen
And leade my fyste
As him best lyst
That I may say
Honoure alwaye
Of woman kynde
Trouthe dothe me bynde
And loyaltie
Euer to be
Their true bedel
To wryte and tel
How women excel
In noblenes
As my maystres
Of whome I thinke
With pen and ynke
For to compyle
Some goodly stile
For thys moste goodly floure
This blossom of fresh colour
So Jupiter me succour
She flourisheth new and new
In beautie and vertue
Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa fœmina :

Legem pone mihi domine in viam justifi-
cationum tuarum.

Quemadmodum desiderat cervus ad fontes
aquarum.

Hoye shall I reporte
Al the godly sort
Of her fetures cleere
That hath none earthly peere
Her fauoure of her face
Ennewed with al grace
Confort pleasure and solace
Mine hart doth so embrace
And so hath rauished me
Her to behold and se
That in wordes playne
I cannot me refrayne
To loke to her agayne
Alas what shoulde I fayne
It were a pleasaunte payne
With her aye to remayne

Her eyen graye and stepe
Causeth myne harte to leepe
With her browes bente
She maye wel represente
Fayre Lucres as I weene
Or els fayre Polixene
Or els Caliope
Or els Penelope
For thys moste goodly floure
This blossome of freshe coloure
So Jupiter me succour
She florisheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fœmina
Memor esto verbi tui servo tuo
Servus tuus sum ego

THE Indy saphyre blewe
Her vaynes doth ennew
The orient pearle so cleare
The witnes of her lere
The lusty ruby ruddes
Resemble the rose buddes
Her lippes soft and mery
Emblomed like the chery
It were an heauenly blysse
Her sugred mouthe to kysse
Her beauty to augment
Dame nature hath her lente
A warte upon her cheke
Who so lyst to seeke
In her visage a skar
That semeth from a far
Lyke to a radyant star
Al with fauour fret
So proprely it is set
She is the violet
The daisy delectable
The columbine commendable
This ielofer amiable
This moste goodly floure
This blossome of freshe coloure, &c.

AND whan I perceiued
Her wart and conceiued
It cannot be denaid
But it was wel conuaid
And set so womanly
And nothing wantonly
But right conueniently
And full congruentlye

As nature could deuise
In moste goodly wyse
Who so lyst behold
It maketh louers bold
To her to sue for grace
Her fauour to purchase
The sker upon her chin
Enchased on her fayre skin
Whiter than the swan
It wold make any man
To forget deadly syn
Her fauour to wyn
For this most goodly flour
This blossome of freshe coloure, &c.

Sort and make no din
For now I wil begin
To haue in remembraunce
Her goodly dalyaunce
And her goodly pastaunce
So bad and so demure
Behauing her so sure
With wordes of pleasure
She wold make to the lure
And any man conuert
To geue her his whole hart
She made me sore amased
Upon her whan I gased
Me thought mine hart was crased
My eyen were so dased
For this most goodly flour
The blossome of fresh colour, &c.

And to amend her tale
Whan she lyst to auale

And with her fingers small
And handes soft as silke
Whiter than milke
That are so quickly vayned
Wherwith my hand she strained
Lord how I was payned
Unneth I am refrayned
How she me had reclaymed
And me to her retayned
Enbrasyng therwith all
Her goodly middle small
With sides long and streyt
To tel you what conceit
I had then in a trice
The matter wer to nyce
And yet there was no vyce
Nor yet no villany
But only fantasy
For this most goodly floure
The blossome of fresh colour, &c.

But wherto shold I note
How often dyd I tote
Upon her pretye fote
It raysed myne hart rote
To see her treade the grounde
With heles short and round
She is plainly expresse
Egeria the goddesse
And lyke to her ymage
Importured with corage
A louers pilgrimage
There is no best sauage
Ne no tygre so wood
But she wold chaunge his mood

Suche relucēt grace
Is formed in her face
For this most goodly flour
This blossome of freshe coloure, &c.

So goodly as she dresses
So properly she presses
The bryght golden tresses
Of her heare so fyne
Lyke Phebus beames shyne
Where to should I disclose
The garteryng of her hose
It is for to suppose
Howe that she can weare
Gorgiouslye her geare
Her freshe habilementes
With other implementes
To serue for all ententes
Lyke dame Flora queene
Of lusty somer grene
This moste goodly floure
This blossome of freshe coloure, &c.

HER kyrtel so goodly lased
And vnder that is braced
Such pleasures that I may
Neither write nor say
Yet thoughe I write not with ink
No man can let me thinke
For thought hath liberti
Thought is franke and free
To thynke a mery thought
It cost me litle or nought

Wold God mine homely stile
Were pollished with the file
Of Ciceros eloquence
To prayse her excellence
The most goodlye floure
This blossome of freshe coloure, &c.

SELECT POEMS
OF
SIR THOMAS WYAT.
WITH
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
BY
EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF WYAT.

SIR THOMAS WYAT was born at Allington castle, in Kent, in the year 1503. His education was commenced at Cambridge, but completed at Oxford. The similarity of his character and pursuits naturally produced the inviolable friendship, which was known to subsist between himself and the chivalrous earl of Surrey. He was frequently sent as an envoy to the various parts of Europe ; and his many popular accomplishments at first rendered him a favourite of king Henry VIII. ; who, says Wood, 'was in a high manner delighted with his witty jests;' but who, we may add, was, in as 'high a manner,' offended at his intimacy with queen Anne Boleyn. His imprisonment changed, for a time, the burthen of his sonnets ; and, though he was at length liberated, and again received into favour, he retired to Allington castle, and became a satirizer of all courtiers and flatterers. In a poetical epistle to his friend, John Poynes, he says, he is 'not now in France,' 'nor yet in Spayne,' 'nor Flanders :'

But I am here in Kent and Christendome
Among the muses, where I reade and ryme,
Where, if thou list, mine own John Poynes to come,
Thou shalt be judge how I do spend my time.

How long he continued to 'read and rhyme,' we are not informed ; but, in 1541, we find him ap-

pointed to accompany the ambassador of Charles VI. from Falmouth to London. He undertook to execute his commission with too much punctuality and despatch; and he took such a fever, by riding in a hot day, that, on his return, his journey and his life were both cut short, at Serburn. He lies in the abbey church of that place. Leland published Latin verses on his death—*Vaeniae in Mortem T. Viati*—accompanied with a print of his head, after a painting of Holbein.

Holbinus nitida pingendi maximus arte
Effigiam expressit graphice, sed nullus Apelles
Exprimit ingenium felix, animumque Viati.

His friend Surrey has a right to be heard in the description of his character.

A visage stern and mild, where both did growe;
Vice to coutemne, in vertue to rejoyce;
Amid great stormes, whom grace assured so
To live upright, and smile at Fortune's choice.
A toung that served in forien realmes his king
Whose courteous talk to vertue did inflame
Eche noble heart; a worthy guide to bring
Our English youth by travail unto fame;
An eye, whose judgment none effect could blind;
Friend to allure, and foes to reconcile;
Whose persing look did represent a minde
With vertue fraught, reposed, void of gile.
A heart, where dreade was never so imprest
To hide the thought that might the truth advance;
In neither fortune lost, nor yet represt,
To swell in welth, or yeld unto mischance.

Those who are fond of attributing extravagant effects to some one insignificant cause, have taken the pains to record the epigrammatic saying, that the reformation was occasioned by a joke of Wyatt, and that cardinal Wolsey fell by one of his seasonable apothegms. Nothing is clearer, however, than that his wit was much celebrated in the court of

Henry VIII. 'In the latter end of that kinge's raigne (says Puttenham, who was an oracular critic, in his day) spronge up a new company of wit-makers, of whom Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder,* and Henry earle of Surrey, were the chieftaines; who having travelled into Italie, and there tasted the sweete and stately measures and style of the Italian poesie, as novises newly crept out of the schooles of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie from that it had been before, and for that cause may justly be sayd the first reformers of our English meetre and style.' Again, 'Henry earle of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, between whom I find very little difference, I repute them (as before) for the two chief lanternes of light to all others that have since employed their pennes upon English poesie. Their conceits were lofty, their stiles stately, their conveyance cleanly, their terms proper, their meetre sweet, and well proportioned; in all, imitating very naturally and studiously their maister, Francis Petrarch.' The reader, who opens to Wyatt's sonnets with an expectation of finding all 'stately,' and 'lofty,' and 'cleanly,' and 'proper,' and 'sweet,' will not be disappointed for the first time. Sighs, and tears, and smiles, are but a meagre stock of materials for poetry; and, after they are set before us a few times, the dish becomes stale and unpalatable, without some seasoning of far-fetched metaphors and overstrained conceits.

* So called in contradistinction to his son, who figured at the head of a rebellion in the reign of queen Mary.

SIR THOMAS WYAT.

THE LOUERS SOROWFULL STATE MAKETH HIM WRITE
SOROWFULL SONGES, BUT (SOUCHE,) HIS LOUE MAY
CHANGE THE SAME.

MARUEIL no more altho
The songs, I sing do mone ;
For other life then wo,
I neuer proued none.

And in my hart also,
Is grauen with letters depe,
A thousand sighes and mo
A flood of teares to wepe.

How many a man in smart,
Find a matter to rejoyce !
How many a moorning hart,
Sent forth a plesant voice :

Play who so can that part,
Nedes must in me appere,
How fortune ouerthwart
Doth cause my moorning chere,

Perdy there is no man
If he saw neuer sight,
That perfitly tell can,
The nature of the light.

Alas, how shoulde I than,
That never tast but sowre,
But do as I began,
Continuallly to lowre.

But yet parchance some chance,
May chance to change my tune,
And when (Souch) chance doth chance,
Then shall I thanke fortune.

And if I have (Souch) chance,
Perchance or it be long,
For (Souch) a pleasant chance,
To sing some pleasant song.



THE LOUER COMPLAINEETH HIMSELF FORSAKEN.

WHERE shall I haue at mine owne will,
Teares to complaine? where shal I fet
Such sighes, that I may sigh my fill,
And then again my plaintes repete?
For though my plaint shall have none end,
My teares cannot suffise my woe
To mone my harme, have I no frend,
For fortunes frend, is mishaps foe.
Comfort (God wot) els haue I none,
But in the wind to wast my wordes;
Nought moueth you my dedly mone,
But still you turn it into bordes:
I speak not now to moue your heart,
That you should rue vpon my pain;
The sentence geuen may not reuert,
I know such labour were but vain.

But sins that I for you (my dere)
Have lost that thing, that was my best,
A right small losse it must appere
To lese these wordes, and all the rest.
But though they sparkle in the winde,
Yet shall they shew your falshed faith,
Which is returned to his kinde ;
For like to like, the prouerbe saith.
Fortune, and you did me auance,
Me thought I swam, and could not drown ;
Happiest of al ; but my mischance,
Did lift me vp, to throw me down.
And you with her, of cruelnesse,
Did set your foote upon my necke,
Me, and my welfare to oppresse ;
Without offence your heart to wreke.
Where are your pleasant wordes (alas)
Where is your faith ? your stedfastnesse ?
There is no more but al doth passe,
And I am left all comfortlesse.
But sins so much it doth you greue,
And also me my wretched life,
Have here my troth : nought shall releue,
But death alone, my wretched strife.
Therefore farewell, my life, my death,
My gaine, my losse, my salue, my sore,
Farewell also, with you my breath,
For I am gone for evermore.

OF HIS LOUE THAT PRICKED HER FINGER WITH A
NEDLE.

SHE sate, and sowed, that hath done me the wrong,
Wherof I plain, and haue done many a day,
And, whilst she heard my plaint, in piteous song,
She wisht my hart the sampler, that it lay.
The blind maister, whom I have serued so long,
Grudging to heare that he did heare her say,
Made her own weapon do her finger blede,
To feele, if pricking were so good indede.

OF THE SAME.

WHAT man hath hearde such cruelty before?
That, when my plaint remembred her my wo,
That caused it, she cruell more and more,
Wished eche stiche as she did sit and sow,
Had prickt my hart, for to encrease my sore;
And as I thinke, she thought it had been so,
For as she thought, this is his hart in dede,
She pricked hard, and made her self to blede.

REQUEST TO CUPIDE FOR REUENGE OF HIS VNKINDE
LOUE.

BEHOLD, Loue, thy power how she despiseth,
My greuous pain how little she regardeth:
The solemne othe wherof she takes no cure,
Broken she hath, and yet she bydeth sure.

Right at her ease, and little thee she dredeth :
 Weaponed thou art, and she vnarmed sitteth ;
 To the disdainfull, all her life she leadeth
 To me spitefull, without iust cause or measure :
 Behold Loue, how proudly she triumpheth.
 I am in hold, but if the pitie meueeth,
 Go, bend thy bow, that stony hartes breaketh,
 And with some stroke, reuenge the great displea-
 Of thee, and him that sorow doth endure, [sure
 And as his lord thee lowly here entreateth.

COMPLAINT FOR TRUE LOUE VNREQUITED.

WHAT vaileth troth ? or by it, to take pain ?
 To striue by stedfastness for to attain
 How to be iust, and flee from doublenesse ?
 Since all alike, where ruleth craftinesse,
 Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain.
 Soonest he spedes, that most can lye and faine.
 True meaning hart is had in hye disdaine.
 Against deceit and cloked doublenesse,
 What vaileth trowth, or parfit stedfastnesse ?
 Deceiued is he, by false and craftie train,
 That meanes no gile, and faithfull doth remaine
 Within the trap, without help or redresse.
 But for to love, lo, such a sterne maistresse,
 Where crueltie dwelles, alas, it were in vain.

THE LOUER THAT FLED LOUE, NOW FOLOWES IT WITH
HIS HARME.

SOMETIME I fled the fire, that me so brent,
By sea, by land, by water, and by winde;
And now the coales I folow, that be quent,
From Dover to Cales, with willing minde.
Lo how desire is both forth sprong, and spent;
And he may see, that whilome was so blinde,
And all his labour laughs he now to scorne,
Meashed in the breers, that erst was onely torne.

THE LOUER HOPETH OF BETTER CHAUNCE.

HE is not dead, that sometime had a fall,
The sunne returnes, that hid was under clowde,
And when fortune hath spit out all her gall,
I trust, good luck to me shal be alowed.
For I have sene a ship in hauen fall,
After that storne hath broke both maste and shroud;
The willow eke, that stoupeth with the winde,
Doth rise againe, and greater wood doth binde.

THE LOUER COMPARETH HIS HART TO THE OUER-
CHARGED GONNE.

THE furious gonne, in his most raging yre,
When that the boule is rammed in too sore,
And that the flame cannot part from the fire,
Crackes in sunder, and in the ayer do rore

The sheuered peces: so doth my desire,
Whose flame encreaseth ay from more to more;
Which to let out, I dare not loke, nor speake;
So inward force my heart doth all to breake.

THE LOUER SUSPECTED OF CHANGE, PRAIETH THAT IT
BE NOT BELEUED AGAINST HIM.

Accused though I be, without desert,
Sith none can proue, beleue it not for true:
For never yet, since that you had my hert,
Intended I to false, or be vntrue.
Sooner I would of death sustain the smart,
Than breake one word of that I promised you;
Accept therfore my seruice in good part:
None is aliue, that can il tonges eschew.
Hold them as false, and let not vs depart,
Our frendship old in hope of any new;
Put not thy trust in such as vse to fayn,
Except thou minde to put thy frend to payn.

THE LOUER ABUSED RENOUNCETH LOUE.

My loue to scorn, my seruice to retaine,
Therin me thought you vsed crueltie,
Since with good wyll I lost my libertie,
Might never wo yet cause me to refraine;
But only this, which is extremitie,
To geue me nought (alas) not to agree
That as I was, your man I might remaine:

But since that thus ye list to order me,
That would have been your seruant true and fast,
Displease you not, my doting time is past,
And with my losse to leaue I must agree ;
For as there is a certaine time to rage,
So is there tyme such madnes to asswage.

THE LOUER PROFESSETH HIMSELFE CONSTANT.

WITHIN my brest I neuer thought it gaine
Of gentle mindes the fredome for to lose ;
Not in my hart sank neur such disdaine,
To be a forger, faultes for to disclose.
Nor I can not endure the truth to glose,
No set a glosse vpon an earnest paine,
Nor I am not in nomber one of those,
That list to blow retreate to euery traine.

THE LOUER SENDETH HIS COMPLAINTES AND TEARES TO
SUE FOR GRACE.

PASSE forth my wonted crycs,
Those cruel eares to pearce,
Which in most hatefull wyse,
Do still my plaintes reuerse.
Do you, my teares, also
So wet her barrein hart,
That pitie there may grow,
And crueltie depart.

For though hard rockes among
She semes to haue ben bred,
And of the tigre long
Bene nourished and fed.
Yet shall not nature change,
If pitie once win place ;
Whom as vnknowen and strange
She now away doth chase.

And as the water soft,
Without forcing or strength,
Where that it falleth oft,
Hard stones doth perce at length :
So in her stony hart,
My plaintes at last shall graue,
And rigour set apart,
Wynne graunt of that I craue.

Wherefore, my plaintes, present
Stil so to her my sute,
As ye through her assent,
May bring to me some frute.
And as she shall me proue,
So bid her me regarde,
And render loue for loue,
Which is a just rewarde.



THE LOVERS CASE CANNOT BE HIDDEN HOWEVER HE
DISSEMBLE.

Your lokes so often cast,
Your eyes so frendly rolde,
Your sight fixed so fast,
Alwayes one to beholde :

Though hide it faine ye woulde,
It plainely doth declare,
Who hath your hart in hold,
And where good will ye bare.

Fayne would ye finde a cloke,
Your brenning fire to hide,
Yet both the flame and smoke,
Breakes out on every side.
Ye cannot loue so guide,
That it no issue winne:
Abrode nedes must it glide,
That brens so hotte within.

Four cause your self do wink,
Ye judge all other blinde,
And secret it you think,
Which euery man dothe finde.
In wast oft spende ye winde,
Your self in loue to quit;
For agues of that kinde,
Wyll show who hath the fit.

Your sighes you fet from farre,
And all to wry your wo;
Yet are ye ner the narre,
Men are not blinded so.
Depely oft swere ye, No;
But all those othes are vaine,
So well your eye doth shew,
Who puttes your hart to paine.

Thinke not therfore to hide,
That still it self betrayes,

Nor seke meanes to provide
To dark the sunny dayes.
Forget those wonted wayes,
Leave of such frowning chere,
There wyll be found no stayes,
To stoppe a thing so clere.

THE LOUER PRAIETH NOT TO BE DISDAINED, REFUSED,
MISTRUSTED, NOR FORSAKEN.

DISDAINE me not without desert;
Nor leaue me not so sodenly;
Since well ye wot, that in my hert,
I meane ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without cause why;
Nor think me not to be unjust,
Since that by lot of fantasie,
This careful knot nedes knit I must.

Mistrust me not, though some there be,
That faine woulde spot my stedfastnesse;
Beleue them not, sins that ye se,
The profe is not as they expresse.

Forsake me not, till I deserue,
Nor hate me not, till I offende,
Destroy me not, till that I swerue,
But sins ye know what I entende.

Disdaine me not, that am your owne,
Refuse me not, that am so true,
Mistrust me not till all be knowne,
Forsake me not now for no new.

THE LOVER LAMENTETH HIS ESTATE WITH SUTE FOR
GRACE.

For want of will in wo I plaine,
Under colour of sobernesse ;
Renewing with my sute my paine,
My wan hope with your stedfastnesse.
Awake therefore of gentlenesse,
Regard at lenth, I you require,
My swelting paines of my desire.

Betimes who geveth wyllingly,
Redoubled thanks aye doth deserue,
And I that sue unfeinedly,
In fruitlesse hope, alas : do sterue.
How great my cause is for to swerue,
And yet how stedfast is my sute,
Lo ! here ye see : where is the frute ?

As hounde that hath his keper lost,
Seke I your presence to obtaine ;
In which my hart deliteth most,
And shall delight though I be slain.
You may release my band of paine ;
Lose then the care that makes me cric
For want of helpe, or els I dye.

I dye, though not incontinent ;
By processe yet consumingly ;
As wast of fire, which doth relent :
If you as wilfull will deny.
Wherefore cease of such cruelty,
And take me wholly in your grace,
Which lacketh will to change his place.

THE LOVER WAILETH HIS CHANGED IOYES.

If euery man might him auant,
Of fortunes friendly chere,
It was my self I must it graunt,
For I haue bought it dere :
And derely haue I held also
The glory of her name,
In yielding her such tribute, lo,
As did set forth her fame.

Sometime I stoode so in her grace,
That as I would require,
Ech ioy I thought did me embrace
That fundered my desire ;
And all these pleasures lo ! had I,
That fansy might support ;
And nothing she did me deny,
That was unto my comfort.

I had (what would you more perdie ?)
Ech grace that I did craue.
Thus fortunes will was vnto me
All thing that I would haue :
But all to rathe, alas ! the while,
She built on such a ground :
In little space, to greate a guile,
In her now haue I found.

For she hath turned so her whele,
That I vnhappy man
May wayle the time that I dyd fele,
Wherewith she fed me than ;

For broken now are her behestes,
And pleasant lookes she gaue,
And therfore now al my requestes
From perill cannot save.

Yet would I well it might appere
To her my chiefe regard;
Though my desertes have been to dere
To merite such reward.
Sins fortunes will is now so bent
To plague me thus poore man,
I must my self therwith content,
And bear it as I can.

TO HIS LOUE THAT HAS GIVEN HIM ANSWERE OF RE-
FUSELL.

THE answeare that ye made to me, my dere,
When I did sue for my poore hartes redresse,
Hath so appalde my countnanee, and my chere,
That in this case I am all comfortlesse,
Sins I of blame no cause can well expresse.

I haue no wrong, where I can elaim no right,
Nought tane me fro, where I have nothing had,
Yet of my wo, I cannot so be quite;
Namely sins that another may be glad
With that, that thus in sorow makes me sad.

Yet none can claime (I say) by former graunt,
That knoweth not of any graunt at all;
And by desert, I dare well make auant,
Of faithfull will; there is no where that shall,
Beare you more truth, more ready at your call.

Now good then, call againe that bitter word,
That toucht your frend so nere with pangs of paine;
And say, my dere, that it was said in bord:
Late or to sone, let it not rule the gaine,
Wherwith free will doth true desert retaine.

TO HIS LADIE, CRUEL OUER HER YELDEN LOVER.

SUCH is the course that natures kind hath wrought,
That snakes haue time to cast away their stinges:
Against chaine prisoners what nede defence be
sought,
The fierce lyon will hurt no yelden thinges;
Why should such spight be nursed then by thought?
Sith all these powers are prest under thy winges,
And eke thou secst, and reason thee hath taught,
What mischief inalice many wayes it brings:
Consider eke, that spite availeth naught.
Therefore this song thy fault to thee it singes:
Displease thee not, for saying thus my thought
Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth
springes,
For furies, that in hell be execrable,
For that they hate, are made most miserable.

THE LOUER COMPLAINEETH THAT DEADLY SICKNESSE
CANNOT HELP HIS AFFECTION.

THE enemy of life, decayer of al kinde,
That with his colde withers away the grene,
This other night me in my bed did finde,
And offerd me to rid my fever clene,

And I did graunt so did dispaire me blinde :
He drew his bow with arrowes sharp and kene,
And strake the place where love had hit before,
And drave the first dart deper more and more.

THE LOVER REIOYCETH THE ENIOYING OF HIS LOUE.

ONCE, as methought, fortune me kist,
And bade me aske, what I thought best,
And I should haue it as me list,
Therwith to set my hart in rest.

I asked but my ladies hart,
To haue foreuermore myne owne ;
Then at an end were all my smart ;
Then should I nede no more to mone.

Yet for all that a stormy blast,
Had ouerturnde this goodly nay :
And fortune semed at the last,
That to her promise she said nay.

But like as one out of dispaire,
To sodeine hope reuiued I ;
Now fortune sheweth her selfe so faire,
That I content me wondersly.

My most desire my hand may reach,
My wyll is alway at my hande,
Me nede not long for to besech,
Her that hath power me to commande.

What earthly thing more can I crave,
What would I wishe more at my will ?
Nothing on earth more would I haue,
Save that I haue, to haue it still.

For fortune now have kept her promesse,
In graunting me my most desire,
Of my soueraigne I haue redresse,
And I content me with my hire.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH THE VNKINDNES OF HIS
LOVE.

My lute awake, perform the last
Labour, that thou and I shall wast :
And end that I haue now begonne,
And when this song is song and past,
My lute be still, for I haue done.

As to be heard where eare is none,
As leade to graue in marble stone ;
My song may pearse her hart as sone.
Should we then sigh, or sing, or mone,
No, no, my lute, for I haue done.

The rockes do not so cruelly
Repulse the waues continually,
As she my sute and affection :
So that I am past remedy,
Wherby my lute and I haue done.

Proude of the spoile that thou hast gotte
Of simple harts through loues shot,
By whome vnkind thou hast them wonne :
Think not he hath his bow forgot ;
Although my lute and I haue done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain
That makest but game on earnest payne,
Think not alone vnder the sunne
Unquit to cause thy lovers plaine;
Although my lute and I haue done.

May chance thee lie withered and olde,
In winter nightes that are so colde,
Playning in vaine unto the mone;
Thy wishes then dare not be tolde:
Care then who list, for I haue done.

And then may chaunce thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy louers sighe and swowne;
Then shalt thou know beautie but lent,
And wish and want as I haue done.

Now cease, my lute, this is the last
Labour, that thou and I shall wast,
And ended is that we begonne:
Now is this song both song and past;
My lute be still, for I haue done.

HOW BY A KISSE HE FOUND BOTH HIS LIFE AND DEATH.

NATURE, that gaue the bee so feate a grace,
To finde hony of so wondrous fashion,
Hath taught the spider out of the same place
To fetch poyson by straunge alteracion.
Though this be strange, it is a stranger case,
With one kisse by secret operacion
Both these at once in those your lips to finde,
In change wherof, I leaue my liart behinde.

THE LOUER DESCRIBETH HIS BEING TAKEN WITH
SIGHT OF HIS LOUE.

UNWARELY SO WAS neuer no man caught,
With stedfast loke upon a goodly face,
As I of late ; for sodeinely me thought,
My hart was torne out of his place.

Thorow mine eye the stroke from hers did slide,
And downe directly to my heart it ranne,
In help whereof the blood therto did glide,
And left my face both pale and wanne.

Then was I like a man for wo amased,
Or like the fowle that fleeth into the fire ;
For whyle that I vpon her beautie gased,
The more I burnde in my desire.

Anon the bloud start in my face againe,
Inflamde with heat, that it had at my hart,
And brought therwith throughout in euery vaine,
A quaking heat with pleasant smart.

Then was I like the strawe, when that the flame
Is driuen therin, by force and rage of wynde ;
I can not tell, a lass ! what I shall blame,
Nor what to seke, nor what to finde.

But well I wot, the grieve doth hold me sore
In heate and cold, betwixt both hope and dreade,
That, but her help to health do me restore,
This restlesse lyfe I may not leade.

TO HIS LOUER TO LOKE VPON HYM.

ALL in thy loke my life doth whole depende,
 Thou hydest thy self, and I must dye therefore ;
 But since thou maist so easely helpe thy frend,
 Why doest thou stick to salue that thou madest
 sore ?

Why do I dye, since thou maist me defend,
 And if I dye thy life may last no more ;
 For eche by other doth liue and haue reliefe,
 I in thy loke, and thou most in my grieve.



THE LOUER EXCUSETH HIM OF WORDES, WHERWITH
 HE WAS VNJUSTLY CHARGED.

PERDY I said it not,
 Nor neuer thought to do :
 As well as I ye wot,
 I haue no power thereto.
 And if I did, the lot,
 That first did me enchainē,
 May neuer slake the knot,
 But straite it to my paine.

And if I did eche thing,
 That maie do harme or wo,
 Continually maie wring
 My hart where so I go.
 Report maie alwaies ring
 Of shame on me for aye,
 If in my heart did spring
 The words that you doe saye.

And if I did, eche starre
That is in heauen aboue,
May frowme on me, to marre
The hope I haue in loue.
And if I did ; such warre
As they brought vnto Troy,
Bring all my life as farre
From all his lust and ioy.

And if I did so say,
The beautie that me bounde ;
Encrease from day to day
More cruel to my wounde.
With all the mone that may,
To plaint may turne my song ;
My life may soone decaye,
Without redresse by wrong.

If I be cleare from thought,
Why do you then complayne ?
Then is this thing but sought
To turne my hart to paine.
Then this that you haue wrought,
You must it now redresse ;
Of right therfore you ought
Such rigour to repress.

And as I haue deserued,
So grant me now my hyre,
You know I never swarued,
You neuer found me lier.
For Rachel haue I serued,
For Leah carde I neuer,
And her I haue reserued
Within my hart for euer.

OF SUCH AS HAD FORSAKEN HIM.

Lux my faire fawlcon, and thy fellowes all,
 How well pleasant it were your libertie,
 Ye not forsake me, that fayre mought you fall,
 But they that sometime liked my company.
 Like lice away from dead bodies they crall,
 Loe ! what a proof in light adversitie,
 But ye my birds I swere by all your belles,
 Ye be my frendes and very few elles.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE WOULD LOUE.

A FACE that should content me wonderous well,
 Should not be faire, but louely to behold,
 Of liuely loke all griefe for to repell;
 With right good grace so would I that it should
 Speke without word, such wordes as none can tell,
 Her tresse also should be of crisped golde;
 With wit, and these perchaunce it might be tride,
 And knit againe with knot that should not slide.

HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT IS TO FINDE QUIET IN LOUE.

EVER my hap is slack and slow in comyng
 Desire encreasing aye my hope vncertaine,
 With doubtful loue that but encreaseth paine;
 For, tigre like, so swift it is in parting.
 Alas ! the snow blacke shall it bee and scalding,
 The sea waterlesse, and fishe upon the mountaine,
 The Temmes shall back returne into his fountaine,

And where he rose, the Sunne shall take his lodging,
Ere I in this finde peace or quietnesse :
Or that loue, or my ladie right wisely,
Leaue to conspire against me wrongfully.
And if I haue after such bitterness
One drope of swete, my mouth is out of taste,
That al my trust and trauell is but waste.

OF LOUE, FORTUNE, AND THE LOUERS MINDE.

LOUE, fortune, and my minde whith doe remember
Eke that is now and that, that once hath bene,
Torment my hart so sore that very often
I hate and enuy them beyond all measure.
Love fleeth my hart, while fortune is depriuer
Of all my comfort; the foolish minde than
Burneth and plaineth, as one that very seldam
Liveth in rest. So still in displeasure
My pleasant dayes they flete and passe
And dayly doth myne yll change to the worse,
Whyle more than halfe is runne now of my course.
Alas, not of steele, but of brittle glasse,
I se that from my hand falleth my trust,
And all my thoughtes are dashed into dust.

THE LOUER PRAIYETH HIS OFFRED HART TO BE RE-
CEAUED.

How oft haue I, my deere and cruell foe,
With my great paine to get some peace or truce,
Geuen you my hart: but you doe not vse,
In so hie thinges, to cast your minde so low.

If any other loke for it, as you trow,
Their vaine weake hope doth greatly them abuse;
And that thus I disdaine, that you refuse,
It was once mine, it can no more be so.
If you it chafe that it in you can finde
In this exile no manner of comforte,
Nor liue alone, nor where he is calde, resort,
He may wander from his naturál kinde.
So shall it be great hurt vnto vs twaine,
And yours the losse, and mine the deadly paine.

THE LOVERS LIFE COMPARED TO THE ALPES.

LYKE unto these vnmeasurable mountaines,
So is my painfull life the burden of yre;
For hie be they, and hie is my desire;
And I of teares, and they be full of fountaines.
Vnder craggy rockes they haue barren plaines,
Hard thoughts in me my wofull minde doth tire:
Small frute and many leaues their tops do attire,
With small effect great trust in mé remaines.
The boistrous winds oft their high bowes do blast,
Hott sighes in me continually be shed,
Wilde beasts in them, fierce loue in me is fed:
Unmoueable am I, and they stedfast.

Of singing-birdes, they haue the tune and note,
And I alwayes plaintes passing through my throte.

CHARGING OF HIS LOUE AS VNPITEOUS AND LOUING
OTHER.

If amorous faith, or if an hart vnfained,
 A swete langour, a greate louely desire,
 If honest wyll kindled in gentle fire,
 If long error in a blind mase chained,
 If in my visage eche thought distained,
 Or my sparkeling voice, lower or hier,
 Which feare and shame so wofully doth tyre,
 If pale colour which loue alas hath stained,
 If to haue another then my self more dere,
 If waleing or sighing continually,
 With sorowful anger feding busily,
 If burning farr of, and if frising nere,
 Are cause that I by loue my self destroy,
 Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

A RENOUNCING OF LOVE.

FAREWELL loue, and all thy lawes for ever,
 Thy bayted hookes shall tangle me no more :
 Senec and Plato call me from thy lore,
 To parfit welth, my witt for to endeuer.
 In blinde error when I did perseuer,
 Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,
 Taught me in trifles that I set no store ;
 But scape forth thence since libertie is leuer :
 Therefore, farewell, go trouble yonger harts,
 And in me claime noe more auctoritie :
 With ydle youth goe vse thy propertie,
 And theron spend thy many brittle dartes.
 For hitherto though I haue lost my time,
 Me list no lenger rotten boughs to clime.

THE LOUER FORSAKETH HIS VNKINDE LOUE.

My hart I gaue thee, not to doc it pain,
 But to preserue, lo, it to thec was taken,
 I serued thee, not that I should be forsaken,
 But that I should receiue reward againe,
 I was content, thy seruant to remaine;
 And not to be repayed on this fashion.
 Now since in thee there is none other reason,
 Displease thee not, if that I do refrain.
 Unsaciat of my wo and thy desyre;
 Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault:
 But sins it pleaseth thee to faine default,
 Farewell I say, departing from the fire.
 For he that doth beleue, bearing in hand,
 Ploweth in the water, and soweth in the sand.

THE LOUER DESCRIBETH HIS RESTLESSE STATE.

The flaming sighes that boyle within my breast,
 Sometime break forth, and they can well declare
 The hartes vnrest, and how that it doth fare,
 The paine therof, the grieve, and all the rest.
 The waterred eyen from whence the teares do fall,
 Do feel some force or elce they would be dry,
 The wasted flesh of colour ded can try,
 And sometime tell what swetness is in gall.
 And he that lust to see, and to discearne,
 How care can force within a wearied mind,
 Come he to me, I am that place assinde;
 But for all this, no force, it doth no harme,
 The wounde, alas, happe in some other place,
 From whence noe toole away the skarre can race.

But you that of such like have had your part,
Can best be iudge. Wherefore my friend so dere,
I thought it good my state should now appere
To you, and that there is no great desart.
And wheras you in weighty matters great,
Of fortune saw the shadow that you know,
For trifling thinges I now am stricken so,
That though I fele my hart doth wound and beat,
I sit alone, saue on the second day
My feuer comes, with whome I spend my time
In burning heat while that she list assigne.
And who hath helth and libertie alwaie,
Let him thank God, and let him not prouoke,
To haue the like of this my painfull stroke.

THE LOUER LAMENTES THE DEATH OF HIS LOUE.

THE pillar perisht is wherto I lent,
The strongest stay of mine vnquiet minde ;
The like of it no man again can finde,
From east to west still seking though he went,
To mine vnhappe. For happe away hath rent
Of all my ioy the very bark and rinde,
And I (alas!) by chance am thus assinde,
Dayly to moorne till death do it relent.
But sins that thus it is by desteny,
What can I more but haue a wofull hart ;
My penne in plaint, my voyce in carefull crye,
My mynde in wo, my body full of smart,
And I my self, my self alwaies to hate,
Tyll dreadfull death doe ease my dolefull state.

THE LOUER SENDETH SIGHES TO MOUE HIS SUTE.

Go burning sighes unto the frozen hart,
 Goe break the yse which pities painfull dart
 Might never perce, and if that mortall praier
 In heauen be heard, at lest yet I desire .
 That death, or mercy, end my wofull smart:
 Take with thee pain, whereof I haue my part,
 And eke the flame from which I cannot start.
 And leaue me then in rest, I you require.
 Goe burning sighes fulfill that I desire,
 I must go worke, I see, by craft and art,
 For truth and faith in her is laid apart:
 Alas I cannot therefore now assaile her,
 With pitifull complaint and scalding fier,
 That from my brest deceiuably doth start.

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HIS LOUE.

So feeble is the thred that doth the burden stay,
 Of my poor life, in heauy plight that falleth in de-
 cay,
 That but it haue elsewhere some ayde or some suc-
 cours,
 The running spindle of my fate anon shall end his
 course.
 For since thunhappy houre that byd me to depart,
 From my swete weale, one only hope hath stayed
 my life apart,
 Which doth perswade such words vnto my sored
 minde,
 Maintaine thy selfe, O wofull wight, some better
 luck to finde:

For though thou be depriued froth thy desired
sight,
Who can thee tell, if thy returne be for thy more
delight?
Or who can tell, thy loss if thou mayst once re-
couer,
Some pleasant hower thy wo may wrap, and thee
defend and couer.
Thus in this trust, as yet it hath my life sustained,
But now (alas) I see it faint, and I by trust am
trained.
The tyme doth flete, and I see how the howers do
bend,
So fast, that I haue scant the space to marke my
comming end.
Westward the Sunne from out the east scant shews
his light,
When in the west he hies him strayghte within the
dark of night;
And comes as fast, where he began his path awry,
From east to west, from west to east, so doth his
iourney lye.
The lyfe so short, so frayle, that mortall men liue
here;
Soe great a weight, so heauy charge the bodyes
that we bere;
That when I think vpon the distaunce and the
space,
That doth so farre deuide me from my dere desired
face,
I know not how t'attaine the winges that I require,
To lyft me up, that I might fly, to follow my de-
syre.

Thus of that hope that doth my life something sustaine,

Alas I feare, and partly fele, full little doth remaine.
Eche place doth bring me grief, where I doe not behold

Those liuely eyes, which of my thoughts, were wont
the keys to hold.

Those thoughtes wer pleasant swete whilst I enioyd
that grace,

My pleasure past, my present pain, when I might
well embrace.

And for because my want should more my woe encrease,

In watch and slepe both day and night, my will
doth neuer cease,

That thing to wishe wherof syns I did lose the sight,
Was neuer thing that mought in ought my wofull hart delight.

Thuneasy life I leade, doth teach me for to mete,
The floodes, the seas, the land, the hilles, that doth
them entermete.

Twene me and those shene lights that wonted for
to clere,

My darked pangs of cloudy thoughts, as bright as
Phebus sphere

It teacheth me also, what was my pleasant state,
The more to fele by such record how that my welth
doth bate.

If such record (alas) prouoke thenflamed minde,
Which sprong that day that I did leaue the best of
me behind.

If loue forget himselfe by length of absence let,
Who doth me guide (O wofull wretch) vnto this
baited net,

Where doth encrease my care, much better were
for me,
As dumme as stone, all things forgot, still absent for
to be.
Alas the clear christall, the bright transplendant
glasse,
Doth not bewray the colours hid which vnderneath
it hase ;
As doth thaccumbred sprite the thoughtfull throwes
discover,
Of feares delite of fervent loue, that in our hartes
we couer,
Out by these eyes it sheweth that evermore de-
light ;
In plaint and teares to seek redress, and eke both
day and night.
Those kindes of pleasures most wherein men so
reioyce,
To me they do redouble still of stormy sighes the
voyce,
For, I am one of them, whom playnt doth well con-
tent,
It fittes me well my absent wealth me semes for to
lament ;
And with my teares tassy to charge mine eyes
twaine,
Like as my hart aboue the brink is fraughted full
of payne :
And for because thereto, that those faire eyes to
treate
Do me prouoke, I will returne, my plaint thus to
repeat :
For there is nothing els so toucheth me within,
Where they rule all, and I alone nought but, the
case or skin ;

Wherefore I shall returne to them, as well, or spring
From whom descends my mortal woe, aboue all
other thing.

So shall mine eyes in payne accompany my hart,
That were the guides, that did it lead of loue to
feel the smart.

The crisped gold that doth surmount Appollos
pride,

The liuely streames of pleasant starres that vnder
it doth glide.

Wherein the beames of loue doe still increase
theire heate,

Which yet so farre touch me to near in cold to
make me sweat :

The wise and pleasant talke, soe rare or else alone,
That gave to me the curteis gift, that earst had
neuer none.

Be farre from me alas, and euery other thing,
I might forbear with better will, then this that did
me bring

With pleasand woord and cheer, redress of lingred
payne,

And wonted oft in kindled will to vertue me to
trayne.

Thus am I forst to hear and harken after newes,
My comfort scant, my large desire in doubtful trust
renewes.

And yet with more delight to mone my wofull case,
I must complaine those hands, those armes, that
firmly do embrace

Me from my self, and rule the sterne of my poor
life,

The swete disdaynes, the pleasant wrathes, and
eke the louely strife.

That wonted well to tune in temper iust and mete,
The rage, that oft did make me erre, by furour vn-
discrete.

All this is hid fro me with sharp and ragged hilles,
At others will my long abode, my depe dyspayr
fulfilles.

And if my hope sometime ryse vp by some re-
dresse,

It stumbleth straight for feable faint my fear hath
such excesse.

Such is the sort of hope, the less for more desyre,
And yet I trust, ere that I dye, to se that I require.
The resting place of loue, where virtue dwells and
growes,

There I desire my wery life sometime may take
repose.

My song thou shalt attain to find that pleasant place,
Where she doth liue by whom I liue: may chance
to haue this grace,

When she hath read, and seen the grieve wherein
I serue,

Between her breasts she shall thee put there shall
she thee reserue.

Then tell her, that I come, she shall me shortly see,
And if for waighte the body fayle, the soul shall to
her flee.



THE LOUER BLAMETH HIS LOUE FOR RENTING OF THE
LETTER HE SENT HER.

SUFFISED not (Madame) that you did teare,
My wofull hart, but thus also to rent
The weping paper that to you I sent;
Whereof ech letter was written with a tear?

Could not my present paynes (alas) suffise
Your gredy hart, and that my hart doth fele
Torments that prick more sharper than the stele?
But new and new must to my lot arise.
Vse then my death : soe shall your cruelty,
Spite of your spyte rid me from all my smart,
And I no more such torments of the hart
Fele as I doe. This shall you gain thereby.

THE LOUER CURSETH THE TIME WHEN FIRST HE FELL
IN LOUE.

WHEN fyrst mine eyes did view and marke,
Thy fair beawtie to behold,
And when my ears lystned to harke,
The pleasant words that thou me told ;
I would as then I had ben free,
From ears to hear, and eyes to see.
And when my lips gan fyrst to moue,
Wherby my hart to thee was knowne,
And when my tong did talke of loue,
To thee that hast true loue downe throwne.
I would my lipps and tong also
Had then bene dum, no deal to go.
And when my hands haue handled ought,
That thee hath kept in memorie,
And when my feet haue gone and sought
To find and get thee companie.
I would eche hand a foot had bene,
And I eche foote a hand had sene.
And when in minde I did consent,
To folow this my fancies will,

And when my hart did first relent,
To taste such bait my life to spill.
I would my hart had bene as thine,
Or els thy hart had been as myne.

THE LOUER DETERMINETH TO SERUE FAITHFULLY.

SINCE loue will needs that I shall loue,
Of very force I must agree,
And since no chance may it remoue,
In wealth and in aduersitie.
I shall alway my selfe apply,
To serue and suffer patiently.

Though for good will I finde but hate,
And cruelly my life to wast,
And though that still a wretched state
Should pine my days vnto the last:
Yet I profess it willingly,
To serue and suffer patiently.

For since my hart is bound to serue,
And I not ruler of mine owne,
What soe befall, till that I sterue,
By prooffe full well it shall be knowne,
That I shall still my selfe apply,
To serue and suffer patiently.

Yet though my grieve finde no redresse,
But still encrease before mine eyes,
Though my reward be cruelnesse,
With all the harme, happe can deuise,
Yet I professe it willingly
To serue and suffer patiently.

Yea though Fortune her pleasant face
Should shew, to set me up aloft,
And straight my wealth for to deface,
Should writhe away, as she doth oft,
Yet would I still my self apply
To serue and suffer patiently.

There is no griefe, no smert, no wo,
That yet I fele, or after shall,
That from this minde may make me go,
And whatsoeuer me befall,
I do profess it willingly
To scrue and suffer patiently.

THE LOUER SUSPECTED BLAMETH YLL TONGUES.

MISTRUSTFULL minds be moved,
To haue me in suspect,
The truth it shall be proved,
Which time shall once detect.

Though falshed go about,
Of crime me to accuse,
At length I do not dout,
But truth shall me excuse.
Such sawce, as they haue serued,
To me without desart,
Euen as they haue deserued,
Therof God send them part.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH, AND HIS LADIE COM-
FORTETH.

- Louer.* It burneth yet, alas, my hartes desire,
Lady. What is the thing, that hath inflam'd thy
 hert?
Lo. A certaine point as feruent as the fyre.
La. The heat shall cease if that thou wilt conuert.
Lo. I cannot stop the feruent raging yre.
La. What may I do, if thy self cause thy smart?
Lo. Heare my request, and rew my weeping chere.
La. With right good will say on: lo, I thee here.
Lo. That thing would I, that maketh two content.
La. Thou seekest, perchaunce of me, that I may
 not.
Lo. Would God, thou wouldest, as thou mayst, well
 assent.
La. That I may not the grieve is mine, God wot.
Lo. But I it fele, whatso thy wordes have ment.
La. Suspect me not, my wordes be not forgott.
Lo. Tben say, alas! shall I have help or no?
La. I see no time to answere, yea, but no.
Lo. Say yea, dere hart, and stand no more in dout.
La. I may not grant a thing that is so dere.
Lo. Lo with delaies, thou driues me still about.
La. Thou wouldst my death, it plainly doth appere.
Lo. First may my heart his blood, and life blede
 out.
La. Then for my sake, alas! thy will forbere.
Lo. From day to day, thus wastes my life away.
La. Yet for the best, suffre some small delay.
Lo. Now good, say yea, do once so good a dede..
La. If I sayd yea, what should therof ensue?

Lo. An hart in payne of succour so should spede,
Twixt yea, and nay, my doute shall still renew,
My swete, say yea, and do away this drede.

La. Thou wilt nedes so ; be it so ; but then be trew.

Lo. Nought would I els, nor other treasure none.
Thus harts be wonne by loue, request, and
mone.

WHY LOUE IS BLIND.

OF purpose, loue chose first for to be blinde,
For he with sight of that, that I beholde,
Vanquisht had been, against all godly kinde,
His bow your hand, and trusse should haue vnfolde.
And he with me to serue had been assinde,
But, for he blind, and reckless would him holde,
And still, by chance, his dedly strokes bestow,
With such, as see, I serue, and suffer wo.

TO HIS VNKINDE LOUE.

WHAT rage is this ? what furor ? of what kynde ?
What power ? what plague doth very thus mye
Within my bones to rankle is assinde, [minde ?
What poyson pleasant swete ?

Lo see myne eyes flow with continual teares,
The body still away slepelesse it weares,
My foode nothing my fainting strength repaires,
Nor doth my limmes sustaine.

In depe wide wound, the dedly stroke doth turne,
To cureles skarre that never shall retorne,
Go to, triumph, reioyce thy goodly turne,
Thy frend thou doest oppresse.

Oppresse thou doest, and hast of him no cure,
Nor yet my plaint no pitie can procure,
Fierce tygre fell, hard rocke without recure
Cruel rebell to loue.

Once may thou loue, neuer beloued again,
So loue thou still, and not thy loue obtain,
So wrathfull loue with spites of iust disdain,
May thret thy cruell hart.

THE LOUER BLAMETH HIS INSTANT DESIRE.

DESIRE (alas!) my maister, and my fo,
So sore altered thy self, how maist thou see?
Some time thou sekest, and driues me to and fro;
Some time thou leadst, that leadeth thee and mee,
What reason is to rule thy subjectes so,
By forced law and mutabilitie?

For where by thee I doutd to haue blame,
Euen now by hate again I dout the same.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH HIS ESTATE.

I SEE that chance hath chosen me
Thus secretly to liue in payne,
And to another gcuen the fee,
Of all my losse to haue the gayne,
By chance assinde thus do I serue,
And other haue that I deserue.

Unto my self some time alone
I do lament my wofull case,
But what auaieth me to mone ?
Since troth and pitie hath no place
In them, to whom I sue and serue,
And other haue that I deserue.

To seke my meane to change this mind,
Alas, I proue it will not be ;
For in my hart I cannot finde,
Once to refraine, but still agree
As bound by force alway to serue,
And other have that I deserue.

Such is the fortune that I haue,
To loue them most, that loue me lest,
And to my paine to seke and craue
The thing, that other haue possest :
So thus in vaine alway I serue,
And other haue that I deserue.

And till I may appease the heate,
If that my happe will happe so well,
To wayle my wo my hart shall freate,
Whose pensif paine my tong can tell ;
Yet thus unhappy must I serue
And other haue that I deserue.

OF HIS LOUE CALLED ANNA.

WHAT word is that, that changeth not,
Though it be turnde and made in twaine ?
It is mine Anna, God it wot,
The only causer of my paine ;
My loue that medeth with disdaine.
Yet is it loued, what will you more ?
It is my salue, and eke my sore.

THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH EUERY PAIN.

VENEMOUS thornes that are so sharpe and kene,
 Beare flowers we se, full fresh and faire of hue,
 Poison is also put in medicine,
 And vnto man his helth doth oft renue :
 The fire, that all things eke consumeth clene,
 May hurt and heale : then if that this be true,
 I trust some time my harm may be my health,
 Sins every woe is ioyned with some wealth.

A RIDDLE OF A GIFT GEVEN BY A LADIE.

A LADY gaue me a gyft she had not ;
 And I receiued her gift which I took not ;
 She gaue it me willingly, and yet she would not ;
 And I receiued it albeit I could not.
 If she giue it me I force not ;
 And if she take it againe she cares not.
 Conster what this is, and tel not ;
 For I am fast sworne, I may not.

THAT SPEAKING OR PROFERING BRINGS ALWAY SPED-
 ING.

SPEAKE thou and spede, where will or pōwer ought
 helpeth,
 Where power doth want, will must be wonne by
 welth :

For nede will spede, where will workes not his
kinde,
And gayne thy foes thy frendes shall cause thee
finde.
For sute and golde, what do not they obtayne?
Of good and bad the tryers are these twayne.

HE RULETH NOT THOUGH HE RAIGNE OUER REALMES,
THAT IS SUBJECT TO HIS OWN LUSTES.

If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruell will, and see thou kepe the free
From the foul yoke of sensual bondage ;
For though thine empire stretche to Indian sea,
And for thy fear trembleth the fardeth Thylee,
If thy desire haue ouer thee the power,
Subject then art thou, and no gouernour.

If to be noble and high thy mind be moued,
Consider well thy grounde and thy beginning,
For he that hath eche starre in heaven fixed,
And geues the moone her hornes and her eclipsing,
Alike hath made the noble in his working,
So that wretched no way may thou bee,
Except foule lust and vice doe conquer thee.

All were it so thou had a flood of gold
Unto thy thirst, yet should it not suffice ;
And though with Indian stones a thousand foldc,
More precious then can thy self deuise.
Ycharged were thy backe ; thy couetise,
And busy byting yet should neuer let
Thy wretched life, ne do thy death profet.

WHETHER LIBERTIE BY LOSSE OF LIFE, OR LIFE IN
PRISON AND THRALDOM BE TO BE PREFERRED.

LYKE as the birde within the cage enclosed,
The dore unspared, her foe the hawke without,
Twixt death and prison piteously oppressed,
Whether for to chose standeth in dout;
Lo so do I, which seke to bring about,
Which should be best by determinacion
By losse of life, libertie, or life by prison.

O mischief by mischief to be redressed,
Where pain is best there lieth but little pleasure,
By short deth better to be deliuered,
Then bide in painfull life, thraldome and doler.
Small is the pleasure where much pain we suffer,
Rather therfore to ehuse me thinketh wisdom,
By loss of life libertie, then life by prison.

And yet me thinkes although I liue and suffer,
I do but waite a time and fortunes chanee;
Oft many thinges do happen in one hower;
That which opprest me now may me aduancee;
In time is trust, which by deathes greuaunee
Is wholly lost. Then wer it not reason
By death to chuse libertie, and not life by prison.

But death wer deliuerancee where life lengths
 paine,
Of these two ylles let see now ehose the best,
This bird to deliuer that here doth plain;
What say ye louers, which shal be the best?
In eage thraldome, or by the hawke opprest;
And which to ehose, make plain conelusion
By losse of life libertie, or life by prison.

AGAINST HOURS OF MONEY.

(From the Greek Epigram.)

For shamefast harme of great and hatefull nede,
 In depe dispaire, as did a wretch go,
 With ready corde out of his life to spede,
 His stumbling foote, did finde an horde, lo,
 Of gold, I say, where he preparte this dede
 And in exchange, he left the corde tho.

He that had hid the golde, and found it not,
 Of that he found, he shapt his neck a knot.



DISCRIPTION OF A GONNE.

VULCANE begat me, Minerua me taught,
 Nature my mother, craft nourisht me yere by yere;
 Thre bodies are my foode; my strength is in naught.
 Anger, wrath, wast, and noyse, are my children dere.
 Gesse frende, what I am, and how I am wraught,
 Monster of sea or of lande, or of els where:

Know me, and vse me, and I may thee defend,
 And if I be thine enmy I may thy life ende.



WYATE BEING IN PRISON TO BRIAN.

SIGHES are my foode, my drink are my teares;
 Clinking of fetters would such musike eraue,
 Stink, and close ayre, away my life it weares;
 Poor innocence is al the hope I haue,

Rain, winde, or wether, iudge I by my eares,
Malice assautes that righteousnesse should haue.
Sure am I, Brian, this wound shall heale againe,
But yet, alas! the skarre shall still remaine.

OF DISSEMBLING WORDES.

THROUGHOUT the world if it were sought,
Fair words ynough a man shall finde;
They be good chepe, they cost right nought,
Their substance is but only winde:
But well to say, and so to mene,
That swete accord is seldom sene.

OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE.

(From Seneca's Chorus.)

STONED who so list upon the slipper wheele,
Of hie estate, and let me here reioyce,
And vse my life in quietnesse eche dele,
Unknownen in court that hath the wanton toyes,
In hydden place my time shall slowly passe,
And when my yeres be past withouten noyse,
Let me die olde after the common trace;
For gripes of death doth he too hardly pass;
That knowen is to all, but to myself, alas!
He dyeth unknownen, dased with dreadfull face.

THE COURTIER'S LIFE.

IN court to serue decked with freshe aray,
Of sugred meates feling the swete repast,
The life in bankets and sundry kindes of playe,
Amid the prease of worldly lookes to waste.
Hath with it joynde oft times such bitter taste,
That who so ioyes such kinde of life to hold,
In prison ioyes fettred with cheines of gold.

OF DISAPPOINTED PURPOSE BY NEGLIGENCE.

OF Carthage he that worthy warriour,
Could ouercome, but could not use his chance;
And I likewise of all my long endeauour,
The sharpe conquest though fortune did advance,
Ne could I vse. The hold that is geuen over,
I vnpossesse, so hangeth now in balance
Of warre, my peace, rewarde of all my payne,
At Mountzon thus I restless rest in Spaine.

OF HIS RETURNE FROM SPAIN.

TAGUS farewell, that westward with thy stremes,
Turnes vp the graines of gold already tried;
For I with spurre and saile go seke the Temmes,
Gainward the Sunne that sheweth her welthy pride;
And to the town that Brutus sought by dreames,
Like bended mone that leaues her lusty side,
My king, my countrey I seke, for whom I live,
O mighty Ioue the windes for this me giue.

OF SODAINE TRUSTING.

DRIVEN by desire I did this dede,
To danger my selfe without cause why,
To trust thuntrue not like to spede,
To speake and promise faithfully:
But now the prooffe doth verify,
That who so trusteth ere he know,
Doth hurt himself and please hys foe.

OF THE MOTHER THAT EATE HER CHILD AT THE SIEGE
OF IERUSALEM.

IN doutfull brest whiles motherly pity,
With furious famine standeth at debate,
The mother saith, O child vnhappy,
Return thy blood where thou hadst milke of late.
Yeld me those limmes that I made vnto thee,
And entre there where thou wer generate,
For of one body against all nature,
To another must I make sepulture.

SELECT POEMS
OF
HENRY HOWARD,
EARL OF SURREY.
WITH
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
FROM CAMPBELL.

LIFE OF SURREY.

DR. NOTT, who has cleared away much fable and anachronism from this noble poet's biography, supposes that he was born in or about the year 1516, and that he was educated at Cambridge, of which university he was afterwards elected high steward. At the early age of sixteen he was contracted in marriage to the Lady Frances Vere, daughter to John Earl of Oxford. The Duke of Richmond was afterwards affianced to Surrey's sister. It was customary, in those times, to delay, frequently for years, the consummations of such juvenile matches; and the writer of Lord Surrey's life, already mentioned, gives reasons for supposing that the poet's residence at Windsor, and his intimate friendship with Richmond, so tenderly recorded in his verses, took place, not in their absolute childhood, as has been generally imagined, but immediately after their being contracted to their respective brides. If this was the case, the poet's allusion to

The secret groves which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies love,

may be charitably understood as only recording the aspirations of their conjugal impatience.

Surrey's marriage was consummated in 1535. In the subsequent year he sat, with his father, as Earl Marshal, on the trial of his kinswoman Anne Bo-

leyn. Of the impression which that event made upon his mind, there is no trace to be found either in his poetry, or in tradition. His grief for the amiable Richmond, whom he lost soon after, is more satisfactorily testified. It is about this period that the fiction of Nash, unfaithfully misapplied as reality by Anthony Wood, and from him copied, by mistake, by Walpole and Warton, sends the poet on his romantic tour to Italy, as the knight errant of the fair Geraldine. There is no proof, however, that Surrey was ever in Italy. At the period of his imagined errantry his repeated appearance at the court of England can be ascertained; and Geraldine, if she was a daughter of the earl of Kildare, was then only a child of seven years old.

That Surrey entertained romantic sentiments for the fair Geraldine, seems, however, to admit of little doubt; and that too at a period of her youth which makes his homage rather surprising. The fashion of the age sanctioned such courtships, under the liberal interpretation of their being platonic. Both Sir P. Sidney and the Chevalier Bayard avowed attachments of this exalted nature to married ladies, whose reputations were never sullied, even when the mistress wept openly at parting from her admirer. Of the nature of Surrey's attachment we may conjecture what we please, but can have no certain test even in his verses, which might convey either much more or much less than he felt; and how shall we search in the graves of men for the shades and limits of passions that elude our living observation?

Towards the close of 1540 Surrey embarked in public business. A rupture with France being anticipated, he was sent over to that kingdom, with Lord Russel and the Earl of Southampton, to see that every thing was in a proper state of defence within the English pale. He had previously been knighted: and had jousted in honour of Anne of

Cleves, upon her marriage with Henry. The commission did not detain him long in France. He returned to England before Christmas, having acquitted himself entirely to the king's satisfaction. In the next year, 1541, we may suppose him to have been occupied in his literary pursuits—perhaps in his translation of Virgil. England was then at peace both at home and abroad, and in no other subsequent year of Surrey's life could his active service have allowed him leisure. In 1542 he received the order of the garter, and followed his father in the expedition of that year into Scotland, where he acquired his first military experience. Amidst these early distinctions it is somewhat mortifying to find him, about this period, twice committed to the Fleet prison, on one occasion on account of a private quarrel, on another for eating meat in Lent, and for breaking the windows of the citizens of London with stones from his cross bow. This was a strange misdemeanour indeed, for a hero and a man of letters. His apology, perhaps as curious as the fact itself, turns the action only into quixotic absurdity. His motive, he said, was religious. He saw the citizens sunk in corruption of manners, and he wished to break in upon their guilty secrecy by a sudden chastisement, that should remind them of divine retribution.

The war with France called him into more honourable activity. In the first campaign he joined the army under Sir John Wallop, at the siege of Landrecy; and in the second and larger expedition he went as marshal of the army of which his father commanded the vanguard. The siege of Montreuil was allotted to the duke of Norfolk and his gallant son; but their operations were impeded by the want of money, ammunition, and artillery, supplies most probably detained from reaching them by the influence of the earl of Hertford, who had long regarded both Surrey and his father with a jealous

eye. In these disastrous circumstances Surrey seconded the duke's efforts with zeal and ability. On one expedition he was out two days and two nights, spread destruction among the resources of the enemy, and returned to the camp with a load of supplies, and without the loss of a single man. In a bold attempt to storm the town he succeeded so far as to make a lodgement in one of the gates; but was dangerously wounded, and owed his life to the devoted bravery of his attendant Clere, who received a hurt in rescuing him, of which he died a month after. On the report of the dauphin of France's approach, with 60,000 men, the English made an able retreat, of which Surrey conducted the movements, as marshal of the camp.

He returned with his father to England, but must have made only a short stay at home, as we find him soon after fighting a spirited action in the neighbourhood of Boulogne, in which he chased back the French as far as Montreuil. The following year he commanded the vanguard of the army of Boulogne, and finally solicited and obtained the government of that place. It was then nearly defenceless; the breaches unrepaired, the fortifications in decay, and the enemy, with superior numbers, established so near as to be able to command the harbour, and to fire upon the lower town. Under such disadvantages, Surrey entered on his command, and drew up and sent home a plan of alterations in the works, which was approved of by the king, and ordered to be acted upon. Nor were his efforts merely defensive. On one occasion he led his men into the enemy's country as far as Samer au Bois, which he destroyed, and returned in safety with considerable booty. Afterwards, hearing that the French intended to revictual their camp at Outreau, he compelled them to abandon their object, pursued them as far as Hardilot, and was only prevented from gaining a complete victory through the

want of cavalry. But his plan for the defence of Boulogne, which, by his own extant memorial, is said to evince great military skill, was marred by the issue of one unfortunate sally. In order to prevent the French from revictualling a fortress that menaced the safety of Boulogne, he found it necessary, with his slender forces, to risk another attack at St. Etienne. His cavalry first charged and routed those of the French: the foot, which he commanded in person, next advanced, and the first line, consisting chiefly of gentlemen armed with corselets, behaved gallantly, but the second line, in coming to the push of the pike, were seized with a sudden panic, and fled back to Boulogne, in spite of all the efforts of their commander to rally them. Within a few months after this affair he was recalled to England, and Hertford went out to France as the king's lieutenant-general.

It does not appear, however, that the loss of this action was the pretext for his recal, or the direct cause of the king's vengeance, by which he was subsequently destined to fall. If the faction of Hertford, that was intriguing against him at home, ever succeeded in fretting the king's humour against him, by turning his misfortune into a topic of blame, Henry's irritation must have passed away, as we find Surrey recalled, with promises of being replaced in his command, (a promise, however, which was basely falsified,) and again appearing at court in an honourable station. But the event of his recal, (though it does not seem to have been marked by tokens of royal displeasure,) certainly contributed indirectly to his ruin, by goading his proud temper to farther hostilities with Hertford. Surrey, on his return to England, spoke of his enemy with indignation and menaces, and imprudently expressed his hopes of being revenged in a succeeding reign. His words were reported, probably with exaggeration, to the king, and occasioned his being sent, for

some time, as a prisoner to Windsor. He was liberated, however, from thence, and again made his appearance at court, unsuspecting of his impending ruin.

It is difficult to trace any personal motives that could impel Henry to wish for his destruction. He could not be jealous of his intentions to marry the princess Mary—that fable is disproved by the discovery of Surrey's widow having survived him. Nor is it likely that the king dreaded him as an enemy to the Reformation, as there is every reason to believe that he was a protestant. The natural cruelty of Henry seems to have been but an instrument in the designing hands of Hertford, whose ambition, fear, and jealousy, prompted him to seek the destruction of Norfolk and his son. His measures were unhappily aided by the vindictive resentment of the duchess of Norfolk against her husband, from whom she had been long separated, and by the still more unaccountable and unnatural hatred of the duchess of Richmond against her own brother. Surrey was arrested on the 12th of December, 1546, and committed to the tower. The depositions of witnesses against him, whose collective testimony did not substantiate even a legal offence, were transmitted to the king's judges at Norwich, and a verdict was returned, in consequence of which he was indicted for high treason. We are not told the full particulars of his defence, but are only generally informed that it was acute and spirited. With respect to the main accusation, of his bearing the arms of the Confessor, he proved that he had the authority of the heralds in so doing, and that he had worn them himself in the king's presence, as his ancestors had worn them in the presence of former kings. Notwithstanding his manifest innocence, the jury was base enough to find him guilty. The chancellor pronounced sentence of death upon him; and in the flower of his age, in

his 31st year, this noble soldier, and accomplished poet, was beheaded on Tower-hill.

Surry was not, as has been said, the inventor of our metrical versification; nor had his genius the potent voice and the magic spell which rouse all the dormant energies of a language. In certain walks of composition, though not in the highest, viz. in the ode, elegy, and epitaph, he set a chaste and delicate example; but he was cut off too early in life, and cultivated poetry too slightly, to carry the pure stream of his style into the broad and bold channels of inventive fiction. Much, undoubtedly, he did, in giving sweetness to our numbers, and in substituting for the rude tautology of a former age, a style of soft and brilliant ornament, of selected expression, and of verbal arrangement, which often winds into graceful novelties; though sometimes a little objectionable from its involution. Our language was also indebted to him for the introduction of blank verse. It may be noticed at the same time that blank verse, if it had continued to be written as Surrey wrote it, would have had a cadence too uniform and cautious to be a happy vehicle for the dramatic expression of the passions. Grimoald, the second poet who used it after Lord Surrey, gave it a little more variety of pauses; but it was not till it had been tried as a measure by several composers, that it acquired a bold and flexible modulation.



EARL OF SURREY.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

WHEREIN ECHE THING RENEWES SAUE ONELY THE
LOVER.

THE soote season, that bud and blome forth
brings,
With grene hath clad the hill, and eke the vale:
The nightingale with fethers new she sings:
The turtle to her mate hath tolde her tale:
Somer is come, for euery spray now springs:
The hart hath hong his old hed on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coate he flings:
The fishes flete with new repaired scale:
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her hony now she mings,
Winter is worne, that was the flowers bale.
And thus I se among these pleasant things
Eche care decays; and yet my sorow springs.

COMPLAINT OF A LOUER THAT DEFIED LOUE, AND WAS
BY LOUE AFTER THE MORE TORMENTED.

WHEN somer toke in hand the winter to assail,
With force of might, and vertue great, his
stormy blasts to quail; [grene,
And when he clothed faire the earth about with
And every tree new garmented, that pleasure
was to sene;
Mine hart gan new reuiue, and changed blood did
stur
Me to withdrawe my wynter woes, that kept
within the dore.
Abroade, quod my desire, assay to set thy fote
Where thou shalt finde the savour swete, for
sprong is euery rote.
And to thy health, if thou were sick in any case,
Nothing more good, than in the spring the aire
to fele a space.
There shalt thou heare and se al kyndes of birdes
ywrought,
Wel tune their voice with warble smal, as nature
hath them taught. [leaue:
Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to
And for my health I thought it best such counsel
to receaue.
So on a morrow furth, vnwist of any wight,
I went to proue how well it woulde my heauy
burthen light.
And when I felt the aire so pleasant rounde about,
Lord, to my self how glad I was that I had
gotten out.

There might I see how Ver had euery blossome
hent:

And eke the new betrothed birdes ycoupled how
they went:

And in their songes me-thought they thanked na-
ture much,

That by her licence al that yere to loue their
happe was such,

Right as they could deuise to chose them feres
throughout;

With much reioysing to their Lord; thus flew
they al about. [ceauē

Which when I gan resolue, and in my head con-

What pleasant lyfe, what heapes of joy these
little birdes reccaue;

And saw in what estatc I wery man was wrought,

By want of that they had at will, and I reiect at
nought:

Lord, how I gan in wrath vnwisely me demeane!

I cursed Loue and him defied: I thought to
turne the streame.

But when I well beheld he had me vnder awe,

I asked mercy for my fault, that so transgrest
his lawe,

Thou blinded God (quod I) forgeue me this offence,

Unwittingly I went about, to malice thy pre-
tence. [swore:

Wherwith he gaue a becke, and thus me-thought he

Thy sorrow ought suffice to purge thy fault, if it
were more.

The vertue of which sound mine hart did so reuiue,

That I, me-thought, was made as whole as any
man alive.

But here I may perceive mine errour al and some,
 For that I thought that so it was; yet was it stil
 undone: [minde,
 And al that was no more but mine expressed
 That faine would haue some good reliefe of
 Cupide wel assinde.
 I turned home forthwith and might perceiue it wel,
 That he agreued was right sore with me for my
 rebel. [more;
 My harmes haue, euer since, increased more and
 And I remaine without his help vndone for ever-
 more.
 A mirror let me be vnto ye louers all:
 Striue not with Loue, for if ye do, it will ye thus
 befall.



THE FRAILTIE AND HURTFULNESS OF BEAUTIE.

BRITTLE beautie, that nature made so fraile,
 Whereof the gift is small and short the season;
 Flowring to day, to morrowe apt to faile:
 Fickell treasure, abhorred of reason:
 Daungerous to deal with, vaine, of none auaille;
 Costly in keping, past not worthe two peason:
 Slipper in sliding as is an eles taile;
 Harde to attaine, once gotton not geason:
 Jewell of jeopardie that peril doth assaile;
 False and vntrue, enticed oft to treason;
 Enmy to youth, that most may I bewaile:
 Ah, bitter swete, infecting as the poyson.
 Thou farest as frute that with the frost is taken,
 To day redy ripe, to morowe all to shaken.

A VOW TO LOUE FAITHFULLY HOWSOEVER HE BE RE-
WARDED.

SET me whereas the sunne doth parche the grene,
Or where his beames do not dissolue the yse :
In temperate heate where he is felt and sene ;
In presence prest of people madde or wise :
Set me in hye, or yet in low degree ;
In longest night, or in the shortest daye :
In clearest sky, or where cloudes thickest be ;
In lusty youth, or when my heeres are graye :
Set me in heauen, in earth, or els in hell,
In hyll or dale, or in the foming flood,
Thrall, or at large, alieue whereso I dwell,
Sicke or in health, in euill fame or good :
Hers will I bee, and onely with this thought
Content my self, although my chaunce be nought.

COMPLAINT THAT HIS LADY, AFTER SHE KNEW OF HIS
LOUE, KEPT HER FACE ALWAY HIDDEN FROM HIM.

I NEVER sawe my Lady laye apart
Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
Sith fyrst she knew my grieve was growen so greate:
Whiche other fansies driueth from my hart
That to my self I do the thought reserue,
The which unwares did wound my woeful brest ;
But on her face mine eyes mought neuer rest :
Yet sins she knew I did her loue and serue,
Her golden tresses cladde alway with blacke ;
Her smyling lokes that hid thus euermore,

And that restraines whiche I desire so sore :
 So doth thys cornet gouerne me alacke :
 In somer, sunne : in winters breathe, a froste :
 Whereby the light of her faire lokes I lost.

PRISONER IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNTETH HIS PLEASURE
 THERE PASSED.

So cruel prison, how could betide, alas !
 As proude Windsor : where I in lust and joye,
 Wythe a kinges sonne*, my childishe yeres did
 passe,
 In greater feast, than Priam's Sonnes of Troye :
 Where eche swete place returnes a taste full sower:
 The large grene courtes where we were wont to
 hove,
 With eyes cast vp into the maiden tower,
 And easie sighes, such as folk drawe in Loue ;
 The stately seates, the ladies bright of hewe ;
 The daunces shorte, long tales of great delight
 With wordes and lokes, that tigers could but rewe.
 Where ech of vs did pleade the others right.
 The palme play, where, despoyled for the game,
 With dazed yies oft we by gleames of loue,
 Haue mist the ball, and gote sighte of our dame,
 To bayte her eyes, which kept the leads aboue†.
 The grauell ground, wythe sleues tide on the
 helme
 On fomyng horse, with swords and friendly
 hartes;

* The young duke of Richmond. *W.*

† The ladies were ranged on the leads or battlements of the castle to see the play. *W.*

With chear as though one should another whelme,
Where we haue fought, and chased oft with dartes;
With siluer droppes the meade yet spred for ruthe,
In active games of nimblenes and strength,
Where we did straine, trayned with swarmes of
youth,

Our tender limmes, that yet shot vp in lenth :
The secrete groues which oft we made resounde,
Of pleasaunt playnt, and of our ladies praise,
Recording oft what grace ech one had founde,
What hope of spede, what drede of long delays :
The wilde forest, the clothed holtes with grene,
With rayns auailed and swift ybreathed horsc ;
With crie of houndes and mery blastes betwene,
Where we did chase the fearful harte of force.
The wide vales eke, that harborde vs eche nighte,
Wherwith (alas) reuiueth in my brest
The swete accorde, such slepes as yet delight,
The pleasant dreames, the quiet bed of rest :
The secrete thoughtes imparted with such trust,
The wanton talke, the diuers change of play,
The friendship sworne, eche promise kept so
iust ;

Wherwith we past the winter night away.
And with this thought, the bloud forsakes the face,
The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe,
The whyche as sone as sobbing sighes, alas,
Upsupped have, thus I my plaint renewe :
O place of blisse ! renuer of my woes,
Giue me accompt, where is my noble fere ;
Whom in thy walles thou dost ech night enclose ;
To other leefe, but unto me most dere :
Eccho, alas, that doth my sorrow rewe,
Returns therto a hollowe sounde of playnte.

Thus I alone, where all my fredome grewe,
In prison pine with bondage and restraunte,
And with remembrance of the greater greefe,
To banish the lesse, I find my chief releefe.

A PRAISE OF HIS LOUE, WHEREIN HE REPROUETH THEM
THAT COMPARE THEIR LADIES WITH HIS.

GEVE place, ye louers, here before,
That spent your bostes and bragges in vain,
My ladies beawty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Then doth the sunne the candle light ;
Or brightest day the darkest night,

And therto hath a troth as just,
As had Penelope the faire,
For what she sayth, ye may it trust,
As by it writing sealed were :
And virtues hath she many moe,
Than I with pen have skill to showe.

I could reherse if that I would,
The whole effect of Natures plaint,
When she had lost the perfite mould,
The like to whome she could not paint :
With wringyng hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I knowe she swore with raging minde
Her kingdome onely set apart ;
There was no losse, by lawe of kinde,
That could haue gone so nere her hart ;
And this was chefely all her paine,
She could not make the like againe.

Sith Nature thus gaue her the praise,
To be the chefest worke she wrought ;
In faith me thinke some better wayes,
On your behalfe might well be sought,
Then to compare (as you haue done)
To matche the candle withe the sunne.

THE LOUER DESCRIBES HIS RESTLESSE STATE.

As oft as I behold and see
The soueraigne beautie that me bound,
The nier my comfort is to me,
Alas ! the fresher is my wound.

As flame doth quench by rage of fire,
And running stremes consume by raine ;
So doth the sight, that I desire,
Appease my grief and deadly paine.

First when I saw those christal streames,
Whose beauty made my mortall wounde,
I little thought within her beames,
So swete a venom to haue found.

But wilfull will did pricke me forth,
And blinde Cupide did whippe and guide ;
Force made me take my grieffe in worth :
My fruteless hope my harme did hide.

As cruel waves full oft be found,
Against the rockes to rore and cry ;
So doth my hart full oft rebound,
Agaynst my brest full bitterly.

I fall and se mine own decay,
 As one, that beares flame in his brest;
 Forgets in paine to put away,
 The thinge that bredith mine unrest.

OF THE DEATH OF THE SAME SIR T. W.

DIVERS thy death do diversly bemone,
 Some that in presence of thy livelyhed
 Lurked, whose brestes envy with hate had swolne,
 Yeld Ceasars teares upon Pompious hed.
 Some that watched with the murdrers knife,
 With eger thirst to drinke thy guiltlesse blood,
 Whose practise brake by happy end of life,
 With envious teares to heare thy fame so good.
 But I, that knewe what harbred in that hed,
 What vertues rare were tempred in that brest,
 Honour the place that such a jewel bred,
 And kisse the ground wheras the corse doth rest,
 With vapord eyes, from whence such streames
 avail,
 As Pyramus did on Thisbes brest bewail.

OF THE SAME.

WHAT resteth here, that quick could never rest,
 Whose heavenly giftes encreaseth by disdain,
 And vertue sank the deper in his brest,
 Such profit he by enuy could obtain.

A hed, where wisdom misteries did frame,
 Whose hammers bet still in that liuely braine,
 As on a stythe; where that some worke of fame
 Was dayly wrought, to turne to Britaines gaine.

A visage, sterne, and milde; where both did growe,
Vice to contemne, in vertue to rejoyce :
Amid great stormes, whom grace assured so,
To liue vpright, and smile at fortunes choyce.

A hand that taught what might be said in rime ;
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit.
A mark, the which (vnparfited, for time)
Some may approach, but neuer none shall hit.

A tong, that serued in forein realmes his king ;
Whose courteous talke to vertue did enflame
Eche noble hart ; a worthy guide to bring
Our English youth, by trauail vnto fame.

An eye, whose judgment none affect could blinde,
Frendes to allure, and foes to reconcile ;
Whose persing looke did represent a minde
With vertue fraught, reposed, voyd of gile.

A hart, where dreade was neuer so imprest,
To hide the thought, that might the trouth auance;
In neyther fortne loft, nor yet represt,
To swel in welth, or yield vnto mischance.

A valiant corps, where force and beauty met,
Happy, alas ! to happy, but for foes ;
Liued, and ran the race that nature set ;
Of manhodes shape, where she the mold did lose.

But to the heavens that simple soule is fled ;
Which left with such, as couet Christ to know,
Witness of faith, that neuer shal be ded ;
Sent for our helth, but not receiued so.

Thus for our gilt, this jewel haue we lost ;
The earth his bones, the heavens possesse his
ghost.

FROM A TRANSLATION OF THE FIRST ÆNEID

With furious minde while I did argue thus,
My blessed mother then appeared to me,
Whom erst so bright mine eyes had neuer seen,
And with pure light she glistred in the night,
Disclosing her in forme a Goddesse like,
As she doth seme to such as dwell in heuen.
My right hand then she toke, and held it fast,
And with her rosie lips thus did she say :
Son, what furie hath thus prouoked thee
To such vntamed wrath ? why ragest thou ?
Or where is now become the care of vs ?
Wilt thou not first go see where thou hast left
Anchises thy father fordone with age ?
Doth Creusa liue, and Ascanius thy son ?
Whom now the Grekish bands haue round beset,
And, were they not defended by my care,
Flame had them raught and enmies swerd ere this.
Not helens beautie hatefull vnto thee,
Nor blamed Paris yet, but the Gods wrath
Reft yow this wealth, and ouerthrew your town.
Behold (and I shall now the cloude remoue,
Which ouercast thy mortal sight doth dim :
Whoes moisture doth obscure all thinges about :
And fere not thou to do thy mothers will,
Nor her aduise refuse thou to performe)
Here where thou seest the turrets ouerthrown,
Stone bet from stone, smoke rising mixt with dust,
Neptunus there shakes with his mace the walles,
And eke the loose foundations of the same,
And ouerwhelms the whole town from his seat :
And cruell Iuno with the formest here

Doth kepe the gate that Scea cleped is,
Nerewood for wrath, whereas she standes, and calls
In harnesse bright the Grekes out of their ships :
And in the turrets hye behold where standes
Bright shining Pallas, all in warlike wede,
And with her shield where Gorgons hed apperes ;
And Iupiter my father distributes
Auayling strength and courage to the Grekes :
Yet, ouermore, against the Troyan power,
He doth provoke the rest of all the gods.
Flee then my son, and geue this trauail end :
Ne shall I thee forsake, in sauegard till
I haue thee brought vnto thy fathers gate.
This did she say : and therwith gan she hide
Her self in shadow of the close night.

Then dredful figures gan appere to me,
And great Gods eke aggreued with our town.
I saw Troye fall down in burning gledes :
Neptunus town clene razed from the soil :
Like as the elm forgrown in mountains hye,
Round hewen with axe, that husbandmen
With thick assaultes striue to teere up, doth threat ;
And hact beneath trembling doth bend his top,
Till yold with strokes, geuing the latter crack,
Rent from the heighth, with ruine it doth fall.
With this I went, and guided by a God
I passed through my foes, and eke the flame :
Their wepons, and fire eke gaue me place.
And when that I was come before the gates,
The auncient building of my fathers house :
My father, whom I hoped to conuey
To the next hils, and did him thearto treat,
Refused either to prolong his life,
Or bide exile after the fall of Troy.

All ye, quod he, in whom yong blood is fresh,
Whoes strength remaines entier and in full powr,
Take ye your flight.

For if the Gods my life wold haue proroged,
They had reserud for me this wonning place.

It was enough, alas, and eke to much,
To see the town of Troy thus razed ones :
To have liued after the citee taken.

When ye have sayd, this corps layd out forsake :

My hand shall seke my death, and pitie shal
Mine enmies moue, or else hope of my spoile.

As for my graue, I wey the losse but light :

For I my yeres disdainfull to the Gods

Haue lingred fourth, vnable to all nedes,

Sins that the fire of Gods and king of men

Strake me with thonder, and with leuening blast.

Such things he gan reherse, thus firmly bent :

But me besprent with teres, my tender son,

And eke my swete Creusa, with the rest

Of the houshold, my father gan beseche,

Not so with him to perish all at ones,

Nor so to yeld vnto the cruel fate,

Which he refused, and stack to his entent.

Driuen I was to harnesse then againe,

Miserably my death for to desire.

For what aduise or other hope was left ?

Father, thoughtst thou that I may ones remoue ;

Quod I, a foote, and leaue thee here behinde

May such a wrong passe from a fathers mouth ?

If Gods will be, that nothing here be saued

Of this great town, and thy minde bent to ioyne

Both thee and thine to ruine of this town :

The way is plaine this death for to attaine.

Pyrrhus shall come besprent with Priams blood,

That gored the son before the fathers face,
And slew the father at the altar eke.
O sacred mother, was it then for this,
That you me led through flame, and wepons sharp,
That I might in my secret chaumber see
Mine enmies, and Ascanius my son,
My father, with Creusa my swete wife,
Murdred, alas, the one in thothers blood ?
Why seruants then, bring me my armes againe,
The latter day vs vanquished doth call,
Render me now to the Grekes fight againe :
And let me see the fight begon of new :
We shall not all vnwroken dye this day,
About me then I girt my swerd again,
And eke my shield on my left sholder cast,
And bent me so to rush out of the house,
Lo in my gate my spouse clasping my feet,
Foregainst his father yong Iulus set.
If thou wilt go, quod she, and spill thy self
Take vs with thee in all that may betide.
But as expert if thow in armes haue set
Yet any hope, then first this house defend,
Whearas thy son, and eke thy father dere,
And I sometime thine owne dere wife, ar left.
Her shrill loud voice with plaint thus filld the
house ;
When that a sodein monstrous maruel fell :
For in their sight, and woefull parents armes,
Behold a light out of the butten sprang
That in tip of Iulus cap did stand :
With gentle touch whoes harmlesse flame did
shine,
Upon his heare, about his temples spred ;
And we afraid trembling for dredful fere

Bet out the fire from his blasing tresse,
And with water gan quench the sacred flame.
Anchises glad his eyen lift to the sterres :
With hands his voice to heauen thus he bent.
If by praier, almighty Jupiter,
Inclined thou mayst be : behold, vs then
Of ruth : at least if we so much deserue.
Graunt eke thine ayd, father ; confirm this thing.

Scarse had the old man said, when that the
heuens

With sodein noise thondred on the left hand :
Out of the skie by the dark night there fell
A blazing sterne, dragging a brand or flame :
Which with much light gliding on the house top,
In the forest of Ida hid her beames :
The which full bright cendleing a furrow shone,
By a long tract appointing vs the way :
And round about of brimstone rose a fume,
My father vanquist, then beheld the skies,
Spake to the Gods, and tholy sterre adored :
Now, now, quod he, no longer I abide :
Felow I shall where ye me guide at hand,
O natue Gods, your familie defend,
Preserue your live, this warning comes of you,
And Troyè stands in your protection now :
Now geue I place, and wherso that thou goe,
Refuse I not, my sonne, to be thy feer.

Thus did he say : and by that time more clere
The cracking flame was heard throughout the
walles,

And more and more the burning heat drew nere.
Why then haue done, my father dere, quod I,
Bestride my neck fourthwith, and sit thereon,

And I shal with my sholders thee susteine :
Ne shall this labor do me any dere.
What so betide, come perill, come welfare,
Like to vs both and common there shal be.
Yong Iulus shall beare me company ;
And my wife shal follow far of my steppes.
Now ye my seruantes, mark well what I say :
Without the town ye shall find, on an hill,
And old temple there standes, wheras sometime
Worship was don to Ceres the Goddesse :
Biside which growes an aged cipresse tree,
Preserued long by our forefathers zeale.
Behind which place let vs together mete,
And thow father receiue into thy handes
The reliques all, and the Gods of the land :
The which it were not lawfull I should touch,
That come but late from slaughter and bloodshed,
Till I be washed in the running flood.
When I had sayd these wordes, my sholders brode,
And laied neck with garmentes gan I spred,
And thereon cast a yellow lions skin,
And therupon my burden I receiue.
Young Iulus, clasped in my right hand,
Followeth me fast with vnegal pace :
And at my back my wife. Thus did we passe,
By places shadowed most with the night.
And me, whom late the dart which enmies threw,
Nor preasse of Argive routes could make amaze,
Eche whispring wind hath power now to fray,
And euery sound to moue my doubtfull mind :
So much I dred my burden and my feer.

And now we gan draw nere vnto the gate,
Right well escapt the daunger, as we thought :
When that at hand at sound of feet we heard.

My father then, gazing throughout the dark,
Cried out on me : Flee, son, they ar at hand,
With that bright sheldes, and shene armour I saw.
But when I knowe not what vnfrendly God
My troubled wit from me biraft for fere :
For while I ran by the most secret stretes,
Eschuing still the common haunted track,
From me catif, alas, bereued was
Creusa then my spouse, I wote not how :
Whether by fate, or missing of the way,
Or that she was by werinesse reteind :
But neuer sithe these eies might her behold :
Nor did I yet perceive that she was lost ;
Ne neuer backward turned I my mind,
Till we came to the hill, whereas there stood
The old temple dedicate to Ceres.

SELECT POEMS
OF
GEORGE GASCOIGNE.
WITH
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
BY
EZÉKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF GASCOIGNE.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE was the son of Sir George Gascoigne, in Esscx. Having received the preparatory education under a private instructor, he was sent to Cambridge; and, after a term of residence not yet ascertained, removed to Gray's Inn. Law, however, appears to have occupied little of his time. It was his ambition to be a man of fashion and a courtier; and his expenses soon became so enormous, and his amendment so hopeless, that his father concluded to disinherit him. For a time, he endeavoured to support his former extravagance; but his necessities, at length, compelled him to seek relief in some other occupation; and, though this is known to have been his only motive in entering the army, his biographers speak of his being prompted by the hope of gaining laurels in a field dignified by patriotic bravery.'

In the army, he appears to have encountered many mishaps. He was appointed a captain, in one of the regiments employed by the prince of Orange to drive the Spaniards from the Netherlands; and the first adventure, of which we have an account, is a quarrel with his colonel. Which was to blame, we know not; but Gascoigne thought himself aggrieved; and he repaired immediately to Delf, determined, it is said, 'to resign his commission into the hands from which he had received it; the prince in vain endeavouring to close the breach between

his officers.* It appears, however, that he was not quite implacable; and that he lived a captain for a long time after this occurrence.

Before he was perfectly reconciled to his commission, he had an adventure with a lady at the Hague, with whom, having been on 'intimate terms' with her, (according to the phrase of our predecessors,) he left his portrait, as a token of remembrance. Hague was then in the possession of the Spaniards; and the lady, resolving,—for what reason the reader must enquire,—to return Gascoigne's likeness, and to entrust it with no person but himself, despatched a secret message to solicit an interview. Falling into the hands of Gascoigne's enemies, the letter was displayed as a proof of disloyalty; but he defeated their machinations, it is said, by a frank disclosure of the circumstances to the prince; and, obtaining passports to the Hague, he started to redeem his captive portrait. His story appears to have exuded; for the burghers used to watch his motions with some malice, and call him the Green Knight.

He next had to deal with three thousand Spaniards. At the siege of Middleburg, his zeal and courage were so conspicuous, that the prince rewarded him with three hundred guilders beyond his regular pay, and promised to give him some post above that of captain. 'He was, however,' says one account, 'surprised soon after by three thousand Spaniards, when commanding, under captain Sheffield, five hundred Englishmen lately landed, and retired, in good order, at night, under the walls of Leyden.' The Dutch refused to open their gates, and the whole band were taken prisoners. We fear, that the biographer just quoted, has imagined, for Gascoigne, an importance which he never possessed; for, we find it difficult to under-

* *Censura Literaria*, vol. i. p. 109.

stand, how he should be entrusted with the five hundred Englishmen, and yet be under captain Sheffield. The Spaniards released the men in twelve days; and, after detaining the officers four months, sent them back to England.

Captain Gascoigne now betook himself to poetry; and he soon discovered, that the fatigues of camp were not to be compared with the annoyance of malignant rivalry, and of still more malignant criticism. His works are voluminous; but their several dates have not been ascertained; and even the year of his death is the subject of dispute. Wood says, it was 1578; but Whitstone, who appears to be more accurate, makes it the 7th of Oct. 1577.

Gascoigne is one of the authors, whose good fortune it has been to sleep for ages in black-letter. His works became so rare, that complete copies were no where to be found; and scarcity, at length, gave them a value, which their intrinsic merit would never have attained.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF A LOVER.

At Beautyes barre as I dyd stande,
When false suspect accused mee,
George (quod the Judge) holde vp thy hande,
Thou art arraignde of Flatterye :
Tell therefore howe thou wylt be tryde :
Whose iudgement here wylt thou abyde,

My Lord (quod I) this Lady here,
Whome I esteeme aboue the rest,
Doth knowe my guilte if any were :
Wherefore hir doome shall please me best.
Let her be Judge and Jurour boathc,
To trye mee guiltlesse by myne oathe.

Quod Beautie, no, it fitteth not,
A Prince hir selfe to iudge the cause :
Wyll is our Justice well you wot,
Appointed to discusse our Lawes :
If you wyll guiltlesse seeme to goe,
God and your countrey quitte you so.

Then crafte the cryer cal'd a quest,
Of whome was falsehoode formost feere,
A pack of pickethankes were the rest,
Which came false witnesse for to beare,
The Jurye suche, the Judge vniust,
Sentence was sayde I should be trust.

Jelous the Jaylor bound mee fast,
To heare the verdite of the byll,
George (quod the Judge) nowe thou art cast,
Thou must goe hence to heauie hill,
And there be hangde all but the head,
God rest thy soule when thou art dead.

Downe fell I then vpon my knee,
All flatte before Dame Beauties face,
And cryed, good Ladye pardon mee,
Which here appeale vnto your grace,
You knowe if I haue beene vntrue,
It was in too much praysing you.

And though this Judge doe make suche haste,
To shead with shame my guiltlesse blood:
Yet let your pittie first bee plaste,
To saue the man that mennt you good,
So shall you shewe your selfe a Queene,
And I may bee your seruauant seene.

(Quod Beautie) well: bicause I guesse,
What thou dost meane hencefoorth to bee,
Although thy faultes deserue no lesse,
Than Iustice here hath iudged thee,
Wylt thou be bounde to stynt all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy lyfe?

Yea Madame (quod I) that I shall,
 Loe fayth and trueth my suerties* :
 Why then (quod shee) come when I call,
 I aske no better warrantise.
 Thus am I Beauties bounden thrall,
 At hir commaunde when she doth call.

Euer or neuer

IN PRAYSE OF BRIDGES, NOWE LADY SANDES.

IN Court who so demaundes what Dame doth most
 excell, [beares the bell :
 For my conceyt I must needes say, faire Bridges
 Upon whose liuely cheeke, to prooue my iudge-
 ment true, [of hewe :
 The Rose and Lillie seeme to striue for equal change
 And therewithall so well her graces all agree,
 No frowning cheere dare once presume in hir
 sweete face to be. [other best,
 Although some lauishe lippes, which like some
 Wyll saye the blemishe on her browe disgraceth
 all the rest †.
 Thereto I thus replie, God wotte they little know,
 The hidden cause of that mishap, nor how the
 harme dyd grow.
 For when Dame nature first had framde hir
 heauenly face, [of grace :
 And thoroughly bedecked it with goodly gleames

* Comm on Bayll.

† She had a scar on her forehead. See Percy's Relics, vol. 2. p. 150. Edit. 1765. C.

It lyked hir so well: Lo here (quod shee) a peece,
For perfect shape that passeth all Apelles worke
in Greece. [God of Loue.

This bayte may chaunce to catche the greatest
Or mighty thundring Ioue himself that rules the
roast aboue. [vaine.

But out, alas, those wordes were vaunted all in
And some vnsene were present there (poore
Bridges) to thy pain.

For Cupide, craftie boye, close in a corner stoode,
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir, I gesse it dyd
him good.

Yet when he felt the flame gan kindle in his brest,
And hard dame nature boast by hir, to breake him
of his rest,

His hote newe chosen loue he chaunged into hate,
And sodainly with mighty mace, gan rap hir on the
pate.

It grieued Nature much to see the cruell deede:
Me seemes I see her how she wept, to see hir
dearling blede. [helpe I trowe,

Well yet (quod she) this hurt shall haue some
And quicke with skin she couered it, that whither
is than snowe. [flame,

Wherewith Dan Cupid fled, for feare of further
Whē angel like he saw hir shine, whom he had
smit with shame.

Lo thus was Bridges hurt, in cradel of hir kind,
The coward Cupid brake hir brow, to wreke his
wounded mind, fit be.

The skar styll there remaines, no force, there let
There is no clowde that can eclipse so bright a
sunne as she.

Fuer or neuer.

AN ABSENT DAME THUS COMPLAINETH.

MUCH like the seely Byrd, which close in Cage is
pent, [deepe lament.
So sing I now, not notes of ioye, but layes of
And as the hooded Hauke, which heares the Par-
trich spring,
Who though she feele hir self fast tied, yet beats
hir bating wing:
So striue I now to shewe my feeble forward will,
Although I know my labour lost, to hop against
the Hill. [my hart,
The droppes of dark disdayne did neuer drench
For well I know I am belou'd, if that might ease
my smart.
Ne yet the priny coales, of glowing iellosie,
Could euer kindle needlesse feare, within my
fantasie.
The rigor of repulse doth not nenew my playnt,
Nor choyce of change doth moue my mone, nor
force me thus to faint. [rest,
Onely that pang of payne, which passeth all the
And cankerlike doth fret the hart, within the gilt-
lesse brest.
Which is if any bee, most like the pangs of death,
That present grief now gripeth me, and striues to
stop by breath.
When friendes in mind may meete, and hart in
hart embrace,
And absent yet are faine to playne, for lacke of
time and place : (is sown,
Then may I compt their loue, like seede that soone
Yet lacking droppes of heauēly dew, with weedes
is ouergrowē.

The Greyhound is agreeu'd, although he see his
game,

If stil in slippe he must be staydc, when we would
chase the same.

So fares it now by me, who know my selfe belou'd
Of one the best, in eche respect, that euer yet was
prou'd.

But since my lucklesse lot forbids me now to taste,
The dulcet fruites of my delight, therfore in woes
I wast.

And Swallow like I sing, as one enforced so,
Since others rcapc the gaineful crop, which I with
pain did sow. [voyce,

Yet you that marke my song, excuse my Swallowes
And beare with hir vnpleasant tunes, which can-
not wel rejoyce.

Had I or lucke in loue, or lease of libertie,
Then should you heare some sweeter notes, so
cleere my throte would be.

But take it thus in gree, and mark my playnsong
well, [absence dwell.

No hart feeles so much hurt as that, which doth in
Spræta tamen viuunt.



A CHALLENGE TO BEAUTIE.

BEAUTIE shut vp thy shop, and trusse vp all thy
trash,

My Nell hath stolne thy finest stufte, and left thee
in the lash. [wot,

Thy market now is marde, thy gaines are gone god
Thou hast no ware, that maie compare, with this
that I haue got

As for thy painted pale, and wrinckles suffred vp:
Are deare ynough, for such as lust to drinke of
euery cup: [bagges,

Thy bodies bolstred out, with bumbact and with
Thy rowles, thy ruffes, thy caules, thy coifes, thy
lerkins, and thy Jagges. [fare,

Thy curling, and thy cost, thy friesling and thy
To court to court with al those tois, and there
set forth such ware

Before their hungry eies, that gaze on euery ghest,
And choose the cheapest chaffaire still, to please
their fancy best. [a glaunce,

But I, whose stedfast eies coulde neuer cast a
With wandring loke, amid the prese, to take my
choise by chaunce,

Haue wonne by due desert, a peece that hath no
peere, [there :

And left the rest as refuse all, to serue the market
There let him chuse that list, there catche the
best who can : [a gazing man.

A painted blazing baite may serue, to choke
But I haue slipt thy flower, that freshest is of
hewe :

I haue thy corne, goe sell thy chaffe, I list to seeke
no new.

The windowes of mine eyes are glaz'd with such
delight, [in my aight :

As eche new face seemes full of faultes, that blaseth
And not without iust cause, I can compare her so,
Loe here my gloue I challenge him, that can, or
dare say no.

Let Theseus come with clubbe, or Paris bragge
with brand, [the Grecian land :

To proue how faire their Hellen was, that skourg'd

Let mighty Mars, himselfe, come armed to the
field:

And vaunt dame Venus to defend, with helmet,
speare and shield. [embrace,

This hand that had good hap, my Hellen to
Shal haue like lucke to stil hir foes, and daunt
them with disgrace.

And cause them to confesse by verdict and by othe,
How farre hir louelie lookes do steine, the beau-
ties of them both.

And that my Hellen is more faire then Paris wife,
And doth deserue more famous praise, then Venus
for hir life.

Which if I not perfourme, my life then let me leese,
Or else be bound in chaines of change, to begge
for beuties feese.

A GLOSSARY.

- Abuist*, part. pa. Fr. Abashed, ashamed.
Abawed, part. pa. Fr. Esbahi. Astonished.
Abegge, *Abeye*, *Abie*, v. Sax. To suffer for.
Abit, for *Abideth*.
Abote, part. pa. of *Abate*.
Abought, part. pa. of *Abegge*.
Abraide, v. Sax. To awake; to start. See *Braide*.
Abrede, adv. Sax. Abroad.
Abroche, v. Fr. To tap, to set abroach; spoken of
a vessel of liquor.
Accesse, n. Fr. Properly, the approach of a fever;
a fever.
Accidie, n. Fr. from *Ακηδία*, Gr. Negligence.
Achate, n. Fr. Purchase.
Achatour, n. Fr. A purchaser; a caterer.
Acheked, part. pa. Sax. Choaked.
Ackele, (*Akele*) v. Sax. To cool.
Acloye, v. may perhaps mean—To cloy; to embar-
rass with superfluity.
Acoie, v. Fr. To make quiet.
Adawe, v. Sax. To awake.
Adrad, *Adradde*, part. pa. of *Adrede*, v. Sax. Afraid.
Advocacies, n. pl. Fr. Law-suits.
Advocas, n. pl. Fr. Lawyers, advocates.
Agilt, v. Sax. To offend, to sin against.
Agilte, for *agilted*, pa. t. Sinned.
Agrise, v. Sax. To shudder.
Agrose, pa. t. Shuddered, trembled.

- Agroted*, part. pa. Cloyed, surfeited. *Agrotone* with *mete* or *drinke*.
- Aguiler*, n. Fr. A needle-case.
- Alder*, *Aller*, gen. ca. pl. Of all. It is frequently joined in composition with adjectives of the superl. deg. *Alderfirst*, *Alderlast*, *Alderlevest*. First, last, dearest of all.
- Alarged*, part. pa. Fr. *Eslargi*. Given largely.
- Aldrian*, pr. n. A star on the neck of the lion.
- Allege*, v. Fr. To alleviate.
- Allegeance*, n. Fr. Alleviation.
- Aleis*, n. Fr. Alise. The lote-tree.
- Ale-stake*, n. Sax. A stake set up before an ale-house, by way of sign.
- Algates*, *Algate*, adv. Sax. Always. *Toutesfois*, Fr.
- Almandres*, n. pl. Fr. Almond-trees.
- Alnath*, pr. n. The first star in the horns of Aries, whence the first mansion of the moon takes its name.
- Alonde*, (A'londe). On land.
- Alosed*, part. pa. Fr. Praised.
- Ambes as*. Two aces, at dice, Fr.
- Amenuse*, v. Fr. To lessen
- Ameved*, part. pa. Fr. Moved.
- Amorette*, n. Fr. An amorous woman. And eke as well by (r. be.) *amorettes*.—*Car aussi bien sont amourettes*.
- Amorily*, is perhaps put by mistake for merrily.
- Amortised*, part. pa. Fr. Killed.
- Anelace*, n. A falchion, or wood-knife.
- Anientissed*, part. pa. Fr. Reduced to nothing.
- Annueller*, n. Secular.
- Antilegius*, pr. n. Antilochus.
- Anvelt*, n. Sax. An anvil.
- Apeire*, v. Fr. To impair, to detract from. Our state it *apeires*: To be impaired, to go to ruin.
- Apies* for *Opies*, n. pl. Fr. Opiates.
- Arace*, v. Fr. To draw away by force.
- Arande*, n. Sax. A message.

- Arblasters*, n. pl. Fr. Arbalestres. Engines to cast darts, &c.
- Ardure*, n. Fr. Burning.
- Arede*, v. Sax. To interpret. See *Rede*.
- Aresone*, v. Fr. Arraisonner. To reason with.
- Arette*, v. Fr. To impute to.
- Argoil*, n. Fr. Potter's clay.
- Arn*, pl. n. of am. v. Sax. Are.
- Arnolde of the newe town*, pr. n. of a physician and chemist of the thirteenth century.
- Aroume*, seems to signify At large.
- A'rowe*, in a row; probably from the Fr. Rue. Successively.
- Arsmetrike*, n. Lat. Arithmetic.
- Arte*, v. Lat. To constrain.
- Ascaunce*, as though.
- Asseth*. Sufficient, enough. Assez. Orig.
- Assise*, n. Fr. Situation.
- Assoile*, v. Fr. To absolve, to answer.
- Asterte*, v. Sax. To escape, to release.
- Asweved*, part. pa. Sax. Stupified, as in a dream.
- Atake*, v. Sax. To overtake.
- A'thre*. In three parts.
- Attray, Atterly*, adj. Sax. Poisonous, pernicious.
- A'twinne, A'two*. In two, asunder.
- Avale*, v. Fr. To lower, to let down, to fall down.
- Avenaunt*, adj. Fr. Becoming.
- Aught-where*, adv. Sax. Any where.
- Avis*, n. Fr. Advice.
- Avisand*, part. pr. Observing.
- Aumener*, n. Fr. Aumoniere. A purse.
- Aumere*, n. Aumere of silke. Bourse de soy. Orig. It seems to be a corruption of *Aumener*.
- Auntre*, v. Fr. Corruption of *Aventure*. To adventure.
- Avouterer, Avouter*, n. Fr. An adulterer.
- Auter*, n. Fr. Altar.
- Awaped*, part. pa. Sax. Confounded, stupified.
- Awayward*, adv. Sax. Away.

Ayel, n. Fr. Grandfather.

Ayen, adv. and prep. as *again*.

Ayenward, adv. Sax. Back.

B

Ba, seems to be formed from *Basse*, v. Fr. To kiss.

Bagge, v. To swell, to disdain. *Sk*. Rather, perhaps, to squint.

Baggingly, adv. seems to be the translation of *en lorgnoyant*, squintingly.

Baillie, n. Fr. Custody, government.

Bale, n. Sax. Mischief, sorrow.

Bales, r. *Balais*, pr. n. Fr. A sort of bastard ruby.

Balkes, n. pl. Sax. The timbers of the roof.

Bandon, n. Fr. See *Du Cange*. in v. *Abandons*. To her bandon: To her disposal. A son bandon. Orig.

Barbe, n. A hood, or muffler, which covered the lower part of the face, and the shoulders.

Bargaret, n. Fr. *Bergerette*. A sort of song.

Barme, n. Sax. The lap.

Barme-cloth. An apron.

Basilicok, n. A basilisk.

Basse, n. Fr. A kiss.

Baude, adj. Fr. Joyous.

Be, prep. Sax. By.

Beau semblant, Fr. Fair appearance.

Bebledde, part. pa. Sax. Covered with blood.

Beblotte, v. Sax. To stain.

Bedaffed, part. pa. Sax. Made a fool of. See *Daffe*.

Bede, v. Sax. To order, to bid; to offer; to pray.

Bedreinte, part. pa. Drenched, thoroughly wetted.

Been, n. pl. Sax. Bees.

Beheste, n. Sax. Promise.

Behighte, v. Sax. To promise.

Bejaped, part. pa. Sax. Tricked, laughed at.

Bel amy, Fr. Good friend.

Belle chere, Fr. Good cheer.

- Belle*, v. Sax. To roar.
- Bende*, n. Fr. A band; or horizontal stripe.
- Benime*, v. Sax. To take away.
- Benison*, n. Fr. Benediction.
- Benomen*, part. pa. of *benime*. Taken away.
- Brede*, n. Sax. Beard. To make any one's *berde*; to cheat him.
- Bering*, n. Sax. Behaviour.
- Besey*, part. pa. of *beseen*, v. Sax. Beseen. Evil besey: Ill-beseen; of a bad appearance. Richely besey: Of a rich appearance.
- Besmotred*, part. pa. Sax. Smutted.
- Bestadde*, *bestad*, part. pa. Sax. Situated. It is sometimes used in an ill sense, for distressed.
- Bet*, *Bette*, adv. comp. for *better*.
- Betake*, v. Sax. To give, to recommend to.
- Betaught*, pa. t. Recommended to.
- Bete*, v. Sax. To prepare, make ready.
- Beth*, imp. m. 2 pers. pl. Sax. Be ye.
- Betoke*, pa. t. of *betake*. Recommended.
- Betraisd*, part. pa. Fr. Betrayed. Thei have *betraisd* thee.
- Bewrey*, *bewrie*, v. Sax. To discover.
- Beyete*, part. pa. Sax. Begotten.
- Bibbed*, part. pa. Lat. Drunk.
- Bible*, n. Fr. Any great book.
- Bicchel bones*, or dice.
- Bidde*, v. as *Bede*.
- Bie*, v. Sax. To suffer. See *Abeye*.
- Bimene*, v. Sax. To bemoan.
- Birde*, for *Bride*, n. Sax.
- Bitrent*, part. pa. Twisted; carried round.
- Biwopen*, part. pa. of *Bewepe*. Drowned in tears.
- Blancmanger*, n. Fr. 389. seems to have been a very different dish, in the time of Chaucer, from that which is now called by the same name. There is a receipt for making it in Ms. Harl. n. 4016. One of the ingredients is, "the brawne of a capon, tesed small."

Blanche fevere. See Cotgrave, in v. "Fievers blanches. The agues wherewith maidens that have the greene-sickness are troubled; and hence, Il a les fievers blanches: Either he is in love or sick of wantonness." I am so shaken with the fevers white.

Bleine, n. Sax. A pustule.

Bleve, v. Sax. To stay.

Blin, v. Sax. To cease.

Blive, *Belive*, adv. Sax. Quickly.

Bobance, n. Fr. Boasting.

Boche, n. Fr. *Bosse*. A swelling; a wen or boil.

Bodekin, n. Sax. A dagger.

Boiste, n. Fr. A box.

Boistous, adj. Sax. Boisterous, rough.

Bolas, n. Bullace, a sort of plumb, or sloe.

Bole armoniac. Armenian earth. Fr. Gr.

Bordel, n. Fr. A brothel. Bordel women: Whores.

Borel, n. Fr. *Bureau*. Coarse cloth of a brown colour.

Bote, n. Sax. Remedy, help, profit.

Bote, pa. t. of *Bite*, v. Sax. Bit. His swerd best bote.

Bothum, n. Fr. *Bouton*. A bud, particularly of a rose.

Bougeron, n. Fr. A sodomite.

Bouke, n. Sax. The body.

Boun, adj. Sax. Ready. And bade hem all to be bowne.

Bourde, v. Fr. To jest.

Bourdon, n. Fr. A staff.

Bracer, n. Fr. Armour for the arm.

Braide, n. Sax. A start. At a braide.

Braide, v. Sax. To awake, to start.

Braket, n. Brit. *Bragod*. A sweet drink made of the wort of ale, honey, and spice.

Bratt, n. Sax. A coarse mantle.

Breme, adj. Sax. Furious. Full scharply and full brim.

Brenne, v. Sax. To burn.

Brent, pa. t. and part. Burnt.

Breste, v. Sax. To burst.

Bret-ful, adj. Top-full. The sense is much more clear than the etymology.

Bribe, n. Fr. Properly, what is given to a beggar, or what is given to an extortioner, or cheat.

Brige, n. Fr. Contention.

Brike, n. Sax. Breach, ruin.

Brimme, adj. as *Breme*.

Broche, n. Fr. Seems to have signified originally the tongue of a buckle or clasp, and from thence the buckle or clasp itself. It probably came by degrees to signifie any sort of jewel.

Brokking, part. pr. Throbbing, quavering.

Brosten, part. pa. of *Breste*.

Brotel, adj. Sax. Brittle.

Brouken, inf. m. Sax. To brook, to enjoy, use.

Bugle-horn, n. A drinking-vessel made of horn.

Bumble, v. Sax. To make a humming noise.

Burdoun, n. Fr. *Bourdon*. A humming noise, the bass in musick.

Burnette, n. Fr. *Brunette*. Cloth died of a brown colour.

Buxome, adj. Sax. Obedient, civil.

Byleve, v. Sax. To stay.

C

Cacche, v. To catch.

Calle, n. Fr. A species of cap.

Cameline, n. Fr. A stuff made of camel's hair.

Camuse, adj. Fr. Flat.

Can, v. Sax. To know. See *Conne*.

Canelle, n. Fr. Cinnamon.

Cantel, n. Sax. A fragment.

Capel, n. Lat. A horse. And gave him *caples*, to his carte.

Cardiacle, n. Fr. Gr. A pain about the heart.

- Carectes*, n. pl. Lat. Gr. Characters.
- Carle*, n. Sax. A churl, a hardy country fellow.
- Carole*, n. Fr. A sort of dance.
- Carrike*, n. Fr. A large ship.
- Carte*, n. Sax. A chariot.
- Cas*, n. Fr. *Cas*. Chance. Upon *cas*: By chance.
- Cas*, n. Fr. *Casse*. A case, quiver.
- Catapuce*, n. Fr. A species of spurge.
- Ceise*, *Cese*, are misprinted for *Seise*, v. Fr. To seize, to lay hold of.
- Centaurie*, pr. n. of an herb.
- Cerial*, adj. Fr. Belonging to the species of oak called *Cerrus*, Lat. *Cerro*, Ital. *Cerre*. Fr.
- Ceruse*, n. Fr. White lead.
- Chaffare*, n. Sax. Merchandize.
- Chalons*. Blankets, or coverlets, made at Chalons.
- Chamberere*, n. Fr. A chamber-maid.
- Champartie*, n. Fr. A share of land, a partnership in power.
- Chantepleure*, n. Fr. A sort of proverbial expression for singing and weeping successively.
- Chastelaine*, n. Fr. The wife of a chastelain, or lord of a castle.
- Chekere*, n. Fr. A chess-board.
- Chees*, pa. t. of *Chese*, v. Sax. Chose.
- Cheffis*. We should read *cheses*. The orig. has fromages.
- Cheke*. A term at chess, to give notice to the opposite party, that his king, if not removed, or guarded by the interposition of some other piece, will be made prisoner. It is derived originally from the Persian *Shâh*, i. e. king; and means, take care of your king. See Hyde, *Hist. Shahi-lud.* p. 3, 4.
- Chekelatioun*. A corruption of the Fr. *Ciclaton*, which originally signified a circular robe of state, and afterwards the cloth of gold of which such robes were generally made.
- Chekemate*, or simply *mate*, is a term used at chess,

when the king is actually made prisoner, and the game consequently finished.

Chese, v. Sax. To choose.

Cheste, n. Lat. A coffin.

Cheste, n. Debate.

Chesteine, n. Fr. The chesnut tree, the chesnut fruit.

Chevachie, n. Fr. An expedition.

Cheve, v. Fr. To come to an agreement, or conclusion.

Chevesaile, n. Fr. A necklace.

Chevisance, n. Fr. An agreement for borrowing of money.

Chiche, adj. Fr. Niggardly, sparing, R.

Chideresse, n. Sax. A female scold.

Chidester, n. Sax. A female scold.

Chiertee, n. Fr. Tenderness, affection.

Chinche, adj. as *Chiche*.

Chirchhawe, n. Sax. A church-yard.

Chiver, v. Sax. To shiver.

Cierges, n. pl. Fr. Wax-tapers.

Cipioun, pr. n. Scipio.

Citole, n. Fr. A musical instrument.

Citrin, adj. Fr. Of a pale yellow, or citron-colour.

Clapers, n. pl. Fr. Rabbet-burrows.

Clause, n. Fr. An end, or conclusion.

Claw, v. Sax. To stroke.

Clepe, v. Sax. To call, to name.

Clergical, adj. Learned.

Clergion, n. A young clerk.

Cliket, n. Fr. A key.

Clipsy, adj. As if eclipsed.

Clobbered, adj. Sax. Like a club.

Clotered, part. pa. Sax. Clotted.

Cloue-gilofre. A clove tree, or fruit of it.

Cloutes, n. pl. Sax. Small pieces.

Clum. This word seems to be formed from the Sax. v. *Clumian*, *Mussitare*, *murmurare*; to express the mumbling noise, which is made by a

congregation in accompanying prayers, which they cannot perfectly repeat.

Cockes bones. A corruption of a familiar oath.

Cod, n. Sax. A bag.

Cogge, n. Sax. A cock-boat.

Cojions, n. pl. Fr. Testicles.

Obine, a quince.

Coint, adj. Fr. Neat, trim.

Cokeney. The modern term of contempt, *cockney*, which was probably derived from the kitchen, a cook, in the base Latinity being called *coquina-tor* or *coquinarius*, from either of which Cokeney might easily be derived.

Cokewold, n. A cuckold.

Col. Sometimes a name for a dog, but doubtful.

Collinges, n. pl. Fr. Embraces round the neck.

Columbine, adj. Lat. Belonging to a dove, dove-like.

Combre-world, n. An incumbrance to the world.

Combust, ad. Lat. Burnt. A term in astrology, when a planet is not more than $8^{\circ} 30'$ distant from the Sun.

Commensal, n. Fr. A companion at table.

Compame for *Compagne*. Put for the sake of the rhyme.

Complin, n. Fr. Complie. Even-song, the last service of the day, singing, in general.

Compowned, part. pa. Composcd, put together.

Condise, n. pl. Fr. Conduits.

Conisaunce, n. Fr. Understanding.

Conne, v. Sax. To know, to be able.

Constablerie, n. Fr. A ward or division of a castle, under the care of a constable.

Conteke, n. Sax. Contention.

Contubernial, adj. Lat. Familiar.

Contune for *Continue*.

Cope, n. Fr. Cape. A cloak.

Coppe, n. Sax. The top of any thing.

Corbettes, n. pl. Fr. Niches for statues.

Cordeth for *Accordeth*.

- Cordewane*, n. Fr. Cordouan. Spanish leather, so called from Corduba.
- Cordileres*, n. pl. Fr. Cordeliers. An order of friars, so called from their wearing a cord for a girdle.
- Corniculere*, n. Lat. An officer in the Roman government.
- Cornmuse*, n. Fr. A bag-pipe.
- Corny*, adj. Sax. Strong of the corn, or malt.
- Corse*, v. Sax. To curse.
- Corseint*, n. Fr. A holy body, a saint.
- Costeie*, v. Fr. To go by the coast.
- Costlewe*, adj. Costly.
- Cotidien*, adj. Fr. Daily. It is used as a substantive for a quotidien ague.
- Coud*, *Coude*, pa. t. of *Conne*. Knew, was able.
- Coverchiefs*, n. pl. Fr. Head-cloths.
- Covercle*, n. Fr. A pot-lid.
- Coulpe*, n. Fr. A fault.
- Counterplete*, v. Fr. To plead against.
- Counterwaite*, v. Fr. To watch against.
- Countour*, n. Fr. Comptoir A compting-house.
- Compteur*: An arithmetician.
- Countretaille*, n. Fr. A tally answering exactly to another.
- Coure*, v. Fr. To sit crouching, like a brooding hen.
- Courtepy*. A short cloke of coarse cloth.
- Couth*, *Couthe*, pa. t. of *Conne*. Knew, was able.
- Coye*, v. Fr. To quiet, to sooth.
- Craftesman*, n. Sax. A man of skill.
- Crased*, part. pa. Fr. Ecrasé. Broken.
- Creance*, n. Fr. Faith, belief.
- Creance*, v. Fr. To borrow money.
- Criande*, part. pr. of *Crie*, v. Fr. Crying.
- Crone*, n. Sax. An old woman.
- Crope*, *Cropen*, part. pa. of *Crepe*, v. Sax. Crept.
- Croppes*, n. pl. Sax. The extremities of the shoots of vegetables.
- Crosselet*, n. Fr. A crucible.

Crouche, v. Sax. To sign with the cross.

Crouke, n. Sax. An earthen pitcher.

Crowes feet. The wrinkles which spread from the outer corners of the eyes.

Cucurbite, n. Lat. A gourd, a vessel shaped like a gourd, used in distillation.

Culpons, n. pl. Fr. Shreds, logs.

D

Daffe, n. Sax. A fool.

Dagge, n. A slip, or shred.

Dagon, n. A slip, or piece

Dare, v. Sax. To stare.

Darreine, v. Fr. Desrener. Lat. Derationare. To contest.

Dasen, pr. t. pl. of *Dase*, v. Sax. Grow dim-sighted.

Daunt, v. Fr. To conquer. That ne with love may *daunted* be. Orig.

Dawe, v. Sax. To dawn.

Dawes, n. pl. for *Dayes*.

Deaurat, part. pa. Lat. Gilded.

Decoped, part. pa. Fr. Cut down.

Deduit, n. Fr. Pleasure.

Defait, *Defaited*, part. pa. Fr. Wasted.

Defaute, n. Fr. Want.

Defende, v. Fr. To forbid, to ransom.

Definishe, v. Fr. To define, to make a definition of.

Degree, n. Fr. A stair, or set of steps; rank in life.

Deiden, pa. t. pl. of *Deye*, v. Sax. Died.

Deine for *Deien*, inf. m. of *Deye*, v. Sax. To die.

Deinous, adj. Fr. Disdainful.

Del, n. Sax. A part.

Dele, v. Sax. To divide.

Delicacie, n. Fr. Pleasure.

Delie, adj. Fr. *Delié*. Thin, slender.

Deliver, adj. Fr. Nimble.

Deluvy, n. Lat. Deluge.

Demaine, v. Fr. To manage.

- Denwære*, n. Doubt. *Sk.*
- De par dieux jeo assente.* In God's name I agree.
- Dequace*, v. To shake down, q?
- Dere*, v. Sax. To hurt.
- Dere*, adj. Sax. Dear.
- Derne*, adj. Sax. Secret.
- Derre*, comp. of *Dere*. Dearer.
- Descensorie*, n. Fr. A vessel used in chemistry for the extraction of oils per descensum.
- Descriven*, inf. m. Fr. To describe.
- Destrer*, n. Fr. A war-horse. Lat. *Dextrarius*.
- Destrie*, *Destrue*, v. Fr. To destroy.
- Devise*, n. Fr. Direction.
- Devise*, v. Fr. To direct, to order, to relate.
- Dey*, n. A species of labourer, perhaps a day-labourer.
- Dight*, v. Sax. To dispose, to dress.
- Digne*, adj. Fr. Worthy, proud, disdainful.
- Disavaunce*, v. Fr. To drive back.
- Discoverte*, adj. Fr. At discoverte: Uncovered. A *descouvert*.
- Disencrese*, n. Fr. Diminution.
- Disjoint*, n. Fr. A difficult situation.
- Disordeined*, part. pa. Fr. Disorderly.
- Dipitous*, adj. Angry to excess.
- Dissoned*, part. pa. Fr. Dissonant.
- Dite*, v. Fr. To dictate, to write.
- Dites*, n. pl. Fr. Sayings, ditties.
- Dogge for the Bowe.* A dog used in shooting.
- Doke*, n. Sax. A duck.
- Dole*, n. Sax. as *Del*.
- Dolven*, part. pa. of *Delve*, v. Sax. Buried.
- Dome*, n. Sax. Judgment, opinion.
- Donet*, n. A grammar; the elements of any art.
- Dunmow*, pr. n. The flitch of bacon at Dunmow, which was not peculiar to that place. There was the same in Bretagne.
- Dortour*, n. Fr. A dormitory.
- Dosser*, n. Fr. A basket to be carried on the back.

Doth, imp. m. 2 per. pl. of *Do*. Do ye.

D'outre mere, Fr. From beyond sea.

Dradde, *Drad*, pa. t. and part. of *Drede*, v. Sax. Feared.

Draf, n. Sax. Things thrown away, as unfit for man's food.

Dragges, n. pl. Fr. Drugs.

Dreint, pa. t. and part. of *Drenche*. Drowned.

Dretche, v. act. Sax. To vex, to trouble.

Dretche, v. neut. Sax. To delay.

Drie, v. Sax. To suffer.

Dronkelew, adj. Sax. Given to drink.

Drough, pa. t. of *Draw*, v. Sax. Drew.

Drovy, adj. Sax. Dirty.

Druerie, n. Fr. Courtship, gallantry. A mistress.

Drugge, v. Sax. To drag.

Duetee, n. Fr. Duty; what is due to any one.

Dun is in the mire. See Ray's Proverbial Similies, p. 219. As dull as *dun* in the mire. I suppose *dun* was a nick-name given to the ass, from his colour, as well as burnell.

Dwale, n. Sax. A sleeping-potion.

Dwellings, n. pl. Sax. Delays.

Dwined, part. pa. Sax. Wasted.

E

Eared, part. pa. Ploughed. See *Ere*.

Eche, v. Sax. To add, to add to, to encrease.

Eft, adv. Sax. Again.

Eftsone, *Eftsones*, adv. Sax. Soon after, presently.

Egalitee, n. Fr. Equality.

Eger, *Egre*, adj. Fr. Sharp.

Eire for *Air*.

Eisel, n. Sax. Vinegar.

Elenge, adj. Strange.

Elengenesse, n. in the Orig. Soucy. Care, trouble.

Elles, adv. Sax. Else.

Emboyssement, n. Fr. Ambush.

- Embrouded*, part. pa. Fr. Embroidered.
Eme, n. Sax. Uncle.
Emforth, prep. Sax. Even with.
Empeire, v. Fr. To impair, hurt.
Emplie, v. To infold, to involve. Implicat. Orig.
Enbattelled, part. pa. Fr. Indented, like a battle-
 ment.
Enchaufing, n. Fr. Heat.
Encheson, n. Fr. Cause, occasion.
Endite, v. Fr. To dictate, relate.
Endrie, v. Sax. To suffer.
Enfamined, part. pa. Fr. Hungry.
Engreve, v. Fr. To hurt.
Enlungoured, part. pa. Fr. Faded with langour.
Enleven, num. Sax. Eleven.
Entaile, n. Fr. Shape.
Entalente, v. Fr. To excite.
Entend, v. Fr. To attend.
Entendement, n. Fr. Understanding.
Entermete, v. Fr. To interpose.
Entetched, part. pa. Fr. Entaché. It is applied in-
 differently to things and persons marked, or en-
 dowed, with good or bad qualities.
Entremees, n. pl. Fr. "Choice dishes served in be-
 tween the courses at a feast. Cotg."
Entriike, v. Fr. To deceive.
Er, adv. Sax. Before, before that.
Ere, v. Fr. To plough.
Ereos for *Eros*, pr. n. Gr. Love.
Erke, adj. Sax. Weary, sick.
Erme, v. Sax. To grieve.
Erratike, adj. Fr. Wandering, applied to the pla-
 nets.
Ers, *Erse*, n. Sax. The fundament.
Escheve, *Eschue*, v. Fr. To shun, to decline.
Ese, n. Fr. Pleasure.
Esilich, adv. Gently.
Dspaille, n. Fr. Spying, private watching.
Essoine, n. Fr. A legal excuse.

Estatelich, adj. Stately.

Estres, n. pl. Fr. The inward parts of a building.

Ethe, adj. Sax. Easy.

Even, adj. Sax. Equal. An even-cristen : a fellow-christian.

Everich, adj. Sax. Every one of many.

Executour, n. Fr. Executioner.

Executrice, n. Fr. A female executioner.

Epleite, v. Fr. To perform.

Ey, n. Sax. An egg.

Eyen, n. pl. Sax. Eyes.

Eyre, for *Air*.

F

Faconde, n. Fr. Eloquence.

Fairehede, n. Sax. Beauty.

Faitour, n. Fr. A lazy, idle fellow.

Falding, n. "A kind of coarse cloth. Sk."

Falwe, adj. Sax. Yellow.

Falwes, n. pl. Sax. Harrowed lands.

Fan, n. or *van*, that is the quintaine, which is called a fan, or van, from its turning round like a weathercock.

Fande, pa. t. of *Finde*, v. Sax. Found.

Farce, v. Fr. Farder. To paint.

Fare, v. Sax. To go. To fare well : To speed, to be happy.

Fare, n. Ado.

Farme, n. Sax. Food, a meal.

Farse, v. Fr. Farcir. To stuff.

Fathe, n. See *Lathe*.

Faute, n. Fr. Want.

Fawe, adj. Sax. Glad, as *Fain*.

Fay, n. Fr. Faith.

Fecche, v. Sax. To fetch.

Feffe, v. Fr. To infeoff, to present.

Felde, n. Sax. A field.

Felden, pa. t. pl. of *Felle*, v. Sax. Felled, made to fall.

- Fele*, adj. Sax. Many.
Fele, v. Sax. To feel, to have sense, to perceive.
Fell, n. Sax. Skin.
Femininitee, n. Fr. Womanhood.
Fer, adv. Sax. Far.
Ferre. Further.
Ferrest, superl. Furthest.
Ferd, *Fered*, part. pa. of *Fere*. Terrified.
Ferd, *Ferde*, pa. t. of *Fare*.
Ferden, pa. t. pl.
Fere, n. Sax. A companion, a wife.
Ferly, adj. Sax. Strange.
Fermerere, n. Lat. Infirmarius. The officer, in a religious house, who had the care of the infirmary.
Du Cange, in v.
Ferne, adv. Sax. Before.
Fers, adj. Fr. Fierce.
Fers, n. The piece at chess next to the king, which we and other European nations call the queen.
Fetise, adj. Well made, neat.
Fette, *Fet*, part. pa. of *Fecche*.
Fey, n. Fr. Faith.
Fit, n. Sax. A division, or short portion of a poem.
Flaie for *Fley*, pa. t. of *Flee*. Flew.
Flatour, n. Fr. A flatterer.
Flawe, adj. Yellow, from the Lat. flavus.
Fleen, n. pl. Sax. Fleas.
Fleme, v. Sax. To banish.
Flitering, part. pr. Floating. Fluitantis. Orig.
Flo, n. Sax. An arrow. *Flone*, pl.
Flockmel, adv. Sax. In a flock.
Flotery, adj. Sax. Floating.
Flotte, v. as *Flete*.
Foine, v. Fr. To make a pass in fencing; to push.
Foison, n. Fr. Abundance.
Folwe, v. Sax. To follow.
Fonde, v. Sax. To try.
Fong, v. Sax. To take.
Fonne, n. Sax. A fool.

For, in composition has various powers. It is most commonly intensive of the signification of the word with which it is joined; as in *fordronken*, *fordry*, *forfered*, &c. sometimes privative, as in *forboden*, *for yete*; and sometimes only communicative of an ill sense, as in *forfaite*, *forfare*, *forjuged*, &c.

Forbrake, pa. t. Broke off.

Forbrused, part. pa. Fr. Sorely bruised.

Force, n. Fr. No force: No matter.

Forcutte, v. Sax. To cut through.

Fordo, v. Sax. To do away, to ruin.

Fore (*Foren*), part. pa. of *Fare*, v. Sax. Gone.

Forein, n. A jakes.

Foreweting, n. Sax. Foreknowledge.

Forewote, *Forewete*, v. Sax. To foreknow.

Forfaite, v. Fr. To misdo.

Forfare, v. Sax. To fare ill.

Forfered, part. pa. Sax. Much afraid.

Forgifte, n. Sax. Forgiveness.

Forgon, inf. v. Sax. To omit, to lose.

Forgrowen, part. pa. Sax. Overgrown.

Forjuged, part. pa. Fr. Wrongfully judged.

Forkerve, v. Sax. To carve, or cut through.

Forlast, part. pa. Sax. Left off entirely.

Forlese, v. Sax. To lose entirely.

Forlete, v. Sax. To give over, to quit.

Forlore, (*Forlaren*), part. pa. Sax. Utterly lost.

Forloyne, n. Fr. *Forlonge*. A term of the chase, which signifies that the game is far off.

Forme, adj. Sax. First. Adam oure *forme* father.

Formell, is sometimes put for the female of any fowl; more frequently for a female eagle.

Forpined, part. pa. Sax. Wasted away, tormented.

Forsake, v. Sax. To denie.

Forshapen, part. pa. Sax. Transformed.

Forshronke, (*Forshronken*), part. pa. Sax. Shrunk up.

Forsleuthe, *Forslouthe*, *Forslugge*, v. Sax. To lose through sloth.

- Forsongen*, part. pa. Sax. Tired with singing.
Forstraught, part. pa. Sax. Distracted.
Forthby, adv. Sax. Forward by.
Forther, v. Sax. To further, to advance.
Forthinke, v. Sax. To grieve, to vex.
Forthy, conj. Sax. Therefore.
Fortroden, part. pa. of *Fortread*, v. Sax. Troden down.
Fortuit, adj. Fr. Accidental.
Forwaked, part. pa. Sax. Having waked long.
Forwandred, part. pa. Sax. Having wandred long.
Forwelked, part. pa. Sax. Much wrinkled.
Forwept, part. pa. Sax. Having much wept.
Forwered, part. pa. Sax. Worn out.
Forword (*Foreward*), n. Sax. A promise, or covenant.
Foryelde, v. Sax. To repay.
Fote-hole. Immediately.
Fote-mantel, means, I suppose, a sort of riding-petticoat, such as is now used by market-women.
Fother, n. Sax. A carriage-load.
Foudre, n. Fr. Lightning.
Fraine, v. Sax. To ask.
Fraknes, n. pl. Sax. Spots, freckles.
Frankelain, n. Fr. Fortescue, de L. L. Ang. c. 29. describes a franklain to be a *Pater familias*—*magnis ditatus possessionibus*. He is classed with, but after the *Miles* and *Armiger*; and is distinguished from the *Libere tenentes* and *Valecti*: though, as it should seem, the only real distinction between him and other freeholders consisted in the largeness of his estate.
Fremde, *Fremed*, adj. Sax. Strange.
Fret, n. Fr. A band.
Frete, v. Sax. To eat, devour.
Freyne, v. Sax. as *Fraine*.
Frote, v. Fr. To rub.
Frounceles, adj. Fr. Without wrinkle.
Ful-drive, part. pa. Fully driven, completed.

Fumetere, pr. n. of a plant; Fumitory.

Fumositee, n. Fr. Fumes arising from excessive drinking.

G

Gadred, part. pa. Sax. Gathered:

Gaillar, adj. Fr. Brisk, gay.

Gaitre-beries. Berries of the dog-wood tree.

Galingale, pr. n. Sweet cyperus.

Galoche, n. Fr. A shoe.

Gar, v. Sax. To make.

Gardebrace, n. Fr. Armour for the arm.

Gargate, n. Fr. The throat.

Garisoun, seems to be used as a v. To heal.

Garnison, n. Fr. A guard, or garrison.

Gastness, n. Sax. Gastliness.

Gate, *Gatte*, pa. t. of *Get*, v. Sax. Gate, begate.

Gate, n. Sax. A way. Went her gate: Went her way.

Gaude, n. Fr. Jest.

Gaure, v. To stare.

Gende, for *Gent*.

Gent, adj. Fr. Neat, pretty.

Geomancie, n. Fr. Divination by figures made on the earth.

Gere, n. Sax. All sorts of instruments, of cookery, of war, of apparel, of chemistry.

Geri, *Gerful*. Changeable.

Gerlond, n. Fr. A garland; the name of a dog.

Get, n. Fr. Geste. Fashion, behaviour.

Gie, v. Sax. To guide.

Gigges, n. pl. Irregular sounds, produced by the wind, &c.

Gilour, n. Fr. A deceiver.

Ginne, v. Sax. To begin.

Gipciere, n. Fr. A pouch or purse.

Gipe, n. Fr. An upper frock, or cassock.

Gipon, n. Fr. A short cassock.

- Girde*, v. Sax. To strike, to smite. This word is perhaps the original of *gride*, in Spenser.
- Girdelstede*, n. Sax. The waist, the place of the girdle.
- Girles*, n. pl. Sax. Young persons, either male or female.
- Girt*, part. pa. of *Girde*. Thurgh girt: Smitten through.
- Gisarme*, n. Fr. A battle-ax.
- Gite*, n. Fr. A gown.
- Giterne*, n. Fr. A guitar.
- Glase* for *Glose*, v.
- Glede*, n. Sax. A burning coal.
- Gledes*, pl. Sparks of fire.
- Gleire*, n. Fr. The white of an egg.
- Glent*, pa. t. Glanced.
- Gleve*, n. Fr. *Glaive*. A lance.
- Glombe*, v. Sax. To look gloomy.
- Gnarre*, n. Sax. A hard knot in a tree.
- Gniding*, part. pr. Sax. Rubbing.
- Gobbet*, n. Fr. A morsel, a bit.
- God*, n. Sax. God toforne : God going before. Deo favente.—Goddess armes two. Goddess bones. Vulgar oaths—A Goddess kichel. See the note. A'Goddess half. See *Half*.
- Gode*, *Good*, n. Sax. Wealth, goods.
- Godelyhede*, n. Sax. Goodness.
- Godsib*, n. Sax. A gossip, a godfather.
- Gofish*, adj. Foolish.
- Gold*, n. A flower, commonly called a turnsol.
- Gonfanon*, n. Fr. A banner, or standard.
- Gong*, n. Sax. A little-house, a jakes.
- Gonnen*, *Gonne*, pa. t. pl. of *Ginne*.
- Goth*, imp. m. 2 pers. pl. Go ye.
- Grame*, n. Sax. Grief, anger.
- Grand mercie*, Fr. Great thanks.
- Gratinel*, n. Fr. A grappling-iron.
- Gre*, n. Fr. Pleasure, satisfaction.
- Grede*, n. Sax. A greedy person,

Grede, v. Barb. Lat. To cry.

Greithe, v. Sax. To prepare, make ready.

Grenehed, n. Sax. Childishness.

Grete for *Grede*, v.

Grette, pa. t. of *Grete*, v. Sax. Greeted, saluted.

Greves, n. pl. Sax. Groves.

Grille, adj. Horrible.

Gris, n. Fr. A species of furr, of the better sort.

Groche, v. Sax. To grutch, to murmur.

Groff, adj. Sax. Flat on the ground.

Groine, v. To hang the lip, in discontent.

Grone, v. Fr. To groan, to grunt.

Gront, pa. t. Groaned.

Groyning, n. Discontent. See *Groine*.

H

Habergeon, n. Fr. A diminutive of hauberg, a coat of mail.

Habitacles, n. pl. Fr. Places of habitation.

Hackenaie, n. Fr. An ambling horse, or pad.

Haf, pa. t. of *Heve*, v. Sax. Heaved, raised.

Haie, *Hay*, n. Fr. A hedge.

Haile, n. Sax. Health, welfare.

Haire, n. Fr. A hair-cloth.

Haketon, n. Fr. A short cassock, without sleeves.

Halfe, n. Sax. A side, a part.

Halke, n. Sax. A corner.

Hals, n. Sax. The neck.

Halt for *Holt*, i. e. holdeth.

Hame for *Home*, n. Sax.

Hamele, v. Sax. To hamstring, to cut off.

Harie, v. Fr. To hurry. To harie and drawe.

Harlot, n. The name of Harlot was anciently given to men as well as women.

Harow, interj. Fr. Away! fie!

Harwed, p. t. of *Harwe*, v. Sax. Harried, harassed, subdued.

Hasardour, n. Fr. A player at hazard.

- Hate*, v. Sax. To be named.
- Haunce*, v. Fr. To raise, to enhance.
- Haunt*, n. Fr. Custom, practice.
- Hautein*, adj. Fr. Haughty, loud.
- Havoir* for *Avoir*, n. Fr. Wealth.
- Harwe*, n. Sax. A hawthorn-berry, a farm-yard, a church-yard.
- Hawebake*, according to Urry, for *Hauberk*.
- Hedde* for *Hidde* (Hidden.)
- Heisugge*. Curruca, a little bird, which is supposed to hatch the cuckow's egg, and to be destroyed by the young cuckows, Sp.
- Hele*, v. Sax. Helan. To hide.
- Heleles*, adj. Helpless.
- Helisse*, pr. n. Elysium.
- Helowis*, pr. n. Eloisa, the mistress of Abelard.
- Henchmen*, n. pl. Pages.
- Hende*, *Hendy*, adj. Sax. Civil, courteous.
- Henen*, *Henne*, *Hennes*, *Hens*, adv. Sax. Hence.
- Hente*, v. Sax. To take hold of, to catch.
- Herbergage*, n. Fr. Lodging.
- Herberwe*, n. Sax. An inn, a lodging, the place of the Sun. Herber: An harbour.
- Herd*, *Hierde*, n. Sax. A keeper.
- Here* for *Hire*.
- Here*, in composition, signifies this, without including any idea of place. Hereagaines: Against this. Herebeforn: Before this.
- Here*, n. Sax. Hair.
- Herne*, n. Sax. A corner.
- Heronere*, n. Fr. A hawk made to flie only at the heron.
- Heronsewes*, n. pl. Fr. Young herons.
- Hery*, v. Sax. To praise.
- Heste*, n. Sax. Command, promise.
- Hete*, v. Sax. To promise, to be called.
- Hething*, n. Sax. Contempt.
- Heved*, n. Sax. Head.
- Hext*, adj. superl. Sax. Highest.

- Hie*, n. Haste, diligence. In, or On hie : In haste.
Highte, v. Sax. Called.
Hine, n. Sax. A servant in husbandry, a hind.
Hine, n. should probably be Hiene. The gall of an hyena was used to cure a certain disorder of the eye. Plin. N. H. l. 29. c. 38.
Hir, pron. poss. Sax. Their.
Hire, obl. c. of She. pron. Sax. is often put for Her-self, and without the usual preposition. See *Him*.
Hoker, n. Sax. Frowardness.
Hole, *Hol*, adj. Sax. Entire, whole, sound.
Holour, n. Sax. A whoremonger.
Holt, n. Sax. A grove, or forest.
Honde, n. Sax. A hand.
Horowe, adj. Sax. Foul.
Hostelere, n. Fr. An inn-keeper.
Hote, *Hoten*, part. pa. of *Hete*. Called.
Hove, v. Sax. To hover.
Houne, n. for *Hound*. Thus said both here and houne, i. e. hare and hound; all sorts of people.
Houped, pa. t. Fr. Hooped, or hollowed.
Housel, n. Sax. The eucharist.
Howve, n. Sax. A cap, or hood.
Hulfere, n. Sax. Holly.
Hulstred, part. pa. Sax. Hidden.
Humblehede, n. Sax. Humble state.
Hust, adj. Sax. Silent, whist.
Hylde, v. Sax. To pour.
Hylled, part. pa. Sax. Hidden. See *Hele*.

I

- Jacobin*, pr. n. A grey frier.
Jambeux, n. pl. Fr. Boots, armour for the legs.
Jane, n. A coin of (Janua) Genoa. It is put for any small coin.
Jape, n. Sax. A trick, a jest.
Ich, *Iche*, pron. Sax. I. So the ich. So the ichie : So may I prosper.

- Jewise*, n. Judgement, punishment.
Ik, pron. Sax. I. See *Ich*.
Ilke, adj. Sax. Same.
Imped, part. pa. Sax. Planted.
Impetren, pr. t. pl. Fr. Obtain by prayer.
Impes, n. pl. Sax. Shoots of trees.
Inde, adj. Fr. Azure-coloured.
Inched, part. pa. Sax. Inserted.
Inhilde, v. Sax. To pour in. See *Hylde*.
Inned, part. pa. Sax. Lodged.
Inwitte, n. Sax. Understanding.
Joinant, part. pr. Fr. Joining.
Jolif, adj. Fr. Jolly, joyful.
Jombre, v. To jumble.
Jonglerie, n. should rather be *Janglerie*. Idle talk.
 See *Jangle*.
Jossa, interj. seems to be partly formed from the
 Fr. *ça!* Come hither!
Jubbe, n. A vessel for holding ale, or wine.
Judicum. The book of Judges.

K

- Kaynard*. Caynard or Caignard was a French term
 of reproach, which seems to have been originally
 derived from *Canis*.
Kele, v. Sax. To cool.
Kembed, *Kemped*, part. pa. Sax. Combed.
Kemelin, n. Sax. A tub.
Kernels, n. pl. Fr. Battlements.
Kers, n. Sax. Water-cresses.
Keveve, v. Fr. To cover, to recover.
Kichel, n. Sax. A little cake.
Kid, *Kidde*, pa. t. and part. of *Kithe*. Made known,
 discovered.
Kite, v. Sax. To kick.
Kirtel, n. Sax. A tunic, or waistcoat.
Kithe, v. Sax. To shew, to make known.
Knakkes, n. pl. Sax. Trifling tricks.

Knarry, adj. Sax. Full of gnarres, or knots.

Kyke, v. Sax. To look stedfastly.

L

Labbe, n. A blab, a great talker.

Lacert, n. Fr. "A fleshy muscle, so termed from its having a tail like a lizard. Cotg."

Lache, adj. Fr. Sluggish.

Lad, *Ladde*, pa. t. of *Lede*, v. Sax. Led, carried.

Luiners, n. pl. Fr. Straps, or thongs.

Lakke, n. Sax. A fault, a disgraceful action, want.

Las, n. Fr. A lace, a snare.

Latered, part. pa. Sax. Delayed.

Lathe, n. A barn.

Laton, n. Fr. A kind of mixed metal of the colour of brass.

Laudes. The service performed in the fourth, or last, watch of the night.

Laved, part. pa. Fr. Drawn, spoken of water taken out of a well.

Lavender, n. Fr. A washerwoman, or laundress.

Laverock, n. Sax. A lark.

Launcegay, n. A sort of lance.

Launde, n. Fr. A plain not ploughed.

Laureole, n. Fr. Spurge-laurel.

Laus, adj. Sax. Loose.

Laxatif, n. Fr. A purging medicine.

Lay, n. Sax. Law, religious profession.

Leche, n. Sax. A physician. Lechecraft: The skill of a physician.

Lectorne, n. Lat. A reading-desk.

Leden, n. Sax. Language, a corruption of Latin.

Ledge, v. as *Allege*.

Lees, n. Fr. A leash, by which dogs are held.

Lefe, adj. Sax. Pleasing, agreeable.

Lefull, adj. Lawful.

Legge, v. Sax. To lay.

Leke, n. Sax. A leek. It is put for any thing of very small value.

- Lemes*, n. pl. Sax. Flames.
Lemman, u. Sax. A lover, or gallant, a mistress.
Lendes, n. pl. Sax. The loins.
Lene, adj. Sax. Lean.
Leos, n. Gr. People.
Lepande, part. pr. of *Lepe*, v. Sax. Leaping.
Lere, *Lerne*, v. Sax. To learn, to teach.
Lere, n. Sax. The skin.
Lese, n. Fr. as *Lees*. In lustie lese: In love's leash.
Leseth, 2 pers. pl. imp. m. Lose ye.
Lest, *List*, *Lust*, n. Sax. Pleasure.
Leste, adj. Sax. superl. d. Least. At the leste way;
 At the lesté: At least.
Letgame, n. Sax. A hinderer of pleasure.
Lettuarie, n. Fr. An electuary.
Leve, n. Sax. Desire, inclination.
 —, adj. Dear. See *Lefe*.
 —, v. Sax. To believe.
Leven, n. Sax. Lightning.
Lever, comp. d. of *Lefe*. More agreeable.
Levesell. A leafy seat or arbour.
Lewed, *Lewde*, adj. Sax. Ignorant, unlearned, lascivious.
Leyte, n. Sax. Flame. See *Leite*.
Liard, pr. n. belonging originally to a horse of a grey colour. A common appellative for a horse, from its grey colour, as *bayard* was from *bay*.
Liche-wake. The custom of watching with dead bodies.
Lien, pr. t. pl. of *Lie*, or *Ligge*. Lain.
Ligne, n. Fr. Lineage, lineal descent.
Likerous, adj. Sax. Gluttonous, lascivious.
Limaile, n. Fr. Filings of any metal.
Limer, n. Fr. Limier. A blood-hound.
Lime-rod. A twig with bird-lime.
Limitation, n. Lat. A certain precinct allowed to a limitour.
Limitour, n. A fryer licensed to beg within a certain district.

- Linde*, n. Sax. The lime-tree.
Lisse, n. Sax. Remission, abatement.
Litarge, n. Fr. White lead
Lite, adj. Sax. Little.
Lith, n. Sax. A limb.
Litherly, adv. Sax. Very ill.
Livand, part. pr. Sax. Living.
Lodemanage, *Lodesterre*. See the statute 3 Geo. I. c. 13. where load-manage is used repeatedly in the sense of Pilotage.
Lodesmen, n. pl. Sax. Pilots.
Loken, *Loke*, part. pa. of *Loke*, v. Sax. Locked.
Loos, *Los*, n. Fr. Praise. *Loses*, pl.
Lorel, n. Sax. A good-for-nothing fellow.
Losenge, n. Fr. A quadrilateral figure, of equal sides but unequal angles, in which the arms of women are usually painted. Losynges seem to signify small figures of the same form in the fret-work of a crown.
Losengeour, n. Fr. A flatterer.
Loteby, n. In the orig. Compaigne: A private companion, or bed-fellow.
Love-dayes. Days appointed for the amicable settlement of differences.
Lough, part. t. of *Laugh*, v. Sax. Laughed.
Louke. A receiver to a thief.
Loute, v. Sax. To bow, to lurk.
Lowlyhede, n. Sax. Humility.
Luce, n. Lat. The fish called a pike.
Lucina, part. n. The Moon.
Lunarie, part. n. of a herb, moon-wort.
Lussheburghes. Base coins probably first imported from Luxemburg.
Luxurie, n. Fr. Leacherie.

M

- Mafeie*, Fr. Ma foy, by my faith.
Mainte, part. pa. as *Meint*.

- Maintenance*, n. Fr. Behaviour.
- Maisondewe*, Fr. Maison-dieu, a hospital.
- Make*, n. Sax. A fellow, a mate, a husband, a wife.
- Makeles*, adj. Sax. Peerless, without a fellow.
- Making*, n. Poetry.
- Malapert*, adj. Pert, forward.
- Male-talent*, n. Fr. Ill will.
- Malison*, n. Fr. Malediction, curse.
- Malvesie*, pr. n. Malmsey-wine.
- Mahure*, n. Fr. Misfortune.
- Manciple*, n. An officer, who has the care of purchasing victuals for an Inn of Court.
- Mangonel*, n. Fr. An engine used to batter walls.
- Mansuete*, adj. Fr. Gentle.
- Mareis*, n. Fr. A marsh.
- Marie Mary*, n. Sax. Marrow.
- Market-beter*. One that makes quarrels in markets.
- Martire*, v. Fr. To torment.
- Mary, Marie*, pr. n. A vulgar oath; by Mary.
- Mase*, n. A wild fancy.
- Mase*, v. neut. To doubt, to be confounded.
- Maselin*, n. Rather Mazerin. A drinking cup.
- Mate*, part. pa. of *Mate*, v. Fr. Dejected, struck dead.
- Maris*, n. Sax. A thrush.
- Maumet*, n. An idol.
- Meaneliche*, adj. Sax. Moderate.
- Mebles*, n. pl. Fr. Moveable goods.
- Meinie*, n. Fr. Household attendants, an army.
- Meint*, part. pa. of *Menge*, v. Sax. Mixed, mingled.
- Mele-tide*, n. Sax. Dinner-time.
- Melle*, v. Fr. To meddle.
- Menivere*, n. Fr. A sort of fur.
- Merciabile*, adj. Fr. Merciful.
- Merke*, n. Sax. A mark, an image.
- Mese*, n. for *Messe*.
- Mesel*, n. Fr. A leper.
- Messagerie*. pr. n. A fictitious attendant in the temple of Venus.

- Messe*, n. Fr. The service of the mass.
Mete-borde, n. Sax. An eating-table.
Metely, adj. Proportionable.
Mete, v. Sax. To meet, to dream.
Metriciens, n. pl. Writers in verse.
Mevable, adj. Fr. Moveable.
Mewe, n. Fr. A cage for hawks, while they mue, or change their feathers.—A cage, in general, or any sort of confinement. In mewe : In secret.
Micher, n. A thief.
Minde, n. Sax. Remembrance.
Mine, v. Fr. To penetrate.
Ministres, n. pl. Fr. Officers of justice, ministers, minstrels.
Minoresse, n. A nun, under the rule of St. Clare.
Minour, n. Fr. A miner.
Mis, adv. Ill, amiss.
Mis-boden, part. pa. of *Mis-bede*. Injured.
Miscoveting, n. Should probably be Miscompting.
Mis-departe, v. To distribute wrongly.
Mis-foryave, pa. t. of *Mis-foryeve*. Mis-gave.
Mis-gied, part. pa. of *Mis-gie*. Mis-guided.
Mis-metre, v. To spoil the metre of verses, by writing or reading them ill.
Mis-sate, pa. t. of *Mis-sit*. Misbecame.
Mistere, n. Fr. Trade, occupation, condition of life.
Mistihede, n. Sax. Darkness.
Mis-waie, n. A wrong way.
Mitaine, n. Fr. A glove, a mitten.
Mitche, n. Fr. A manchet, a loaf of fine bread.
Mite, n. Sax. A small worm.
Mixen, n. Sax. A dunghill.
Mo for *Me*.
Mo for *More*, adj. comp.—adv. comp.
Moison, n. Fr. Harvest, growth.
Mokel, n. May perhaps signifie size, magnitude.
Monche, v. To chew.
Mone, n. Sax. The moon, lamentation.
Moniours, n. pl. Fr. Coiners.

Mood, n. Sax. Anger.

Mormal, n. A cancer, or gangrene.

Morter, n. Fr. A sort of wax-light.

Mortife, v. Fr. To kill (speaking of quicksilver.)

Mortrewes, n. Lord Bacon, in his nat. hist. i. 48. speaks of "a mortress made with the brawn of capons stamped and strained." He joins it with the cullice (coulis) of cocks. It seems to have been a rich broth, or soup, in the preparation of which the flesh was stamped, or beat, in a mortar; from whence it probably derived its name, une mortreuse; though I cannot say that I have ever met with the French word.

Morwe, n. Sax. The morning.

Moule, v. Sax. To grow mouldy. *Mouled*, part. pa.

Moun, for *Mowen*, pr. t. pl. of *Mowe*, v. Sax. May.

Mourdant, n. Fr. The tongue of a buckle.

Mowe, v. Sax. May, to be able.

Mowe, n. Fr. A distortion of the mouth.

Mowing, n. Ability.

Muckre, v. Sax. To heap.

Mue, v. Fr. To change.

Mullok, n. Sax. Dung, rubbish.

Multiplication, n. Fr. The art of making gold and silver.

Musard, n. Fr. A muser, or dreamer.

N

N'adde for *Ne hadde*. Had not.

Nakeres, n. pl. Fr. A kind of brazen drum used in the cavalry.

Nale, n. Sax. An ale-house.

N'am for *Ne am*. Am not.

Name, pa. t. of *Nime*, v. Sax. Took.

Nas for *Ne was*. Was not.

Nat, adv. Sax. Not.

Nathelesse, *Natheles*, adv. Sax. Not the less, nevertheless.

Nay, v. To denie.

Ne, adv. Sax. Not.

Nedder, n. Sax. An adder. *Nedders*, pl.

Nekke, n. Sax. The neck. *Nekkebone*.

Nempne, v. Sax. To name.

Ner, adv. Sax. Near.

N'ere for *Ne were*. Were not. *N'ere it*: Were it not. *N'ere the friendship*.

Neshe, adj. Sax. Soft, tender. *Nesch* and hard.

Nete, n. Sax. Neat-cattle.

Nettle in, Dock out. See *Raket*.

Neven, v. Sax. To name.

Newe, v. To renew.

Newefungel, adj. Desirous of new things.

N'hath for *Ne hath*. Hath not.

Nice, adj. Fr. Foolish.

Nifles, n. pl. Trifles.

Nightertale. Night-time.

N'll for *Ne will*. Will not.

N'is for *Ne is*. Is not.

N'iste for *Ne wiste*. Knew not.

Nocked, part. pa. Notched.

Noie, n. Fr. Hurt, trouble.

N'olde for *Ne wolde*. Would not.

Nomen, Nome, part. pa. of *Nime*, v. Sax. Taken.

Nompere, n. An arbitrator.

Non, adj. Sax. Not one, none.

Non, adv. Fr. Not. Absent or non. Whether yc wol or non.

None, n. Fr. The ninth hour of the natural day; nine o'clock in the morning; the hour of dinner.

Nones. For the nones, i. e. for the occasion.

Nortelrie, n. Nurture, education.

Nosethirles, n. pl. Sax. Nostrils.

N'ot for *Ne wot*. Know not.

Note, n. Sax. Need, business.

Notes, n. pl. Sax. Nuts.

Not-hed. A head like a nut, from the hair probably being cut short.

N'other, adj. Sax. for *Ne other*. Neither n'other :
Nor one nor other.

Nouches, n. pl. or *Ouches*. Clasps, or buckles.

Nouthe, adv. Sax. Now.

Nowel, n. Fr. Christmas. From Noël in French.

O

O, adj. for *On*. One.

Occident, n. Fr. The West.

Ocy, *Ocy*. The nightingale's note.

Of, adv. Sax. Off.

Offertorie, n. Fr. A part of the Mass.

Olifaunt, n. Fr. Elephant.

On, prep. Sax. In.

On, adj. Sax. One.

Onde, n. Sax. Zeal, malice.

Oned, part. pa. Sax. Made one, united.

Onhed, n. Sax. Unity.

Open-ers, n. Sax. The fruit of the medlar-tree.

Opie, n. Fr. Opium.

Or, adv. Sax. Er, before.

Oratorie, n. Fr. A chappel, a closet.

Ordal, n. Sax. Judicial trial.

Orde, n. Sax. A point.

Ore, n. Sax. Grace, favour.

Orfrays, n. Fr. Gold-embroidery.

Orient, n. Fr. The east.

Orisont, n. Fr. The horizon.

Orloge, n. Fr. A clock, or dial.

Ouche, n. See *Nouche*.

Over-ladde, part. pa. Overborn.

Over-timeliche, adv. Sax. Too early.

Ounding, n. Fr. Waving, imitating waves.

Outhees, n. Lat. Barb. Outcry.

Outraie, v. Fr. To fly out, to be outrageous.

Out-rede, v. Sax. To surpass in counsel.

Out-taken, part. pa. Taken out, excepted.

Owhere, adv. Sax. Anywhere.

Owndie, adj. Fr. Waving.

P

- Pace*, v. Fr. To pass away, to surpass.
- Paide*, part. pa. Pleased, payed.
- Paindemaine*. A sort of white bread.
- Paire*, v. Fr. To impair.
- Palasins*, n. pl. Fr. Ladies Palasins: Ladies of the court.
- Pale*, n. A perpendicular stripe, in Heraldry.
- Paleis*, n. Fr. A palace.
- Pan*, n. Sax. The skull, the head.
- Panter*, n. Fr. A net.
- Papelard*, n. Fr. A hypocrite.
- Par*, prep. Fr. Par amour: With love.
- Parage*, n. Fr. Kindred.
- Paraille*, n. Fr. Apparel.
- Paraunter*, corruption of Peradventure.
- Parcel-mele*, adv. By parcels, or parts.
- Parde*, *Pardieux*. A common Fr. oath, which most of the personages in Chaucer express very frequently in English, with as little ceremony as the Greeks used their *ὦ Δις*, and with as little meaning too.
- Pardoner*, n. Fr. A seller of pardons, or indulgences.
- Parements*, n. pl. Fr. Ornamental furniture, or clothes.
- Parentele*, n. Fr. Kindred.
- Parfay*, Fr. Par foy: By my faith.
- Parfei*, as *Parfay*.
- Parfit*, adj. Fr. Perfect.
- Paritorie*, n. Fr. Lat. The herb parietaria, or pelli-tory of the wall.
- Parten*, inf. m. F. To take part.
- Parvis*, n. Fr. A portico before a church.
- Pas*, n. Fr. A foot-pace.
- Passant*, *Passing*, part. pr. Excelling.
- Patren*, inf. m. To pray, properly, to repeat the pater-noster.

- Pavade*, n. Some weapon of offence, of what sort is not known.
- Pax*. To kisse the Pax. For an account of this ceremony see Du Cange, in v.
- Payen*, adj. Fr. Pagan.
- Paysaunce*, n. "Pausing or stopping, Gloss. Ur." q.?
- Pees*, n. Fr. Peace.
- Pell*, n. "A house, a cell. *Sp.* and *Sk.* f. a palace. Gloss. *Ur.*" q.?
- Pellet*, n. Fr. Pelotte. A ball.
- Pencell*, n. Fr. Pennoncel. A small streamer.
- Penible*, adj. Fr. Industrious, pains-taking.
- Penetencer*, n. Fr. A priest, who enjoins penance in extraordinary cases.
- Penmark*, pr. n. A place in Bretagne.
- Penner*, n. A pen-case.
- Pens*, n. pl. Sax. Pennies.
- Pensifehed*, n. Pensiveness.
- Perde*, as *Parde*.
- Pere*, v. To appear.
- Peregal*, adj. Equal.
- Peregrine*, adj. Fr. Wandering.
- Perjenele*, n. A young pear.
- Perrie*, n. Fr. Jewels, precious stones.
- Perse*, adj. Fr. Sky-coloured, of a blueish grey.
- Persone*, n. Barb. Lat. A man; generally, a man of dignity; a parson, or rector of a church. *Personer*.
- Pertelote*, pr. n. of a hen.
- Pervinke*, n. Sax. Lat. The herb periwinkle.
- Pesible*, adj. Péaceable.
- Peytre*, n. Fr. The breast-plate of a horse.
- Phitonesse*, n. Barb. Lat. A witch.
- Pie*, n. Fr. A mag-pie, a prating gossip, or tell-tale.
- Piggesnie*. A term of endearment.
- Pight*, pa. t. of *Pike*, v. Sax. Pitched.
- Pilche*, n. Sax. A coat or cloak of skins.
- Pille*, v. Fr. Piller. To rob, to plunder.
- Pilwe-bere*, n. Sax. The covering of a pillow.

Piment, n. Barb. Lat. Spiced wine, wine mixed with honey. See *Clarre*.

Pistell, n. Sax. Lat. An epistle, a short lesson.

Plainliche, adv. Plainly.

Plat, *Platte*, adj. Fr. Flat, plain, the flat of a sword; it is often used as an adverb.

Plein, adj. Fr. Full, perfect.

Plenere, adj. Fr. Complete.

Plesinges, n. pl. Pleasures.

Plete, v. Fr. To plead.

Plite, v. To plait, or fold. See *Plie*.

Plungy, adj. Fr. Wet, rainy.

Pointel, n. Fr. A style, or pencil, for writing.

Pointen, inf. m. v. Fr. To prick with any thing pointed.

Poke, n. Fr. A pocket, a bag.

Poke, v. Fr. To thrust.

Polive, n. A pullie.

Pollax, n. Sax. A halberd.

Pomel, n. Fr. Any ball, or round thing, the top of the head.

Pomelee, adj. Fr. Dappled.

Popelot, n. This word may either be considered as a diminutive from *Poupéc*, a puppet; or as a corruption of *Papillot*, a young butterfly.

Popingay, n. A parrot.

Popped, adj. Fr. Nicely dressed.

Popper, n. A bodkin.

Porisme, n. Gr. is used in the sense of—a corollary, a theorem deduced from another.

Pose, n. A rheum, or defluxion, obstructing the voice.

Posse, v. Fr. To push.

Possessioners, n. pl. Lat. An invidious name for such religious communities as were endowed with lands, &c.

Potent, n. Fr. A crutch, a walking-stick.

Potestat, n. Fr. A principal magistrate.

Pounsoned, part. pa. Fr. Punched with a bodkin.

- Poupe*, v. To make a noise with a horn.
Pourchas, n. Fr. Acquisition, purchase.
Precious, adj. Fr. Over-nice.
Prees, n. Fr. A press, or crowd.
Prese, Preve, n. Fr. Proof, trial.
Preise, n. Fr. Commendation.
Pres, adv. Fr. Near.
Prest, adj. Fr. Ready.
Preterit, adj. Fr. Passed.
Prick, n. Sax. A point, a pointed weapon.
Prickasour, n. A hard rider.
Pricking, n. Hard riding.
Prie, v. To look curiously.
Prime, adj. Fr. Lat. First. At prime temps: At the first time. At prime face: At first appearance.
Primerole, n. Fr. A primrose.
Primetemps, n. Fr. Spring.
Pris, n. Fr. Price, praise.
Prive, adj. Fr. Private.
Processe, n. Lat. Progress.
Proheme, n. Fr. Gr. A preface.
Proine, v. Fr. Provigner. To prune.
Prolle, v. To go about in search of a thing.
Provinde, n. Fr. Præbenda. Lat. A prebend; a daily or annual allowance or stipend.
Prow, n. Fr. Profit, advantage.
Prowesse, n. Fr. Integrity.
Pulchritude, n. Lat. Beauty.
Pullaile, n. Fr. Poultry.
Pulled hen. I have been told that a hen whose feathers are pulled, or plucked off, will not lay any eggs. If that be true, there is more force in the epithet than I apprehended.
Purfled, part. pa. Guarded or fringed.
Purprise, n. Fr. An inclosure.
Purveyance, n. Fr. Foresight, providence, provision.
Puterie, n. Fr. Whoredom.
Putours, n. pl. Whoremongers.

Q

Quad, Quade, adj. Teut. Bad.

Quaire, n. Fr. A quire of paper, a book.

Quakke, n. seems to be put for an inarticulate noise, occasioned by any obstruction in the throat.

Qualme, n. Sax. Sickness, the noise made by a raven.

Quarels, n. pl. Fr. Square arrows.

Queintise, n. Trimness, neatness, excessive trimness, cunning.

Queme, v. Sax. To please.

Querne, n. Sax. A hand-mill.

Querroure, n. Fr. One that works in a stone-quarry.

Queste, n. Fr. A prayer or demand.

Quest-mongers, n. pl. Packers of inquests, or juries.

Quethe, v. Sax. To say, to declare.

Quik, adj. Sax. Alive.

Quistron, n. A beggar.

Quite, v. Fr. To requite, to pay for, to acquit.

R

Ra, n. Sax. A roe-deer.

Racine, n. Fr. A root.

Rad, Radde, pa. t. of *Rede*, v. Sax. Advised, explained.

Radevore. Tapestry.

Rafte, pa. t. of *Reve*, v. Sax. Took away.

Rage, v. Fr. To toy wantonly.

Ragounces. Should probably be *Jagonces*, as in the orig. Fr. The precious stones called jacinths, or hyacinths.

Rakel, adj. Hasty, rash.

Raket. To play raket, nettle in, dock out, seems to be used as a proverbial expression, signifying, to be inconstant.

Ramage, adj. Fr. Wild.

- Rampe*, v. Fr. To climb.
Rape, adv. Quickly, speedily.
Rape, v. Sax. To take captive. To rape and renne :
 To seize and plunder. See *Renne*.
Raskaile, n. A pack of rascals.
Rather, adj. Sax. comp. d. Former.
Ratouns, n. pl. Fr. Rat.
Raught, pa. t. of Ræcan, v. Sax. Reached.
Raught, pa. of Reccan, v. Sax. Cared, rekked.
Ravishing, part. pr. Fr. Rapid.
Raunson, n. Fr. Ransom.
Rayed, part. pa. Fr. Streaked, or striped.
Real, adj. Fr. Royal.
Rebekke, n. Fr. A musical instrument.
Recche, *Rekke*, v. Sax. To care.
Reccheles, adj. Careless.
Recreandise, n. Fr. signifies fear, cowardice, desertion of principal.
Recure, n. Fr. Recovery.
Reddour, n. Fr. Strength, violence.
Rede, n. Sax. Advice, counsel, a reed.
Rede, v. Sax. To advise, to read, to explain.
Redoute, v. Fr. To fear.
Refect, part. pa. Lat. Recovered.
Refreide, v. Fr. To cool.
Refrete, n. The same as *Refrain*.
Refute, n. Fr. Refuge.
Rehete, v. Fr. Rehaite. To revive, to cheer.
Reile, v. neut. To roll.
Reken, v. Sax. To reckon, to come to a reckoning.
Rekes, n. pl. Sax. Ricks (of corn).
Relaies, n. pl. Fr. Fresh sets of hounds.
Relese, n. Sax. What is left.
Remes, n. pl. Fr. Realms.
Remissails, n. pl. Fr. Orts, leavings.
Reneie, v. Fr. To renounce, to abjurc.
Renges, n. pl. Ranks, the steps of a ladder.
Renne, v. Sax. To run, to rend. q?
Renomee, n. Fr. Renown.

- Renovelaunce*, n. Fr. A renewing.
Rescous, n. Fr. Rescue.
Rescove, v. Fr. To rescue.
Resport, n. Is probably put for respect.
Reve, n. Sax. A steward, or bailif.
Reve, v. Sax. To take away.
Rew, n. A row, or line.
Reward, n. Fr. Regard, respect.
Reyes, n. pl. Dances.
Reysed. Journeyed.
Ribaninges, n. pl. Seems to signify borders.
Ribaude, n. A poor labourer. But the word generally implies profligacy of manners as well as meanness of condition.
Ribibe, n. The same as *Rebekke*.
Ribible, n. A small ribibe.
Riddeled, part. pa. Plaited.
Rife, *Rive*, v. Sax. To thrust through.
Rimpled, part. pa. Sax. Wrinkled.
Rishe, n. Sax. A rush.
Rist for *Riseth*.
Rit for *Rideth*.
Rivage. See *Arivage*.
Riveling, part. pr. Sax. Wringling.
Roche, n. Fr. A rock. *Roches*, pl.
Rode, n. Sax. The cross. Rode-beem.
Rofe, pa. t. of *Rife*. *Rofte* should probably be *Rofe*.
Rogge, v. Sax. To shake.
Roigne, n. Fr. A scab, mange, &c.
Rokette, n. Fr. A loose upper garment.
Roking, part. pr. of *Rokke*, or *Rogge*, v. neut. Sax. Shaking, trembling.
Rondel, n. Fr. "A rime or sonnet which ends as it begins." Cotgrave.
Rone, pa. t. of *Rain*, v. Sax. Rained.
Rosalgar. Red arsenic.
Rote, n. A musical instrument.
Rote, v. Sax. To rot.
Rouke, v. Sax. To lie close.

- Rouncie*, n. Barb. Lat. A common hackney horse.
Roundel, n. Fr. A sort of song. See *Rondel*.
Route, v. Fr. To snore, to roar.
Routhe, n. Sax. Compassion, the object of compassion.
Row, adj. Sax. Rough. He loked wel rowe.
Rowne, v. Sax. To whisper.
Rubins, n. pl. Fr. Rubies.
Rucking, part. pa. of *Rucke*, or *Rouke*, v. Sax. Lying close.
Ruddock, n. Sax. A bird, called robin red-breast.

S

- Sachelles*, n. pl. Fr. Small sacks.
Sacked freres. Friars wearing a coarse upper garment called saccus.
Saie for *Seie*, pa. t. of *Se*, v. Sax. Saw.
Saile, v. Fr. To assail.
Salade, n. Fr. A sort of armour for the head.
Salades, n. pl. Fr. Sallads of herbs.
Salewe, *Salue*, v. Fr. To salute.
Saluinges, n. pl. Salutations.
Samite, n. Fr. Gr. A rich silk.
Sanguin, adj. Fr. Of a blood-red colour.
Sarlinishe. Should perhaps be Sarsinishe, from the Fr. Sarrasinois; a sort of fine silk, used for veils.
Sarpleres, n. pl. Packages of a larger size than sacks.
Saten, pa. t. pl. of *Sit*, v. Sax.
Satalie, pr. n. The ancient Attalia.
Save, n. Lat. The herb sage.
Sausefleme. Pimpled.
Sautes, n. pl. Fr. Assaults.
Sautrie, n. Fr. Gr. A musical string-instrument.
 See *Rote*.
Say for *Sey*, pa. t. of *Se*, v. Sax. Saw.
Scall, n. Sax. A scale or scab.
Scantilone, n. Fr. A pattern, a scantling.

- Scolaie*, v. Fr. To attend school, to studie.
Scriptures, n. pl. Fr. Writings, books.
Secree, adj. Fr. Secret.
See, n. Fr. A seat. *Sees*, pl.
See, n. Sax. The sea. The grete see.
Seie, *Sey*, pa. t. of *See*, v. Sax. Saw, part. pa. Seen.
Sein, part. pa. of *See*, v. Sax. Seen.
Seint, n. Fr. Ceinct. A girdle.
Selle, n. Fr. Celle. Cell.
Selle for *Sille*, n. Sax. A door-sill or threshold.
Selynesse, n. Sax. Happiness.
Semblable, adj. Fr. Like.
Semicore, n. A half, or short, cloke.
Sen, *Sene*, inf. m. of *Se*.
Sendall, n. A thin silk.
Senek, pr. n. Seneca, the philosopher.
Sentence, n. Fr. Sense, meaning, judgement.
Sergeant, n. Fr. A squier, attendant upon a prince
or nobleman.—*A sergeant of the lawe*.
Setewale, n. Sax. The herb Valerian.
Sethe, v. Sax. To boil.
Sewe, v. Fr. To follow.
Sewes, n. pl. Fr. Dishes.
Shadde, pa. t. of *Shede*, v. Sax. Fell in drops.
Shadde, pa. t. of *Shade*, v. Sax. Shaded, covered
with shade.
Shale, n. Sax. A shell, or husk.
Shalmies, n. pl. Shalms; musical string-instruments,
otherwise called psalterics or sautries. See *Rote*.
Sharve, n. Sax. A shade of trees, a grove.
Shemering, n. Sax. A glimmering.
Shend, v. Sax. To ruin.
Shene, adj. Sax. Bright, shining.
Shent, part. pa. of *Shend*.
Shepen, n. Sax. A stable.
Shete, v. Sax. To shoot.
Shift, v. Sax. To divide.
Shiver, n. Sax. A small slice.
Shode, n. Sax. The hair of a man's head.

Shode, part. pa. of *Shoe*, v. Sax. Shod, having shoes on.

Shonde, n. Sax. Harm.

Shot, part. pa. of *Shette*. Shut.

Shottes, n. pl. Sax. Arrows, darts, any thing that is shot.

Shrift, n. Sax. Confession.

Shrifte-faders, n. pl. Sax. Father-confessors.

Shrive, v. Sax. To make confession.

Shright for *Shricheth*. Shrieketh.

Shullen, *Shuln*, *Shul*, ind. m. pr. t. pl. of *Shal*.

Sibbe, adj. Sax. Related, allied.

Sigh for *Seie*. Saw.

Sigte, pa. t. of *Sike*. Sighed.

Signifer, n. Lat. The Zodiack.

Sike, n. Sax. A sigh. *Sikes*, pl.

Siker, adj. Sax. Sure.

Sikerde, part. pa. of *Siker*, v. Sax. Assured.

Sikernessee, n. Security.

Sin, adv. Sax. abbreviation of *Sithen*. Since.

Sinamome, n. Fr. Cinnamon.

Sis, n. Fr. The cast of six, the highest cast upon a die.

Sithe for *Sithes*, n. pl. Sax. Times.

Sithen, *Sith*, adv. Sax. Since.

Sithes, n. pl. Sax. Scythes.

Skaffaut, n. Fr. A scaffold, a wooden tower.

Skinke, v. Sax. To pour out, to serve with drink.

Skorcle, v. Sax. To scorch.

Slawe, part. pa. of *Sle*.

Sle, v. Sax. To kill, to slay.

Sleer, n. Sax. A killer.

Slen, pr. t. pl. of *Sle*, inf. m.

Slevelesse, adj. Seems to signify idle, unprofitable ; as it does still in vulgar language.

Slike, for *Swilke*, adj. Sax. Such.

Slo, v. Sax. To slay.

Sloppe, n. Sax. A sort of breeches.

Slow, pa. t. of *Slo*. Slew.

- Slowe*, n. Sax. A moth. In the orig. Fr. *Taigne*.
Snewe, v. Sax. To snow, to be in as great abundance as snow.
Soget, n. Fr. Subject.
Soigne, n. Fr. Care.
Sojour, n. Fr. Stay, abode.
Soken, n. Sax. Toll.
Sokingly, adv. Sucklingly, gently. See *Souke*.
Solempne, adj. Fr. Solemn.
Soler hall. A hall with an open gallery.
Somdel, adv. Sax. Somewhat, in some measure.
Somone, *Sompne*, v. Lat. To summon.
Sompnour, n. An officer employed to summon delinquents to appear in ecclesiastical courts, now called an Apparitor. See his character, ver. 625—670.
Sonde, n. Sax. A message.
Sone, adv. Sax. Soon.
Sore, v. Fr. Essorer. To soar.
Sorwe, n. Sax. Sorrow.
Sote, n. Sax. Soot.
Sote, *Swote*, adj. Sax. Sweet.
Soth, adj. Sax. True, certain. *Sother*, comp. d.
Sothfastness, n. Sax. Truth.
Soth-saw, n. Veracity, true-saying.
Soudan, n. A sultan, any Mahometan sovereign.
Souded, part. pa. Consolidated.
Souke, v. Fr. To suck.
Soun, n. Fr. Sound, noise.
Sourde, v. Fr. To rise.
Souter, n. Lat. A cobbler.
Sowers, n. pl. Sores, bucks in their fourth year.
Span-newe, adj. Seems to signifie quite new; but why it does so, I cannot pretend to say. Hence, perhaps, our phrase *bran-new*.
Spannishing, n. Fr. *Espanouissement*. The full blow of a flower.
Sparande, part. pr. Sparing, niggardly.
Sparrred, part. pa. Barred, bolted.

- Sparthe*, n. Sax. An ax, or halberd.
Spede, v. Fr. To dispatch.
Spektakel, n. Fr. Lat. A spying glass.
Spell, n. Sax. Sport, play, tale, or history.
Spance, n. Fr. Despence. A store room for wine, or victuals.
Sperme, n. Fr. Gr. Seed.
Spired. Inquired.
Splaie, v. Fr. Desploier. To unfold.
Sponne, pa. t. of *Spinne*, v. Sax. Spun.
Spore, n. Sax. A spur.
Spreint, part. pa. of *Sprenge*, v. Sax. Sprinkled.
Springolds, n. pl. Fr. Espringalle. Machines for casting stones and arrows.
Squames, n. pl. Lat. Scales.
Staker, v. Sax. To stagger.
Stalkes, n. pl. Sax. The upright-pieces of a ladder.
Stamen, *Stamin*, n. Fr. Estamine. A sort of woollen cloth.
Starfe, pa. t. of *Sterve*. Died.
Stark, adj. Sax. Stiff, stout.
Stele, n. Sax. A handle.
Stellife, v. Lat. To make a star.
Stente, v. Sax. To cease, to desist.
Stere, v. Sax. To stir.
Stert, n. Sax. A leap.
Sterve, v. Sax. To die, to perish.
Steven, n. Sax. Voice, sound, a time of performing any action, previously fixed by message, order, summons, &c.
Stewe, n. Fr. A small pond for fish, a small closet.
Steye, v. Sax. To ascend.
Steyers, n. pl. Sax. Stairs.
Stibborne, adj. Stubborn.
Stike, v. Sax. To stick, pierce.
Stillatorie, n. Fr. A still.
Stithé, n. Sax. An anvil.
Stives, as *Stewes*.
Stoble-goos. A goose fed on stubble-grounds.

Stocked, part. pa. Confined.

Stont, for *Stondeth*.

Stopen, part. pa. of *Stepe*, v. Sax. Stepped, advanced.

Storven, pa. t. pl. of *Sterve*.

Stot, n. Sax. A stallion.

Stote, n. A species of weazle, a pole-cat.

Stound, n. Sax. A moment, a short space of time.

Stoundemele, adv. Momentarily, every moment.

Stoure, n. Sax. Fight, battle.

Strake, v. Sax. To proceed directly.

Strene, n. Sax. Stock, race, progeny.

Strepe, v. Fr. To strip.

Strike, n. Sax. A line, a streak. A strike of flax.

Stripe, n. Lat. Stirps. Race, kindred.

Strof, pa. t. of *Strive*, v. Fr. Strove, contended.

Stroute, v. To strut.

Suckiny, n. Fr. Souquenie. A loose frock, worn over their other clothes by carters, &c.

Suffisance, n. Fr. Sufficiency, satisfaction.

Surquedrie, n. Fr. Presumption, an over-weening conceit.

Sursanure, n. Fr. A wound healed outwardly only.

Surveance, n. Fr. Superintendence.

Swa, adv. Sax. So.

Swappe, v. Sax. To throw down, to strike off, v. neut. to fall down.

Swatte, pa. t. of *Swete*, v. Sax. Sweated.

Swegh, n. Sax. A violent motion.

Swelte, v. Sax. To die, to faint. *Swelt*, pa. t.

Swerne for *Sweren*, pl. n. of *Swere*, v. Sax. Swear.

Swiche, adj. Sax. corruption of *Swilke*. Such.

Swinke, n. Sax. Labour.

Swire, n. Sax. The neck.

Swithe, adv. Sax. Quickly, immediately.

Swolowe, n. Sax. A whirlpool.

Swonken, part. pa. of *Swinke*.

Swough, n. Sax. Sound, noise, a swoon.

T

Tache, n. Fr. A spot, or blemish.

Taillager, n. Fr. A collector of taxes.

Take, v. Sax. To deliver a thing to another person.

Takel, n. Sax. An arrow.

Talent, n. Fr. Desire, affection.

Taling, n. Story-telling.

Tane for *Taken*.

Tapinage, n. Fr. En tapinois. Lurking, sculking about.

Tars, n. Cloth of Tars; Tartarium. A sort of silk.

Tas, n. Fr. A heap.

Tatarwagges, n. pl. The Orig. is—*Toutés fretelées de crottes*. All bedagled with dirt.

Teine, n. seems to signify a narrow, thin, plate of metal; perhaps from the Lat. Gr. *Tænia*.

Temps, n. Fr. Time.

Tene, n. Sax. Grief.

Tercelet, *Tercell*, n. Fr. The male hawk, the male eagle.

Terins, n. pl. A sort of singing-bird, called in Fr. *Tarin*.

Termagaunt, pr. n. A Saracen deity in an old romance.

Terrestre, n. Fr. Earthly.

Tery, adj. Sax. Full of tears.

Testeres, n. pl. Fr. Head-pieces.

Testes, n. pl. Lat. Vessels for assaying metals.

Tewell, n. Fr. A pipe, or funnel.

Textual, adj. Fr. Ready at citing texts.

Thacke, n. Sax. Thatch.

Thacke, v. To thump, to thwack.

Thanne, *Than*, adv. Sax. Then.

Thar, v. Sax. impers. Behoveth.

Thé, v. Sax. To thrive.

Thedome, n. Sax. Thrift, success.

Thefely, adj. Sax. Like a thief.

Themmes, Themme, adv. Sax. Thence.

Ther, in composition, signifies *that*, without including any idea of place.

Therres, n. pl. Sax. Manners, qualities.

Thider, adv. Sax. Thither, to that place.

Thinne, adj. Sax. This same, that same.

Thirle, v. Sax. To pierce through.

Tho, prep. art. pl. Da. Sax. used as a demonstrative pronoun. Those.

Tho, adv. Sax. Then.

Thole, v. Sax. To suffer.

Thurpe, n. Sax. A village.

Thremme, should be written, in two words, *thre mote*, as in the Bodl. MSS. *Mot*, n. Fr. is explained by Cotgrave to signify, among other things, "the note winded by a huntsman on his horn."

Threpe, v. Sax. To call.

Throtel, n. Sax. A thrush.

Thruu, n. Sax. Time.

Thurgh, prep. Sax. Through, by means of.

Thurghout, prep. Sax. Throughout, quite through.

Thunrak, n. Sax. The hold of a ship.

Thruzel, n. Sax. A whistle. *Cutellus*.

Thruitten, part. pa. Chipped with a knife, whittled.

Bien dolo. Orig.

Tidde, part. pa. of *Tide*, v. Sax. Happened.

Tidel, adj. Sax. Uncertain.

Til, prep. Sax. To. Hire-till: To her.

Timbre, n. pl. Fr. Basons. See *Timbriere*.

Tiptoon, n. pl. Sax. Tiptoes, the extremities of the toes.

Tire, v. Fr. To pluck, to feed upon.

Tissue, n. Fr. A ribband.

Tine for *Tideth*. Happeneth.

Triering, n. Sax. Courtship.

To, adv. Sax. Too.

To, prep. Sax. To day: On this day.

Tofore, *Toforen*, prep. Sax. Before.

- Tombesterre*, n. Sax. A dancing-woman.
- Tomedes*, should be written as two words. To mede, or to medes, according to the Saxon usage, signifies for reward, in return.
- Tone*, n. pl. Sax. Toes.
- Tonne-gret*, adj. Of the circumference of a tun.
- Toos*, n. pl. as *Tone*.
- Torettes*, n. pl. Fr. Rings.
- Toteler*, n. A whisperer.
- Totty*, adj. Sax. Dizzy.
- Tournet*, n. A turret, or small tower.
- Tout*, n. The backside.
- Tragetour*, n. as *Tregetour*.
- Traie*, v. Fr. To betray.
- Trais*, n. pl. Fr. Traits. The traces by which horses draw.
- Transmewe*, v. Fr. To transform.
- Trashed*, part. pa. Betrayed.
- Trate*, n. Bp. Douglas frequently uses *Trat* for an old woman.
- Trave*, n. Fr. Travail. A frame, in which farriers put unruly horses.
- Trechour*, n. Fr. A cheat.
- Trede-foule*, n. A treader of hens, a cock.
- Tregetour*, n. A juggler.
- Trenchant*, part. pr. Fr. Cutting.
- Trental*, n. A service of thirty masses, which were usually celebrated, upon as many different days, for the dead.
- Trepeget*, n. Fr. A military engine.
- Tressour*, n. An instrument used in tressing the hair; or an ornament of it, when tressed.
- Tretable*, adj. Fr. Tractable.
- Triacle*, n. Fr. corruption of Theriaque. A remedy in general.
- Trice*, v. Sax. To thrust.
- Trine*, adj. Fr. Triple.
- Trippe*, n. evidently means a small piece of cheese.
- Triste*, n. A post or station in hunting.

Trowandise, for *Truandise*.

Truandise, n. Fr. Begging. *Truanding*.

Tulle, v. Sax. To allure.

Turmentise, n. Fr. Torment.

Twight, pa. t. and part. of *Twitch*, v. Sax. Pulled, plucked.

Twinne, v. Sax. To depart from a place, or thing.

Twire, v. *Twireth* seems to be the translation of *susurrat*; spoken of a bird.

Twiste, v. Sax. To twitch, to pull hard.

V

Varien, inf. m. v. Fr. To change, to alter.

Vavasour, n. The precise import of this word is often as obscure as its original. Perhaps it should be understood to mean the whole class of middleling landholders.

Vecke, n. Ital. An old woman.

Venerie, n. Fr. Hunting.

Ventousing, n. Fr. Cupping.

Ver, n. Lat. The spring.

Verament, adv. Fr. Truly.

Veray, adj. Fr. True.

Verger, n. Fr. A garden.

Vermeile, adj. Fr. Of a vermilion colour.

Vermelet, adj. as *Vermeile*.

Vernage. A species of wine.

Vernicle, n. diminutive of *Veronike*, Fr. A copy in miniature of the picture of Christ, which is supposed to have been miraculously imprinted upon a handkerchief, preserved in the church of St. Peter at Rome.

Verre, n. Fr. Glass.

Vertuous, adj. Fr. Active, efficacious.

Vessell, n. Fr. *Vaisselle*. Plate.

Vice, n. Fr. The newel, or upright centre of a winding stair-case.

Vinolent, adj. Lat. Full of wine.

- Virelaye*, n. Fr. "A round, freeman's song." Cotgrave.
- Vise*, n. In. MS. A veze. Perhaps we should read *rese*, a Saxon word signifying violence, impetuosity.
- Vitaille*, n. Fr. Victuals.
- Unbokel*, v. Fr. To unbuckle, to open.
- Uncovenable*, adj. Inconvenient.
- Uncouple*, v. To go loose; Metaphor from hounds.
- Underfong*, v. Sax. To undertake.
- Undergrowe*, part. pa. Undergrown, of a low stature.
- Undermele*, n. Sax. The time after the meal of dinner; the afternoon.
- Undern*, n. Sax. The third hour of the artificial day; nine of the clock, A. M.
- Undernome*, part. t. of *Undernime*, v. Sax. Took up, received.
- Underpight*, part. t. See *Pight*.
- Underspoer*, v. Sax. To raise a thing, by putting a spere, or pole, under it.
- Un-eth*, *Un-ethes*, adv. Sax. Scarcely, not easily.
- Unhele*, n. Sax. Misfortune.
- Unhide*, v. To discover.
- Unmanhode*, n. Cowardice.
- Unperegal*, adj. Unequal. Impar. Orig.
- Unpitous*, adj. Cruel. Impia.
- Unplite*, v. To unfold.
- Unright*, n. Wrong.
- Unsad*, adj. Unsteady.
- Unset*, part. pa. Not appointed.
- Unshette*, part. t. Opened.
- Unsolempne*, adj. Uncelebrated. Incelebris. Orig.
- Unsperde*, part. pa. Unbolted.
- Until*, prep. Sax. To, unto.
- Unto*, adv. Sax. Until.
- Untriste* for *Untruste*, v. To mistrust.
- Unwemmed*, part. pa. Unspotted.
- Unwist*, part. pa. Unknown.

- Unwote*, v. Sax. To be ignorant.
Unwrie, v. To uncover.
Unyolden, part. pa. Not having yielded.
Voide, v. Fr. To remove, to quit, to make empty.
Volage, adj. Fr. Light, giddy.
Volatile, n. Fr. Wild fowls, game.
Voluntee, n. Fr. Will.
Volupere, n. A woman's cap. A night-cap.
Uphaf, pa. t. of *Upheve*, v. Sax. Heaved up.
Ure, n. Fr. Fortune, destiny.

W

- Waget*. A light waget, probably means a light blue colour.
Waimenting, n. Sax. Lamentation.
Waite, v. Fr. To watch.
Wala wa, or *Wa la wa*, interj. Sax. Woe! alas!
Wang, n. Sax. A cheek-tooth.
Wanger, n. Sax. A support for the cheek, a pillow.
Wanhope, n. Sax. Despair.
Wantrust, n. Sax. Distrust.
Waped, part. pa. Sax. Stupefied.
Wordecorps, n. Fr. Body-guard.
Wardrobe, n. Fr. Garderobe. A house of office.
Wariangles. Cotgrave, in v. *Pie* and *Engrouée*, explains "the wariangle to be a small woodpecker, black and white of colour, and but halfe as big as the ordinary green one."
Warice, *Warish*, v. Fr. To heal, v. neut.
Warison, n. seems to be put for reward.
Warnestore, v. To furnish, to store.
Warrie, v. Sax. To abuse, to speak evil of.
Wastel-brede. Cake-bread, bread made of the finest flower; from the Fr. *Gâteau*, a cake.
Wate, v. Sax. To know.
Webbe, n. Sax. A weaver.
Wedde, n. Sax. A pawn, or pledge.
Wede, n. Sax. Clothing, apparel.

- Weived*, part. pa. Departed.
Weke, v. Sax. To grow weak.
Welde, v. Sax. To govern, to wield.
Weldy, adj. Sax. Active.
Weleful, adj. Productive of happiness.
Welked, part. pa. of *Welke*, v. Sax. Withered, mouldy.
Welmeth, seems to be put for *Welleth*. Springeth.
Welte, pa. t. of *Welde*.
Wel-thewed, adj. Sax. Endowed with good qualities.
Welwilly, adj. Sax. Favourable, propitious.
Wemme, n. Sax. A spot, a fault. Without wemme.
Wend for *Wened*, pa. t. of *Wene*. Thought, intended.
Wenden, pl.
Wene, n. Sax. Guess, supposition.
Went, n. A way, a passage; a turn, in walking, in bed.
Went, v. for *Want*.
Were for *Weren*, ind. m. pa. t. pl. of *Am*, v. Sax.
Were, n. Fr. Guerre. Confusion.
Wery, adj. Sax. Weary.
Wesh, pa. t. of *Wash*, v. Sax. Washed.
Weting, n. Sax. Knowledge.
Weve, v. Sax. To put off, to prevent.
Whennes, adv. Sax. Whence.
Wher, conj. Sax. Whether.
Wher, adv. Sax. Where.
Wher, in composition signifies which.
Whilke, adj. Sax. Which.
Whilom, adv. Sax. Once, on a time.
Wide-where, adv. Sax. Widely, far and near.
Wierdes, n. pl. Sax. The fates, or destinies; *Parcæ*.
Wight, adj. Sax. Active, swift.
Wighetes, n. pl. Witches.
Wike, n. for *Weke*.
Wikke, adj. Sax. Wicked.
Willy, adj. Sax. Favourable.
Wiln for *Willen*, pl. n. of *Wille*, v. Sax.
Wilne, v. Sax. To desire.

Wimple, n. Fr. A covering for the neck.

Windas, n. Fr. Guindal. An engine to raise stones, &c.

Wis, adv. Sax. Certainly. See *Twis*.

Wisly, adv. Sax. Certainly.

Wisse, v. Sax. To teach, to direct.

Wite, v. Sax. To know, to blame, to impute to.

Withsaye, *Withseye*, v. Sax. To contradict, to denie.

Witnesfully, adv. Sax. Evidently.

Wivere, n. Sax. A serpent.

Wlatsom, adj. Sax. Loathsome.

Wode, *Wood*, adj. Sax. Mad, violent. For *wode* :
Like any thing mad.

Wonde, v. Sax. Wandian. To desist through fear.

Wonde, pa. t. of *Wone*. Dwelled.

Wone, n. Sax. Custom, usage, habitation, a heap, an assembly.

Woned, part. pa. Wont, accustomed.

Worth, v. Sax. To be, to go.

Wost for *Wotest*. Knowest.

Wowe, (rather *Woe*), v. Sax. To woo.

Woxe, pa. t. of *Waxe*, or *Wexe*, v. Sax. Grew.

Wraie, v. Sax. To betray, discover.

Wrawness, n. Peevishness.

Wray, v. as *Wraie*.

Wreche, n. Sax. Revenge.

Wrenches, n. pl. Sax. Frauds, stratagems.

Wrest, v. Sax. To twist.

Wrethen, part. pa. of *Writhe*.

Wreye, v. as *Wraie*.

Wrie, v. Sax. To cover, to turn, to incline.

Wring, v. Sax. To squeeze so as to express moisture.

Wronge, part. pa. of *Wring*.

Wrote, v. Sax. To dig with the snout, as swine do.

Y

Y at the beginning of many words, especially verbs and participles, is merely a corruption of the Saxon, which has remained uncorrupted in the other collateral branches of the Gothic language. What the power of it may have been originally, it is impossible, I apprehend, now to determine. In Chaucer it does not appear to have any effect upon the sense of a word; so that there seems to be no necessity for inserting in a Glossary such words as *yblessed*, *ygranted*, &c. which differ not in signification from *blessed*, *granted*, &c. Some however of this sort are inserted, which may serve at least to show more clearly the extent of this practice in Chaucer's time. Several other words are shortly explained under this letter, of which a more full explanation may be found under their respective second letters.

Ya, adv. Sax. Yea.

Yaf, pa. t. of *Yeve*, v. Sax. Gave.

Yalte for *Yelte*. *Yalte* him. *Yieldeth* himself. *Serend*, Orig.

Yare, adj. Sax. Ready.

Yave, pa. t. of *Yeve*. Gave.

Y-be, part. pa. Been.

Y-chaped, part. pa. Furnished with chapes. From *chappe*, Fr.

Y-crased, part. pa. Broken.

Y-deled, part. pa. Distributed.

Y-do, part. pa. Done, finished.

Yeddinges. Story-telling.

Yede, part. pa. of *Yede*, v. Sax. Went.

Yefte, n. Sax. A gift. *Yeftes*, pl.

Yeman, n. Sax. A servant of middling rank, a bailiff.

Yerde, n. Sax. A rod, or staff.

Yerne, adj. Sax. Brisk, eager.

- Yeten*, part. pa. Gotten.
Yeve, v. Sax. To give.
Y-fette, part. pa. Fetched.
Y-freten, part. pa. Devoured.
Y-glosed, part. pa. Flattered.
Y-herd, part. pa. Covered with hair.
Y-japed, part. pa. Tricked, deceived.
Y-lessed, part. pa. Relieved. See *Lissed*.
Y-liche, *Y-like*, adj. Sax. Resembling, equal.
Y-lich, *Y-like*, adv. Sax. Equally, alike.
Y-limed, part. pa. Limed, caught as with bird-lime.
Y-meint, part. pa. Mingled.
Y-mell, prep. Sax. Among.
Ynough, *Ynow*, adj. Sax. Enough.
Yonghede, n. Sax. Youth.
Yove, p. t. of *Yeve*. Gave.
Yothede, n. Sax. Youth.
Yoxe, v. Sax. To hickup.
Y-queint, part. pa. Quenched.
Y-reight, pa. t. Reached.
Yren, n. Sax. Iron.
Yse, n. Sax. Ice.
Y-shent, part. pa. Damaged.
Y-slawe, part. pa. Slain.
Ysope, pr. n. So the name of the fabulist was commonly written, notwithstanding the distinction pointed out by the following technical verse.
 Ysopus est herba, sed Æsopus dat bona verba.
Y-spreint, part. pa. Sprinkled.
Y-sticked, part. pa. Sticked, thrust.
Y-storven, part. pa. Dead.
Yvel, adj. Sax. Bad, unfortunate.





